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August 15, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A short mystery story
by **SAX**
ROHMER

AWSON
WOOD

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10

USE DUTCH BOY

[According to an impartial, country-wide survey]



Facts Show Fallacy of "Cheap" Paint Idea

MANY a man has started out to get a cheap paint job, only to find in the end that all he got was "cheap" paint. And "cheap" paint is expensive.

Judge for yourself. Suppose "cheap" paint applied to the job costs \$250 and lasts two years. If conditions are favorable, it *might* last that long. That's \$125 a year.

A Dutch Boy White-Lead job, on the other hand, costs, we'll say, \$270—\$20 more than the "cheap" job. But if the Dutch Boy job lasts four years, and many painters will tell you that it will be good for five and even six, your paint cost is only \$67.50 a year. On a four-year basis, therefore, Dutch Boy would save \$230 . . . and provide an extra saving of \$125 for every year *beyond* four.

And that isn't all either. Painters everywhere will tell you that the "cheap" paint may double your costs at repaint time by cracking and scaling, which means expensive burning and scraping . . . while a Dutch Boy job has the advantage of wearing down smoothly by gradual chalking, leaving a perfect surface for repainting. No wonder 8 painters in every 10 use Dutch Boy White-Lead.

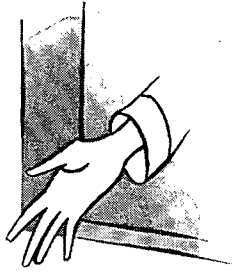
Write for free booklet—"The House We Live In"—which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Address nearest branch.

NO ONE . . . AND
PAINT KNOWS
LIKE A
PAINTER

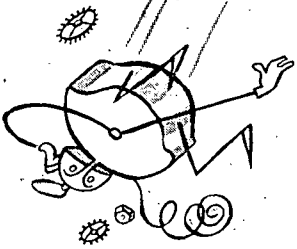


Save the surface and
you save all — *Dutch Boy*

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY—New York, 111 Broadway — Buffalo, 116 Oak Street — Chicago, 900 West 18th Street — Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue—Cleveland, 820 W. Superior Avenue—St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street—San Francisco, 2240 24th Street—Boston, National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street—Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue—Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg.

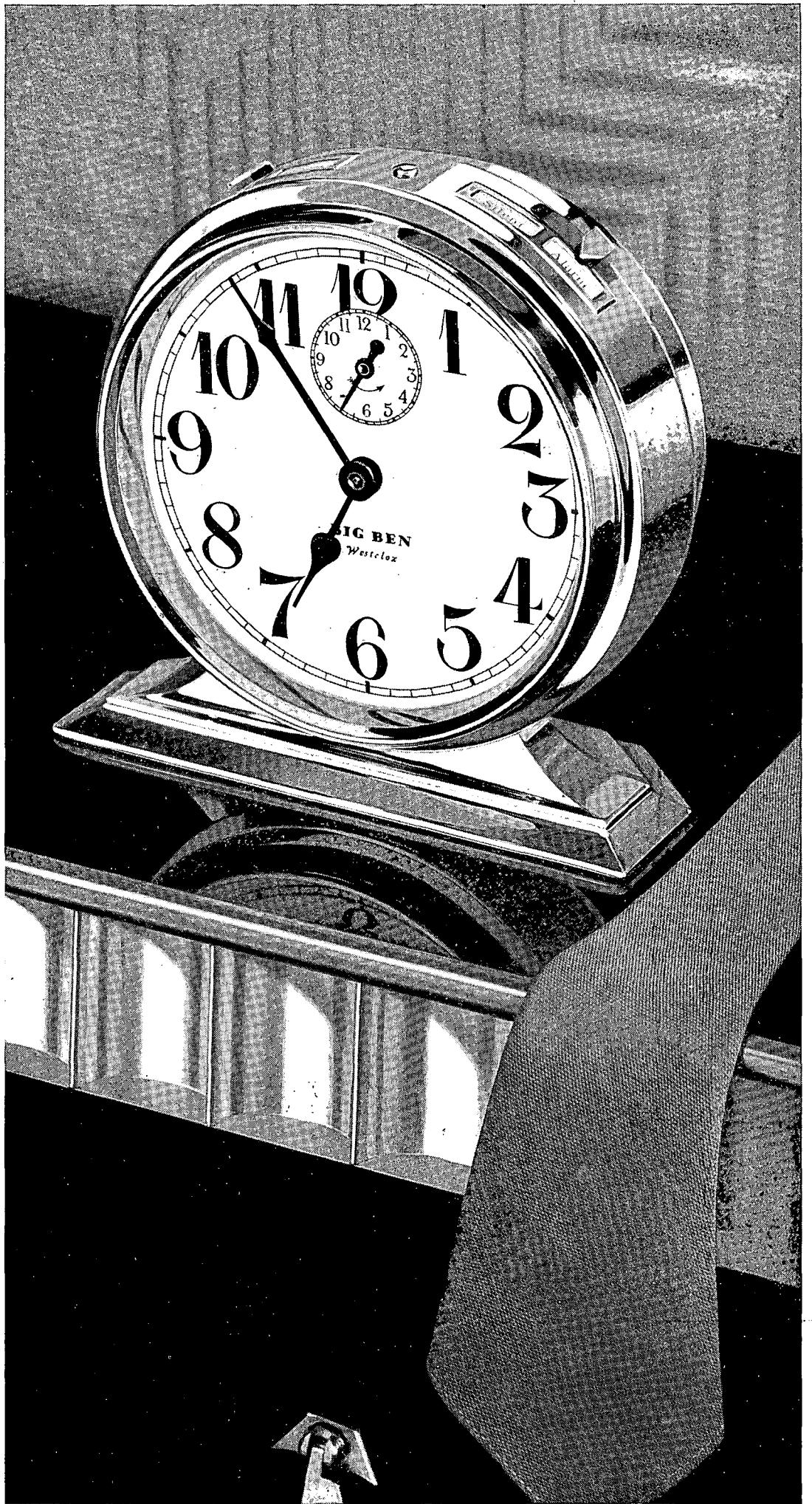


OUT with the battered
old **GUESSER!**



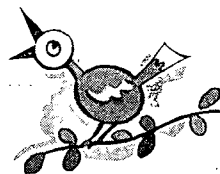
PUT BIG BEN *on the* **JOB**

... A battered old *guesser* clock that at best only tells you *about* how much time you have to bathe and shave and dress—is no better than a man who is habitually late on the job and forgetful of his appointments. . . . Big Ben is never late; he never forgets. He sticks faithfully and cheerfully on the job twenty-four hours a day.



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\$3.50

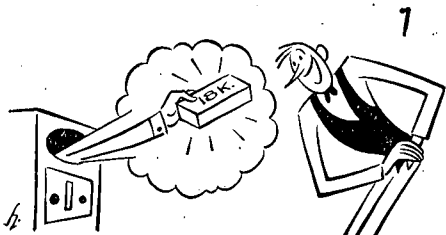
The accuracy and dependability of Big Ben are assured by a Two-Year Guarantee. Steady or repeating mellow-toned alarm. Patented Westclox construction and dustproof mechanism. Attractive base, felt cushioned. Comes in either lustrous or satin-like nickel, and in solid tints of cobalt blue, apple green and old rose. \$3.50 (Luminous dial, a dollar more). Western Clock Company, La Salle, Ill.



Next Week

YOU may think that the old patent-medicine show with its long-haired "doc," smoky flares, guitar-thumping minstrels, Indian princess and irresistible ballyhoo has vanished from American life. Television would show you your mistake. The doc has gone indoors and now does his stuff before a microphone, reaching a hugely increased number of purchasers and reaping a larger reward. He moves from one small radio station to another; and he, with the radio fortune tellers, lottery men and such birds of prey are becoming known in Washington as the "bad boys of the air."

The Federal Radio Commission is doing some ingenious detective work and its representatives listen to the doc's every word, but they can't do anything about it. Mr. Shepherd explains the situation in "Gold Bricks by Radio." It seems, much as you'll dislike to hear it, that we need a few more laws.



THEN forget such troublesome matters. And read a story of the Sunrise River country by Alan LeMay. It's about Bob Porter, who returned to his father's ranch somewhat depressed and out of gumption after four years of wandering. He was a great disappointment to everybody, most of all to Madge Alexander. It took a sheep war to jolt him out of his lethargy, although some folks said he really started it. You can judge for yourself when you read "Saddle Bum."

AFTER which we can go on to Hollywood to visit Rob Wagner and listen while he explains the ethics of "cheating" in the movies. He tells amusing and thrilling stories of the making of adventure films and he'll show you a studio location map of California, with counterfeiters of exotic settings clearly indicated—everything from the Malay Coast to old Sherwood Forest. "When the Movies Tell the Truth" is the title of his lively lecture.

AND back to vicarious trouble, if you don't mind, while we spend a few hours with three men in a lifeboat. They are being towed at night by a hostile submarine. In the daytime they are cast loose and the U-boat submerges to wait for a merchantman to come along and rescue the lifeboat's human cargo. A setting dramatic enough to satisfy the most exacting of the movie directors Rob Wagner tells about, and the story itself, "Torpedo Bait," by Stephen Grant Cooke, will fascinate you.

THE Short Short Story is by Bernice Brown; "The Bright Young Dream," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, is a touching, beautiful story of a small boy's pride; John B. Kennedy tells why Mary Boland makes audiences laugh; Kathleen Norris and Arthur Somers Roche continue to pack them in; Grantland Rice and the other members of our permanent cast are in rare form, which is no more than you have a right, having paid admission, to expect.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

August 15, 1931

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LET YOUR CONSCIENCE BE YOUR GUIDE



Any Week

AMONG our hardest working correspondents is Mr. Murrie Lowenstein of Cincinnati, who writes to us every week. Oh, yes, there are some who write twice a week. But this week Mr. Lowenstein's letter didn't arrive until we sat down to write this column. We had begun to worry.

"I hope you won't mind," he says. "But I decided it was too hot to write this week so I let it go until next week. I just thought I would let you know that I am all right and that things here are very quiet on account of the weather."

And so on for four pages wherein we gather that it is warm in Cincinnati.



"WHAT would happen," asks Mr. Joe Allann of Santa Monica, California, "if everybody started telling nothing but the truth at all times beginning on the first of next month at eight A. M.?" Just another depression.

"WHEN I was young I was taught to say my prayers," writes Mrs. Hannah P. Linck of Houston, Texas. "Now I am sixty-six years old and have never let a night go by since I was a baby without kneeling down and saying my prayers. I have five living children and five grandchildren and none of them say their prayers ever. I think they smile at me because they think I am old-fashioned. What do you think?"

When you say them tonight, Mother Linck, include us.

MR. ED CROMBIE says that he was sitting on the piazza of a hotel in Reno, Nevada, several weeks ago when a spirited argument about the next stop sprang up between a couple of very tired California-bound tourists—a man and his wife—who had arrived by motor that evening. Wearily they bickered, both determined for no clear reason not to give in to the other. Presently the husband announced that he was through arguing, that he was going to bed. "He was no sooner in the hotel," says Mr. Crombie, "than a little dark fellow who had been listening in moved over to the tired wife and said politely: 'Pardon me this intrusion, lady, but here is the card of a lawyer who never fails and never gets a client no publicity. Also his prices are right and he keeps open in the evenings to eleven P. M.'"

WE DON'T remember asking our readers for a definition of a "real Democrat" but several Republicans have come through anyway. They say that a "real Democrat" is one who hopes that President Hoover's moratorium program doesn't work.

"IT IS the fashion out this way," writes Mr. Charlie Goldfrap of Decatur, Illinois, "to come back from New York saying you wouldn't take the place if it was given to you on a silver platter. The truth is that most of these folks would take the silver platter with nothing on it at all."

Price reductions on ordinary things mean little. It's just this era asserting itself. But when basic standards of value...silver, platinum, diamonds, wool, oil...sell at the lowest prices in a decade, that's news! And silver has been selling at 27¢ an ounce instead of 58¢; platinum at \$25 an ounce instead of \$78.

TTrue, too, of Hupmobile. Always the known, standard value in engineering excellence...now at the lowest price in its history.

TThe man who doesn't see and drive this new \$995 Free-Wheeling Hupmobile before he buys any new car either doesn't know value . . . or doesn't care.

H U P M O B I L E

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Enjoy it 100% with RCA Radiotrons, the radio tubes used by 200 big broadcasting stations.

WHAT the great broadcasting stars put into the microphone is one thing, but what *you receive* is another. Don't let worn-out radio tubes cut down your enjoyment. Hear your favorites as they really sing and play. Install new RCA Radiotrons, the radio tubes used by 200 big broadcasting stations... the radio tubes recommended for years by leading set manufacturers. When you buy your new radio set, look inside the cabinet and make sure every tube is an RCA Radiotron. When you replace worn-out tubes, insist on RCA Radiotrons, the radio tubes in the red and black cartons... the radio tubes *guaranteed* by RCA. Remember, RCA Radiotron prices have been greatly reduced.

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Even a single worn-out tube can spoil your reception. Remember—the eye can't tell the difference between a good tube and a worn-out tube. So today... have your radio dealer test your old tubes. New RCA Radiotrons will put new life in your radio.

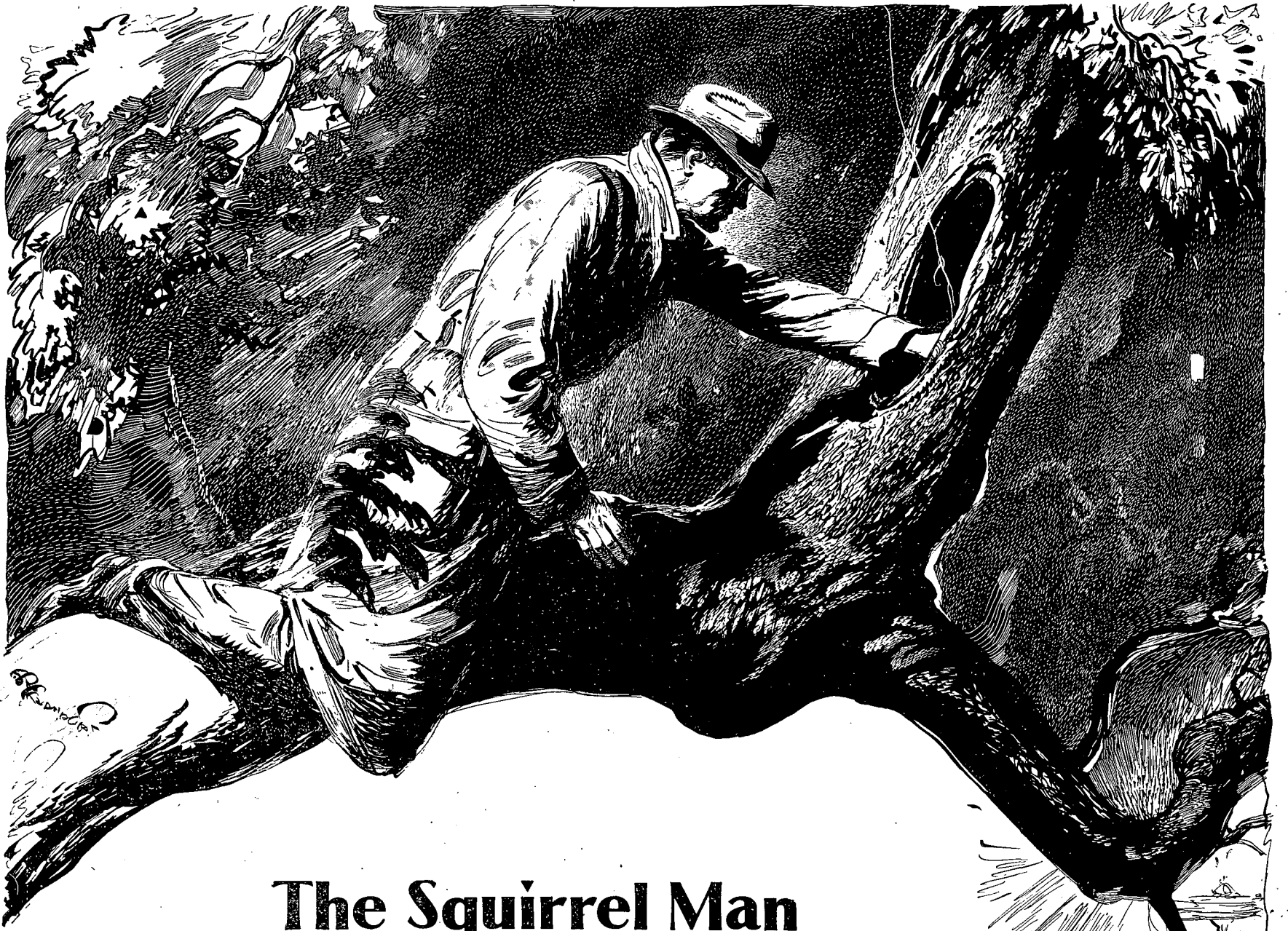
WORN-OUT TUBE

RADIOTRON 235

Paul Oliver... whose fine tenor voice has made him a great radio favorite. Don't let his rich voice be distorted by your worn-out radio tubes. Get new RCA Radiotrons, today!

RCA RADIOTRONS

The heart of your radio



The Squirrel Man

*The mystery of the bullet that
couldn't have been fired: a story
by that master of mystery—*

Sax Rohmer

HIS name was Heatherley and he came to live on the floor above; a tall, ramshackle young man with intractable fair hair. He wore large and powerful spectacles, but even with their aid was so distressingly shortsighted that he peered and blinked like an owl under a searchlight.

Heatherley's father was proprietor of the celebrated Yorkshire relish which bears his name, but young Heatherley had come down from Oxford with no marked commercial leanings but with a reputation for being by way of becoming one of England's worth-while composers.

These Oxford verdicts are too often ill considered.

Having listened, unwillingly, during fifteen consecutive nights, to the piano of my new neighbor, I called him up on the phone and gave him my own opinion of his gifts. I said:

"Passionately fond though I am of music, even the best things in life can pall if indulged in too freely. I appreciate your powers and predict a brilliant future. But I, too, am a gifted and ear-

nest worker—in a more silent way. It is far from my design to discourage a fellow artist, but unless you shut that infernal piano I shall come up with a hatchet."

He took it very well, suggesting a conference. And so we met.

I had rather a shock at the moment that I entered his rooms, which I found to be tastefully and expensively furnished. Some vague, furry thing streaked across the carpet at my feet and shot onto the top of a tall bookcase.

"**G**REAT Scott!" I exclaimed, "what's that?"

I stared up . . . and met the inquiring gaze of a large gray squirrel!

Heatherley—who was arrayed in pajamas and a dilapidated dressing-gown—blinked and grinned apologetically.

"I mean," he said, revealing an impediment which fell just short of a stutter—"I mean, a dog had the poor little bloke. So I . . . brought him home. I mean, he was rather badly . . . mauled."

And now, looking at Heatherley, I remembered where I had seen him before. He used to prowl about Kensington Gardens of an afternoon, feeding the squirrels.

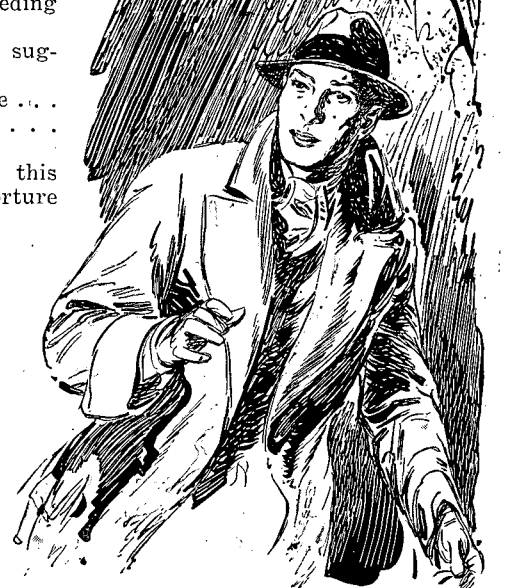
"You're fond of animals?" I suggested.

"Some . . . animals. I don't like . . . cats. And I'm . . . terrified of . . . horses."

My wandering eye lighted at this moment upon the instrument of torture—a concert grand of formidable proportions; and without further preamble I got down to business. I pointed out that Heatherley occupied two floors and that a music room on the top would be more suitable.

He stared regretfully across the prospect offered by the Park

When he was up in the tree it was impossible for me to trace his movements



and Gardens, which his windows, like my own, commanded.

"I mean," he replied, "from . . . the top I shall only be able to . . . see across the . . . trees."

I reminded him that given fair visibility he might find consolation in a glimpse now and then of the Albert Memorial.

The outcome was that he shifted his hurdy-gurdy one floor higher up, and peace reigned once more—peace very shortly to be disturbed by tragedy. . . .

IT WAS all but a daily custom of mine to take a constitutional across Kensington Gardens to Hyde Park, around the Serpentine and back to my flat. On the day which followed my first interview with Heatherley, I looked out for the Squirrel Man. And there he was.

Near the foot of an ancient elm rejuvenated by spring raiment, he was tempting a young squirrel with tidbits contained in the pocket of a dirty raincoat.

I was on the point of hailing him when he was joined by an unusually pretty girl, whom he greeted confusedly. Twenty yards distant I could almost hear his stutter. They made an odd pair, for she was a nymphesque brunette, tiny but exquisite. I had noticed her once or twice recently as a new beauty of the Gardens and had wondered who she might be; for she was too characteristic to be nobody. The first time I had seen her she was looking at Peter Pan; and I had thought that, justly, she belonged in his pagan court. On other occasions I had met her with a tall, distinguished-looking old man whose upright carriage suggested the soldier. But today she was alone.

Changing my mind, I turned half right and headed for home, my windows being actually visible from this point.

The flat under mine—I mean (as Heatherley would have said) the first floor of what had been a large old-fashioned house—was occupied at this time by a Mr. O'Hanlon. He was a big, powerful fellow whom I took to be an American citizen. He had subrented the place furnished, for three months, from the permanent tenants and I had met him on the stairs during the second week of his residence.

He had insisted upon splitting a half bottle of champagne; and not wishing to offend his rather effusive good-fellowship, I had joined him. According to his own account, he was a self-made man paying a first visit to London and shy of hotel life. A "daily help" took care of his modest needs.

There was that about O'Hanlon which was likable, but there was much which was not. He had dropped in on me once in a while afterwards and had passed the time with tales of bootlegging and hijacking which sounded too preposterous not to be true. I had dodged going out with him, but we remained on calling terms.

ON THE evening following my chance sight of Heatherley in the Gardens, I had settled down to work after a light dinner and by about eleven o'clock I was going well. I remember that that added buzz of traffic along Bayswater Road which indicates early returning theater-goers had just begun to manifest itself.

Deep in thought on a rather knotty point, I was just knocking out my pipe when the phone bell rang. I crossed to a side table, and took up the instrument. "Hello?"

"This is O'Hanlon speaking. Listen. I've run out of champagne and I'd be real glad if you could lend me a bottle. The vintage don't matter. . . ."

I smiled, perhaps a little sadly, and: "I should be real glad to oblige," I replied. "But it doesn't run to cham-

pagne with me, O'Hanlon. Why not try Heatherley upstairs? I think you've met him. He's the only son of a rich father. Your chances are better there."

"Much obliged," said O'Hanlon. "I know the guy to speak to. Have you got his number?"

I gave the speaker the number of our upstairs neighbor and hung up the receiver. Refilling and lighting my pipe, I dismissed the episode and resumed work.

Perhaps ten minutes elapsed. Then my doorbell rang. Stifling an exclamation, the reverse of parliamentary, I stood up again and walked to the front door. Opening it, there on the landing I beheld Heatherley, in pajamas and dressing-gown, a very large brier fuming between his teeth, and a quart of Cordon Rouge nestling in the crook of his left arm.

He peered and blinked as though at first uncertain of my identity; and then:

"I mean," he began, "there's something very . . . funny going on downstairs."

"Oh!" said I, my good humor quite restored. "D'you mean O'Hanlon?"

"Yes. He rang . . . me up just now. He wanted a bottle . . . of wine. I . . . pushed down with one. But I could get . . . no reply . . . to my ringing. I mean . . . what d'you think?"

I THOUGHT it rather odd, and said as much. Leaving the wine on my landing, Heatherley led the way downstairs, and the pair of us rang the bell and banged on the door for some time. There was no answer, and we stared blankly at each other.

"Let's try the phone," I suggested. Accordingly, we went up again and tried O'Hanlon's number. Nothing happened.

Heatherley blinked and peered across the table, a startled query to be read in his eyes.

"Could he have gone out between the time he called you and the time when you got downstairs?" I asked.

Heatherley shook his untidy head, and:

"Not . . . likely," he replied. "I said I was coming . . . right down . . . with the wine."

I confess that I began to feel uneasy. A caretaker lived in the basement, who might or might not have a key.

"Listen, Heatherley," I said, "you stay here. I'll go down and dig Jennings out."

Jennings, the caretaker, after much patient persuasion, was induced to open O'Hanlon's door.

"Is anyone in?" I called. There was no answer.

We could not hear a sound. "Come on," I said and headed for the large sitting-room directly under mine and overlooking Kensington Gardens.

The door was half open and we could see that the room was brightly lighted. I entered first—and stopped so suddenly on the threshold that Heatherley, closely following, almost pushed me over.

"Good God!" I whispered. O'Hanlon lay crumpled up on the carpet midway between the window, which was covered by heavy tapestry hangings, and a deep, cushioned settee, which

stood in about the center of the room. In falling he had clutched the back of this settee and one of the velvet-covered cushions lay beside him, his fingers convulsively embedded in its softness.

I closed my eyes and grabbed dizzily at Heatherley. Kipling's lines flashed through my mind: "A round blue mark in his forehead and the back blown out of his head"—for they exactly described O'Hanlon. Further description I haven't the courage to attempt.

Jennings, who had declined to enter, still stood outside on the landing, and turning to Heatherley, whose eyes had ceased to blink and who was star-

ing glassily down at the dead man: "He's been shot through the head!" I whispered. "This is horrible—horrible. . . . And I never heard a sound." "There's a thing," Heatherley replied, his lips twitching nervously, "called a . . . silencer. Look if he's got a . . . gun."

I forced myself to advance and to bend over the dead man.

"Nothing!" I reported. "It's murder—murder!"



Illustrated by
John Richard
Flanagan

"Then the murderer . . . must be . . . in this . . . flat."

"By heavens!" I turned on the speaker. "You're right!"

I raised my voice.

"Jennings! Come in, and close the door. There's been a crime committed."

I heard the closing of the door and presently the dull face of Jennings appeared, peering around Heatherley's shoulder. Jennings uttered some wordless exclamation, and raised his open hands distractedly to his face, peering through the bars of his fingers with the expression of a man on the verge of collapse.

"Pull yourself together," I said sharply. "I'm going to call the police, and we must all remain here until they come. But first, tell me one thing, Jennings. From your room

you can see the front door. Has anyone gone out in the last half hour?"

"No one, sir," the caretaker chattered. "No one! I was a-reading of my evenin' paper by the open window, and apart from the bang the door makes because the lock's stiff, I had the door in sight, sir, all the time. Nobody!" His eyes twitched in the direction of the ghastly object on the carpet. He tried to control his voice. "Nobody has passed out of that there door tonight, not since an hour ago . . . 'cause I've been sittin' at my window ever since ten o'clock. . . ."

"ABSOLUTELY nothing has been moved?" asked Detective-Sergeant Malden. "You are sure of this, gentlemen?"

"Pos-positive," Heatherley replied, blinking and peering at me as he spoke.

The C. I. D. man stared in bewilderment at another plain-clothes officer who now had joined us in O'Hanlon's flat. Malden had chanced to be at the local station when I had telephoned and not more than fifteen minutes had elapsed between our discovery of the crime and the arrival of the police. Jennings had never left the stairs until he went down to admit them: Heatherley and I had remained.

We were all inside now, including the caretaker, and awaiting the arrival of the divisional surgeon; as bewildered a group of men, I dare swear, as ever assembled together.

O'Hanlon's apartment consisted of a large sitting-room, a study adjoining, the windows of both overlooking Kensington Gardens; a bedroom and bathroom at the back, and a small kitchen.

Other than the people mentioned, there was no living thing on the premises!

The place was scrupulously neat. There was no evidence that O'Hanlon had dined at home. As a matter of fact, we learned later that he had dined out. The bedcover was turned down and pajamas were neatly laid upon the coverlet, presumably by the "daily help." The kitchen was a model kitchen; everything was in its proper place. The flat had been subtil by a journalist, but there was nothing about the book-lined study to indicate that O'Hanlon had ever entered it.

Upon the table in the large sitting-room where he lay we found two empty champagne bottles, the stump of a cigar

and a quantity of ash. A second partly smoked cigar which presumably he had held between his fingers at the time of his death lay upon the carpet a foot from his body. Apparently it had become extinguished. There was no sign of burning upon the pile. One champagne glass stood upon the tray beside the empty bottles.

A CHINESE lacquer cabinet placed against the wall facing the window had a shattered panel; and Malden had discovered a rifle bullet buried in the plaster behind it.

This bullet had passed through O'Hanlon's skull.

But when Heatherley and I had entered the room there had been no smell of powder! Heavy tapestry curtains were draped before the closed window. There was no one in the flat and no one had been seen to leave it since the crime!

These were the facts which had reduced the party assembled to a state of stupefaction.

The bedroom window was open three inches at the top and a little square hatch giving access to the tradesman's lift was also unfastened. But the dumbwaiter, a mere framework to contain baskets of provisions and the like, was, of course, down below. In any case, it was impossible to operate the thing from the flat; it could be cranked up only from the bottom.

The bell rang and we all jumped nervously; then:

"That's Dr. Andrews," said Malden. "Will you go down, Jennings?"

The terrified caretaker left the room.

"Thing is," said the detective, his eyes fixed upon me almost pathetically, "that I know, and the doctor will bear me out, that although the windows are closed, latched, the glass intact and heavy curtains drawn, this man [he pointed] wasn't shot at close quarters!"

There was a moment of awkward silence, then:

"I mean," said Heatherley, "it isn't . . . possible!"

NEVERTHELESS it had happened; and three days later Scotland Yard was no nearer to a solution of the mystery than it had been when Malden had first entered the flat and looked upon the victim of this most astonishing crime.

At the time of which I write—namely, three days after the murder—the identity of the man we had known as O'Hanlon had not been established. His passport, newly issued in Chicago, appeared to be in order, and he had few papers of interest in his possession. Reports of the murder which had sped all over the world had failed to bring any relatives to light. Motive, therefore, on the evidence to hand, there was none.

O'Hanlon had gone out after lunch, and had telephoned about four o'clock to say that he would not be at home for dinner. But at what time he returned on the fatal evening proved to be a point difficult to establish. Mrs. Skipworth, the "daily help," and the only person who had regular access, stated and proved that she left at some time between five-twenty and five-thirty. This was substantiated by the evidence of Jennings—who actually saw her go.

That no one left between the time when O'Hanlon called me on the telephone and the time when Heatherley and I compelled Jennings to open the door, was definitely established by the evidence of the latter. The presumption was that O'Hanlon had returned unobserved from a solitary dinner in some restaurant, at any time between eight and ten, and had sat down to smoke a cigar and console his loneliness

(Continued on page 42)



I suffered for her, although the brave eyes never flinched. "Prove it," she challenged in a whisper

We're Grown-Ups Now

An Interview with

One hundred years ago we told the nations of the world that we intended to mind our own business and expected them to mind theirs. Fine, then. But today, with two million American families earning their living in the export business, we find that we have to mind our business in foreign countries. The best way to do that, Thomas L. Chadbourne believes, is to be more alive than aloof. Here he tells you about our new responsibilities

MEN of apparent intelligence continue to assure us that the present business depression is largely psychological. And so it is, although not in the way they mean it. The chief trouble with the United States today—the prime cause of the evils that have befallen us—is a very definite Colonial complex. The calendar proves that this is 1931, and yet to every vital modern problem we are bringing the mossy thought of 1776. Our leaders, if one may call them that, all act as if they had just returned from hearing George Washington deliver his Farewell Address, and our policies are based upon the quaint assumption that there has been nothing new in economics since the days of Daniel Boone.

So said Thomas L. Chadbourne, and his voice may be regarded as fairly authoritative. As much as any other in the last thirty years he has helped to make American business big, and today, as the counsel for scores of great corporations, few men have any firmer fingers on the pulse of industry. More than this, he has immediately behind him an experiment in internationalism—the “Chadbourne plan,” an agreement among the sugar-producing countries of the world which is freely credited with having averted chaos and ruin. A giant of a man, mentally as well as physically, and one always famed for his gift of fearless speech.

“Look at the world we live in.” Disposing his six feet six inches more comfortably, he swept a comprehensive arc with his huge hand. “The seven seas filled with fast steamers, and the air lanes thick with planes. Every minute sees a ship take off from the flying fields of London, Berlin and Paris, carrying goods and passengers to all points of the compass, and not a city of importance in the United States but has its airport. New and longer routes are being charted daily, and in another year intercontinental air traffic will be a commonplace.

“That telephone there,” and he flipped the instrument on his desk, “can connect me with every part of the civilized world, permitting direct conversation with persons thousands of miles away. As for radio and television, I am told by certain scientific clients that it is only a question of time when the American business man, sitting in

his office off a morning, can both see and talk to customers in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, and that as clearly as though they were in chairs beside him.

“Only the blind can fail to see that distance has been annihilated, geographical barriers smashed down, and that it is now an interlocked and absolutely interdependent world in which we live. Yet, politically, commercially, financially and socially, the American point of view still differs little from that far-gone day when we traveled by stagecoach, read by the flickering light of tallow dips, waited for passing riders to bring us our mail, and plowed our fields with a rifle in one hand, fearful of Indian attacks.

“The march of time, science and invention seem to mean nothing to the great majority. In the face of science and inventive genius, men in high place persist in the amazing assertion that America’s position is distant and detached, and that we are a self-contained country well able to live behind a Chinese wall. And instead of being branded as demagogues capitalizing ignorance and race prejudices, they are actually hailed as patriots.

“Even inmates of homes for the feeble-minded ought to know that the prosperity of the United States is dependent upon world trade. Our production, farm and factory, has been developed to a point where it is from ten to twenty per cent in excess of domestic demand, and any failure to find foreign markets for this surplus means the dislocation of our whole industrial establishment.

Our Important Exports

“There is high authority for this statement.” Pulling open a drawer, he drew out a newspaper clipping, and ran a forefinger down the column. “Back in 1928 Mr. Hoover declared that ‘more than two million families earn their living today producing goods for export, and another million families earn their living in the manufacture of raw materials which we import in exchange for our exports.’

“And listen to this: ‘We might survive as a nation, though on lower standards and wages, if we had to suppress the nine per cent or ten per cent of our total production which is now sold abroad; but our whole standard of life would be paralyzed, and much of the joy of living destroyed, if we were denied sufficient imports.’

“How have we gone about the important business of protecting and promoting the world trade so vital to our prosperity? We pass the highest tariff bill in history, placing prohibitive duties upon every import except such vital necessities as seaweed, lava, vellum, old brass, wattle bark and cuttle-fish bone. And with what result? Already some forty-five nations have raised tariff walls of their own in direct retaliation, refusing to buy because they are virtually refused permission to sell. So it is that our exportable surplus is kept at home, either demoralizing the domestic market or else kept off the market by vast expenditures of Federal funds, thus increasing the national deficit and piling new burdens on the breaking back of the taxpayer.

“Nor is it the end of disaster by any means. Each day sees an increase in the number of American manufactur-

Thomas L. Chadbourne has helped, in the past thirty years, as much as any other man, to make America big



Thomas L. Chadbourne By George Creel

ers who are building branches in foreign countries, condemning American workmen to unemployment, and taking away from American business the benefit of great payrolls. In 1930 alone, after the passage of the Hawley-Smoot bill, one hundred and seven branch factories were built in Canada by American industrialists, and unless something is done, and done quickly, this movement across the border will become a steady flow.

"The theory of reciprocal concessions is the one sound base for a modern tariff. Regular horse trading. Sound bargains for the exchange of goods complementary in character. Right now it is in the power of the government to make this theory effective, for the flexible provision of the present law gives the Tariff Commission and the President the power to change rates up and down as much as fifty per cent. A full year has passed, however, and the power has been used only in connection with a few unimportant items.

We Insist on Isolation

"Canada, for instance, gave full warning of retaliatory tariff action, and nothing would have been more simple than to enter into intimate conversations designed to continue friendship and avert enmity. But no! Although our nearest neighbor and best customer, we acted as though she were a savage country miles removed. Though the very heavens fall, we are going to hold to our absurd contention that America's position is distant and detached, and that we can live and prosper without regard to the state of our international relationships.

"The results of the policy are plain. On one hand American farm and factory surpluses are piled mountain-high, and on the other hand we have had the sad spectacle of idle, hungry millions. As if to carry absurdity to the ultimate, we are asked to believe that the fault lies with our industry and energy, and the one cure proposed is an abatement of initiative and activity. Produce less and earn more! Shut down factories and let fields go unsown! And even while pleading for a reduction in agricultural acreage, vast sums are being spent on irrigation projects designed to bring additional acres into cultivation.

"It seems almost impossible to realize that we come of the hardest and most adventurous stock that the race has ever known. A stock that won to world power without other asset than courage and daring." The long, powerful arms swung wide in a gesture of bewilderment. "Why, today our insularity is a disease, our caution an obsession. With all the nations of earth in a common ditch, and with common counsel the command of common sense, what is America's attitude? Every other nation is viewed with distrust, a surly suspiciousness that compels anger and dislike in turn.

"We back away from the World Court as though it were a trap for our destruction instead of being an impartial tribunal for the codification of international law and the wise, equitable and peaceful adjudication of international disputes that would otherwise lead to war. The nations of the world set up an International Bank to bed-rock the security of the credit structure of the world, and although an

American was named to the presidency, the United States refuses to permit the Federal Reserve to play any part in the splendid undertaking.

"At every point our participation in international discussions is limited to listening at keyholes or peeping over transoms. When one of our representatives does enter a room where world problems are being considered, he shouts some parochial ultimatum in a hoarse, cracked voice, and then runs for his life as though escaping from a leper colony.

"Only this spring the International Chamber of Commerce held a meeting in Washington. The ablest men of thirty-five countries were in attendance, and the discussion of international questions, while binding no nation to any course of conduct, could not but have proved helpful and stimulating. At the very outset, however, the delegates were solemnly warned that they must keep away from such offensive topics as tariff, debt revision, the slump in silver, Russia and other reasons for the world-wide industrial collapse.

A Common-Sense Move

"Months later, and only when Germany was seen to be precariously balanced on the edge of ruin, we proposed a one-year moratorium for the European nations in our debt. An intelligent step, of course, for no creditor of any sense drives a debtor into bankruptcy or repudiation if it can possibly

be avoided. Let Europe fall into chaos, and not only do we lose our money, but we also lose customers vitally essential to the upkeep of our industrial establishment. And if war follows chaos, as it will eventually, how can we possibly hope to keep out of the conflict?

"A one-year moratorium, however, is at best only a palliative, not a cure. It relieves the pressure without lifting it. Retaliatory tariffs still make for economic demoralization, and our 'generous creditor' gesture carries with it no hint of international conference and co-operation. Our insularity still remains intact and there is no sign of willingness to avail ourselves of tremendous opportunities that offer prosperity and security both to the United States and to the rest of the world.

"Up to the outbreak of the World War, England was the great banker nation, using her wealth widely and wisely for the development and stimulation of the world trade upon which her prosperity depended. After every war and in every time of crisis, it was to England that other countries turned to make their loans, and England provided the money because she had the intelligence to see that it was to her advantage to restore stabilization and put the world back on a sound trade basis.

"England, however, through a variety of causes, is no longer able to sustain the rôle of world banker, and her enforced withdrawal presents the United States with an unparalleled opportunity. Our vaults are piled high

with idle gold, and an intelligent lending policy, with trade development as its guiding principle, would not only tide distressed countries over their bad times, but in the process we ourselves would be lifted to new prosperity.

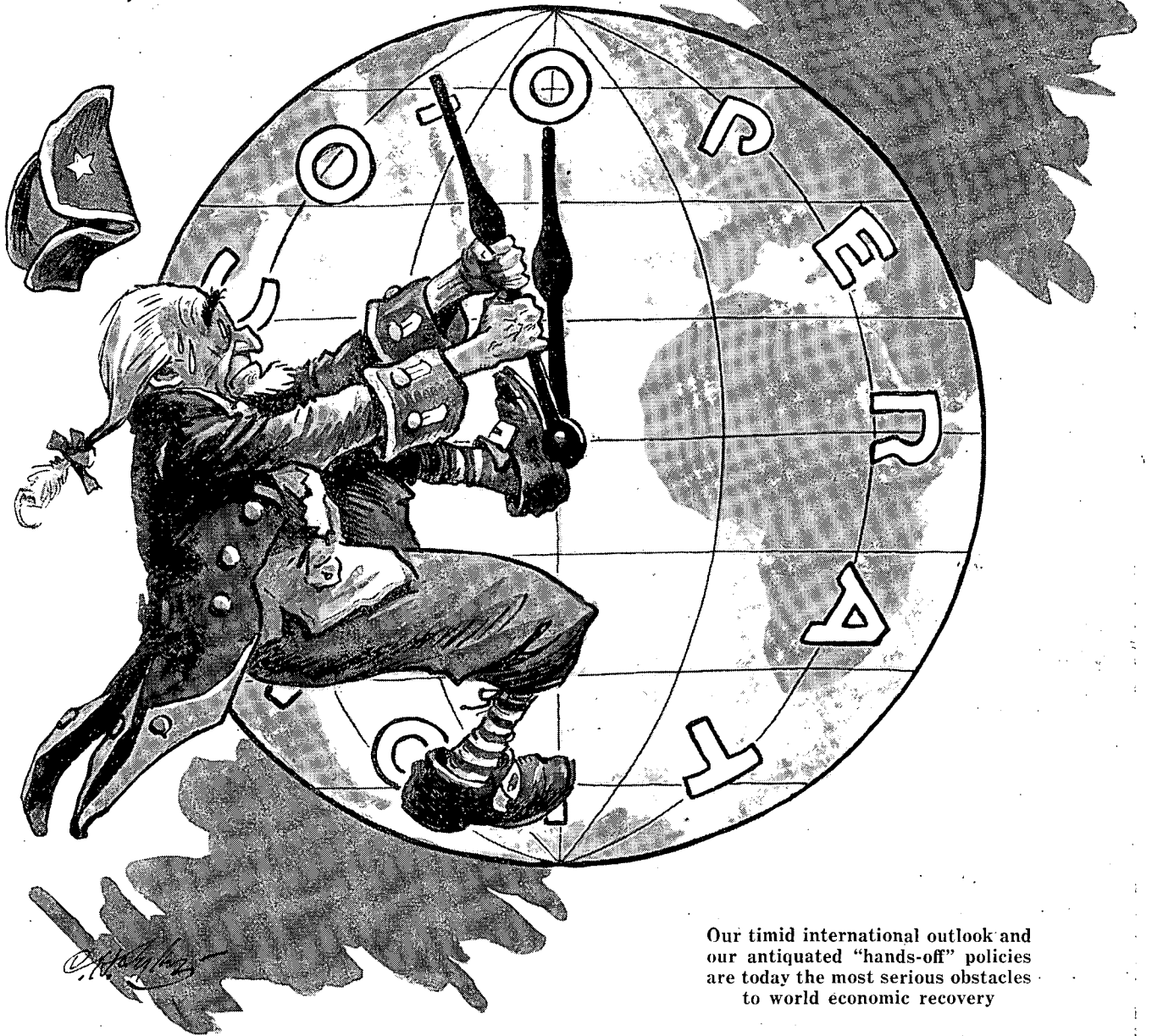
"It is argued, of course, that Europe's unhappy plight is largely due to the maintenance of huge military establishments, and that the United States would be foolish to pour in good money after bad until the Continent evidences a willingness to quit the stupid business of competitive armaments. On the face of things, it is an argument with much appearance of validity, for the prudent lender has a right to insist that the loan be wisely spent.

The Necessity for Armament

"Inspected more closely, however, the argument loses much of its force. The Little Entente, for instance, is not keeping 1,800,000 men under arms because it *wants* to, but because it *has* to. The reason is that over all of those little buffer nations hangs the menace of Red Russia with a trained and well-equipped standing army of 2,500,000. Until that menace is removed, how can the Little Entente be expected to disarm?

"What is my suggestion?" Mr. Chadbourne shot his answer before the question was well out of my mouth. "Bring Russia into the brotherhood of nations! Or if that phrasing is too idealistic,

(Continued on page 30)

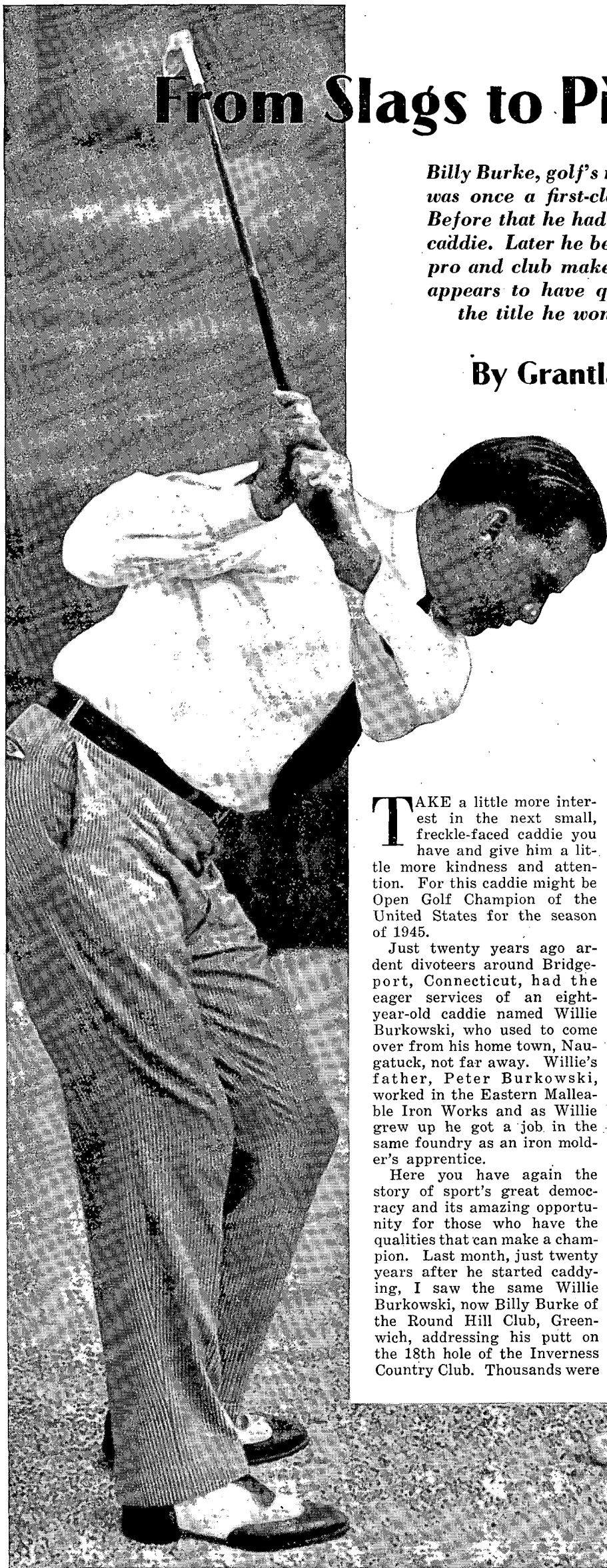


Our timid international outlook and our antiquated "hands-off" policies are today the most serious obstacles to world economic recovery

From Slags to Pitches

Billy Burke, golf's most recent hero, was once a first-class iron molder. Before that he had been a first-class caddie. Later he became a first-class pro and club maker. All of which appears to have qualified him for the title he won at Inverness

By Grantland Rice



TAKE a little more interest in the next small, freckle-faced caddie you have and give him a little more kindness and attention. For this caddie might be Open Golf Champion of the United States for the season of 1945.

Just twenty years ago ardent devotees around Bridgeport, Connecticut, had the eager services of an eight-year-old caddie named Willie Burkowski, who used to come over from his home town, Naugatuck, not far away. Willie's father, Peter Burkowski, worked in the Eastern Malleable Iron Works and as Willie grew up he got a job in the same foundry as an iron molder's apprentice.

Here you have again the story of sport's great democracy and its amazing opportunity for those who have the qualities that can make a champion. Last month, just twenty years after he started caddying, I saw the same Willie Burkowski, now Billy Burke of the Round Hill Club, Greenwich, addressing his putt on the 18th hole of the Inverness Country Club. Thousands were

banked around the green, watching every move he made. Motion-picture cameras were clicking and excited broadcasters of two coast-to-coast networks were describing his last stroke. A king could have gotten no such attention or caused so much excitement.

Not every caddie becomes champion. But at least every caddie has his chance. And the thousands of caddies now peering far away into the future might remember the details of Billy Burke's career—he made good on every job he tackled long before he came to championship skill.

Billy was a first-class caddie. He later was a first-class iron molder. And he studied and practiced golf at every opportunity, so that he became a first-class player and later on one of the most popular professionals any golf club ever had. This was long before he had won a crown.

It is always interesting to recall the first time you ever heard a champion's name. I remember eight years ago reading that Henry J. Topping had reached the final round of the Connecticut State amateur championship and that his opponent was Willie Burkowski. Topping was then one of the game's best-known amateurs. He also had the heritage of social position and unlimited wealth.

Topping's opponent, then twenty years old, had taken a week's vacation from the iron foundry to play in this tournament. They battled 36 holes before Topping won by the slim margin of one up.

I met Henry Topping a day or two later and started joshing him about a young iron worker taking him to the 36th green. "I'll never carry him that far again," Topping remarked. "He is not only a fine golfer but a fine kid. He is already a high-class iron player and you know what that means in golf. Just give him a few years and you'll hear a lot more about him."

Billy Burke built up his game of golf much as Gene Tunney built up his box-

ing skill—by a slow, laborious process that lacked the early flash of form and style. He lacked the natural ease and grace of a Bobby Jones, a Tommy Armour or a Mac Smith. He lacked the dash and the showmanship of a Sarazen or a Hagen.

I think one of the most remarkable features of Burke's make-up is the way he conquered completely any tendency to get discouraged over bad breaks when he reached Inverness. He took his share of close lies and bad kicks off line along the narrow fairways without a complaint, or a discouraged look.

I saw him miss two short putts under two feet without changing expression, except that in one instance there was the faint flash of a smile as he tapped the next one in. I saw him make what looked to be a fine short pitch to the seventh green of the final round when the battle was at its tensest spot and the ball barely slid into a shallow bunker. In trying to chip out, his attempt traveled from the fluffed-up sand less than two feet into heavy grass. Yet as he studied his chip shot there was no sign of any inward disturbance as he looked coolly and carefully over the line he wanted to take on the sloping green. He still had a complete grip on himself.

There were at least ten spots in the double play-off at Inverness where Burke had almost every known incentive to break or crack. He was desperately tired. He had established lead after lead to see them all shot away by the skill and courage of Von Elm, an opponent who refused to be beaten.

But Burke's iron grip upon himself carried him through. Both he and his forebears had known what struggles and discouragement and battle against heavy odds meant. On many occasions when he seemed to be cracking he not only came back, but he came back with the finest golf of the championship. I saw him falter at the 15th, taking a 6, and then, going to the 16th a moment later, hit a brilliant No. 1 iron shot through a cross wind to within two feet of the cup. I saw him break at the seventh in one round and take a bad 5. And then at the 200-yard 8th just a minute later he cracked a long iron to within twenty inches of the cup for a birdie 2.

A Popular Pro

The freckle-faced caddie of eight, the young iron molder of eighteen, and the young professional of twenty-three had at last been seasoned in the fire. But when he broke for the last time down the stretch of the forenoon round on the final day almost everyone thought he was finished. After all, there has to be a limit to which one can drive weary nerves and a weary brain.

Burke knew no such limit. His starting performance on the final 18 holes will always remain one of the classics of all sport. For the bedraggled and struggling golfer of high noon, after 30 rounds of golf under a fiery sun, by two o'clock was again a fresh, keen, eager competitor able to start away with a 4-3-3-3. He was at the pinnacle of his game.

Bobby Jones' successor as Open Golf Champion of the United States was a popular pro at his club, Round Hill, Greenwich, Connecticut, long before he ever owned a title. They liked his modesty, his efficiency as a teacher and as a club maker, his keen interest in every pupil, his willingness to be of service.

When you meet Billy Burke you like him at once. He isn't flashy or replete with showmanship. But he is friendly and interesting and entertaining.

Burke is a sound golfer, if not a stylist. He has proved that you can hit a golf ball down the middle through three weeks of competition and still overlook some of the technical details too often confused with the real essentials.

Nevertheless She'll Sing

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by Mario Cooper



"That isn't singing," said George. "That's just my wife"

GEORGE met Harley Suydam on the steps of the Stream Club, just as George was slinking out and Harley was bouncing buoyantly in. The club's little sunbeam laughed and slapped George on the back and George just stood there in numb despondency and took it.

"Why, George! George, old buck. You mustn't let it get your goat like this. No girl's worth it, I tell you. Oh, come on inside and I'll give you some medicine out of my locker. So she's still at it, is she? Awful, from what I hear. You'd think, after eight years with all Vienna and Milan trying to help her, Marion would realize she can't sing."

"Those birds just took her money, strung her along, and she fell for it," said George bitterly. "She thinks she's a future Melba and she won't marry, at least not until she's had her triumph. I've argued, pleaded, browbeaten—"

"Come on in," interrupted Harley. "I've an idea that may save you."

An hour later George came out of the Stream Club again, not so despairing this time. His hands were clenched and his eyes agleam with purpose. He taxied straight to East Seventy-fifth Street and elevator up six flights to an apartment door. Softly, sadly, a Chopin prelude floated through the door to him but it did not calm his savage breast. George ignored the maid and marched into the living-room, the music-room, as Marion called it, or the execution chamber if you wanted George's opinion. "Will you kindly get away from that piano, Marion? I want to talk to you."

MARION'S exquisite white hands fell weakly from the keys and she permitted him to guide her to the divan. "Oh, George, you are so dear to me. If it weren't for you, I simply wouldn't have the heart to go on."

"If I thought I was responsible for your going on," said George, "I'd jump out of that window. Now listen, Marion, I can't stand this. I love you. I love you enough to tell you the truth: You can't sing. I've more money than we'll ever need and, if you really love me, you'll . . ."

Marion took hold of his ears, pulled

his head down and kissed him. "Dear George, I do love you. But an artist has no right to love, dearest. She owes everything to those who made her. Think what I owe to old Theobald Meisner in Munich, and to the world-renowned Maestro Beltrami at Milan, who said I should one day mount the stairway of the great!"

"What they owe you, you mean," broke in George. "Those two crooks alone stung you for twenty thousand."

"Think what I owe," continued Marion, unperturbed, "to humanity in return for this gift. If I gave up before even one triumph . . ."

"Humanity will call it square if you will," said George.

He took her in his arms. "So the best I can get is your promise that the minute you've had one great triumph you'll marry me. That it?"

"I promise," said Marion.

THURSDAY there were messages for George at his home, his office, and at the Stream Club, all from Marion and each urging him to come at once. He had another conference with Harley Suydam before he went. "You will have to give me credit, George," said Harley. "You can't do less than ask me to be your best man. I suppose it's going to cost."

George just growled. "It cost me four thousand for Carlton Hall alone. Another twelve hundred for musicians, five hundred for decorations, five hundred for floral pieces, and probably several thousand more to buy in all the tone-deaf claquers and bravo shouters whom we'll need when all of our own and Marion's supposed friends can stand no more. Also, I've hired two detectives to see that no one gets in with a cabbage under his coat. . . ."

"GEORGE!" Marion threw her arms around his neck and wept there for a minute while he felt like a dirty dog, although he had no regrets, not even for the nine thousand, just now. "Oh, George, Lieberman has been here. You know? Lieberman, the Carlton Hall man. He's heard from Beltrami and my concert is arranged for the eighteenth. My chance at last, after all these

years with everybody against me, even you, George."

That was among the most memorable concerts ever staged at Carlton Hall. The house was packed. Marion sang with confidence and courage. "What courage!" muttered George. A storm of applause followed every number. At the end of the final group of songs came a real ovation, lasting thirty minutes, Marion bowing as if dazed, aisles packed with clamoring people so enthusiastic they seemed almost mad. Harley said they were mad, good and mad. "If we hadn't picked a gang who couldn't tell Tannhäuser from Turkey in the Straw, they'd be homicidal."

In George's car, going home, Marion asked him to take her in his arms. "I'm complete now, George, fulfilled, yours whenever you wish."

He married her at City Hall at ten o'clock next morning and they sailed for Bermuda at twelve on their honeymoon. Both George and Marion liked Bermuda and they liked honeymooning. So they went on from Bermuda to the Canary Islands, then to Amalfi, where the sea lay dreaming before them in a blue haze, then Rhodes, and finally as far east as Kashmir. In Budapest on their way back, on the bridge there, George told her the brutal truth about the concert. She cried less than an hour. Then she said: "Well, I still have you, George."

THEY lingered a week at Annecy, in Haute-Savoie. Hand in hand beside the cloud-painted lake, he noticed her rapid breathing, the sudden wildness in her eyes. "George," she said, "I feel it coming over me. I know it's awful but I can't help it. I've got to sing. I'll walk on alone so that you'll only hear it from the distance."

"Oh, you needn't do that," he said. "You've been very good about it really, not a note for five months."

But she walked on anyway, around the point. George sat down and watched the little fishing boats just off shore. He heard Marion singing quite clearly that Elsa ordeal from Lohengrin. One of the little fishing boats put in abruptly for shore. A few feet off it stuck on a bar and a little fat man in an Alpine hat jumped off and waded.

He came up to George, pale and puffing, some turmoil in his breast. "Wass ist das?" He gesticulated toward the point. "Wass ist das, dot singing?"

"That isn't singing," said George. "That's just my wife. She can't help it."

The little man became as red with fury as he had been pale. "If I say dot is singing, dot is singing. I am Steinhart, ain't it? Who ist der opera director at Munich, if it ain't Steinhart? I say dot is singing. I say dot is no jackass' wife. I say dot ist der finest Wagnerian soprano I have heard since Maria Jeritza." He gave George a push and hopped off toward the point where Marion's Elsa rose again superbly above the bordering trees.

From a distance he could hear Marion singing quite clearly that Elsa ordeal from Lohengrin



Once for Love

*Captain Africa fights twice for life,
and lives to fight again*

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

THE man at the table by the window was drunk but not so drunk as he would be an hour from now. He sat alone in the crowded main room of Castro's tavern—a huge, black-bearded man in stained cocked hat and faded blue satin coat, three pistols in his yellow sash, a heavy cutlass on the bench beside him. Captain Africa, viewing the scene from the darkness outside the window, judged that the time was propitious. It was necessary for his plan that Skryme should be at his best, and Skryme was at his best when he had reached just the stage of drunkenness that he had now attained. He was dangerous then—utterly fearless, surprisingly quick for his bulk, almost as powerful as a buffalo.

Captain Africa was annoyed. He would have preferred to amuse himself a while longer with the woman—the woman whose hand rested in his and who for two weeks had been playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. It had been pleasant to be played with thus by one so beautiful and so alluring, and it would be a pity to end the farce. But the Skryme business could not wait.

He squeezed the small hand and bent his head to whisper:

"Dona Philippa, do you see the large man sitting alone at the table?"

Dona Philippa de Marialva, niece of the Commandant of Langola, moved a step nearer the window so that she stood directly in front of Captain Africa. Her slim form was above the middle height, but the white camellia-like flower in her black hair was below the level of his chin. It was a tropical passion flower, her favorite among all the rare and lovely blooms in the garden of her uncle, the Commandant. Captain Africa was sensitive to smells: the delicate fragrance of the flower in Dona Philippa's ebony hair caressed his nostrils.

His thin lips tightened in a sardonic smile. By this perfume he would remember Dona Philippa de Marialva. Always it would be associated in his mind with silken, subtle treachery.

Dona Philippa was gazing through the window and for a moment she made no reply.

"The big man sitting alone?" she whispered finally. "Yes, I see him. He is Captain Skryme. He is a horrible person."

"None other," said Captain Africa. "It is pleasant to learn that you do not like him, for in a few minutes I am going in there to kill him."

She gave a little gasp of amazement. "In there!" she exclaimed. "But the place is full of Skryme's men. They will cut you to pieces."

"Or else," said Captain Africa, "they will eat out of my hand."

He took her gently by the arm and guided her away from Castro's tavern and along the narrow moonlit street of the little Portuguese-African town. Then, halting suddenly under a gigantic silk-cotton tree, he again took her hand in his.

"Senhora," he said, "I shall not be

able to return you to your uncle's house, for my business with Skryme is pressing. I have told your hammock-bearers to wait for us in the palm grove yonder. So, now, good-by—for the last time."

She gazed up at him in amazement. "What do you mean?" she whispered.

"I mean good-by," said Captain Africa.

"Good-by," she exclaimed incredulously. "Good-by—like this—after all that has passed—"

Africa laughed—a little harshly.

"Dona Philippa," he said, "I have known too much. I have known all the

while the reason why you have been so charming, so generous with your favors. Some of my men, hunting monkeys in the jungle, intercepted the runner whom you dispatched to Whydos to tell Sir Henry Chaloner of the Arethusa that Africa, the pirate, was here at Langola. I have here in my jacket your letter to Sir Henry telling him how he might capture me and my men—telling him, too, that you would undertake to keep me at Langola until the frigate arrived."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"I have had an agreeable two weeks, Senhora," he continued, "while you made me more and more a captive of your charm. Sometimes I almost regretted that I knew the truth."

She stood, breathing rapidly, her black eyes downcast, her hand plucking nervously at a pearl necklace which rose and fell with the movement of her bosom. The warm air was heavy with scents from the jungle crowding in upon the little town, but Captain Africa was aware only of the scent of the passion flower in Dona Philippa's ebony hair—the very perfume of treachery.

HE PLACED his fingers in his mouth and whistled twice. From the coconut grove ahead four tall black men, naked except for their loin cloths, approached swiftly, bearing on their heads a long velvet-covered pole with cross-pieces from which hung a network hammock provided with cushions—a tropical adaptation of the sedan chair. Africa



lifted Dona Philippa lightly and placed her in the hammock; then he swept off his red velvet hat with its green feather and bowed low.

"Good-by, Senhora," he said. "I shall kill Skryme tonight and sail with his crew and mine tomorrow. I hope you will wave us Godspeed from the roof of your uncle's house as we go down the bay."

Dona Philippa de Marialva's right hand was hidden beneath her fringed silk shawl. Her left hand went to her hair and detached the passion flower. She was smiling now, but it was a smile fraught with sadness; there was a deep wistfulness in her liquid eyes. Half reclining in her hammock, she held out to him the white flower. As he bent over her to take it, her right hand flashed out from under the shawl.

There was a quick movement of Captain Africa's stiffened arm, a cry from Dona Philippa. He stooped and picked up from the ground beside the hammock the small stiletto which that swift movement of his arm had knocked from her descending right hand.

"I shall keep this," he said, "to remember you by. It is more like you than the flower." With his heel he ground the white blossom into the dust.

DONA PHILIPPA'S eyes were glittering points of jet. She was incredibly lovely in her fury; Captain Africa realized anew, with a sudden quickening of his breath, that she had a quality of beauty which no other woman in his varied experience had possessed. She turned her back to him and spoke a choking word to her hammock-bearers. They moved away with her down the moonlit street.

Captain Africa, returning toward Castro's tavern, found himself unable to put Dona Philippa immediately out of his thoughts. Even when he was most clearly aware of her duplicity her beauty stirred him; and as for the incident of the stiletto, it was what he would have expected—in fact, what he had expected—of Dona Philippa de Marialva. When she was struck in her tenderest spot, her vanity, she struck back. Captain Africa smiled in approbation of this spirit. He was almost at the threshold of Castro's tavern before his thoughts returned to the business immediately before him, his business with Captain Skryme.

It was serious business, perhaps as hazardous a matter as he had ever undertaken.

Captain Africa—he had assumed this name because he liked the swelling sound of it—had been born a gentleman in Carolina, but the sea had called to him early, and a time came when he had declared war against the world. His black flag once hoisted, he never turned back from his perilous course. The West Indies—that paradise of buccaneers—knew him, the old Spanish Main where the treasure fleets had sailed, the coasts of New England and the Carolinas, the lonely harbors of Surinam, Demerara and Brazil. When these waters became too hot for him, he sailed for the Gold and Ivory Coasts of the Dark Continent and preyed on the English, Dutch and Portuguese ships which the trade in gold dust, ivory and slaves lured to those seas.

At Langola, Dom Antonio de Marialva, the Commandant, played a double game. He held the port for the crown of Portugal, but he found

it profitable to have secret dealings with certain selected sea-rovers; and when Captain Africa dropped in at Langola in a new English ship which he had recently taken and renamed the Fancy, Dom Antonio gave him a warm, though entirely unofficial, welcome and proceeded to lay before him certain schemes.

THE Commandant's sub-rosa activities had suffered of late an unseasonable interruption. The Arethusa, a British frigate in search of pirates who had been playing havoc with English shipping, had spent a month at Langola refitting. This had been a source of irritation to Dom Antonio and of pleasure to his niece, Dona Philippa de Marialva of Lisbon, whose guardian—her parents being dead—had sent her to Langola for a protracted visit to her uncle there. At last, however, the Arethusa had departed for Whydos, and not many days afterwards Captain Africa in the Fancy had arrived at Langola.

He had fallen in readily enough with the plans that Dom Antonio laid before him, but he had spent most of his time with Dona Philippa. She had been most gracious, and when the capture of her runner revealed a hidden reason for her graciousness, he saw no necessity to make his discovery known. Having her letter to the commander of the Arethusa

safe in his pocket, he continued to amuse himself with Dona Philippa until Captain John Skryme, a pirate of considerable notoriety, came into Langola in his brig, the Rover. Then Captain Africa conceived a scheme of his own.

He needed men. When he had transferred his black flag from his old sloop to the captured Fancy, he found her much too big a ship for his handful of followers. He knew Skryme by reputation—a monster who ruled his cutthroats by his prodigious strength, his reckless courage and his incredible brutality. The business that Africa had with Skryme this night was, briefly, to take Skryme's crew from him.

CAPTAIN AFRICA strode through the open doorway of Castro's tavern—undoubtedly the finest figure of a man that had ever entered that evil-smelling resort of pirates and slavers. Under his red velvet hat with its green feather, the gray eyes in his dark, hawklike face glittered like steel. Six feet three in his boots, wide-shouldered and slim-waisted, he moved in his suit of fine crimson damask with something of a tiger's grace. Skryme's ruffians at the tables, drinking and dicing, were for a moment struck dumb by his grandeur. Skryme himself, sitting alone at a small table near the window, lifted his huge head and stared with bloodshot eyes out of his black forest of beard.

Captain Africa seized upon that first moment. He leaped upon a bench and thence upon a low table and raised his hand, commanding silence.

"Men," he cried in his deep, resounding voice, "some of you know me and you've all heard of me. I am Captain Africa. There's a dog here that I want to kill and his name's Jack Skryme."

Not one man in a thousand could have carried it off. Africa knew his own powers, the compelling magnetism of his presence and personality—knew, above all, the nature of the fierce sea wolves among whom he was venturing his life. No play actor understood better than he the magic of the spectacular flourish, the magnificent gesture in the very face of annihilation. One instant of wavering, one flaw in the superb audacity of his arrogance, and a dozen cutlasses would lunge at his throat. There was another danger, too: the danger that Skryme from his seat by the window would shoot him in the back.

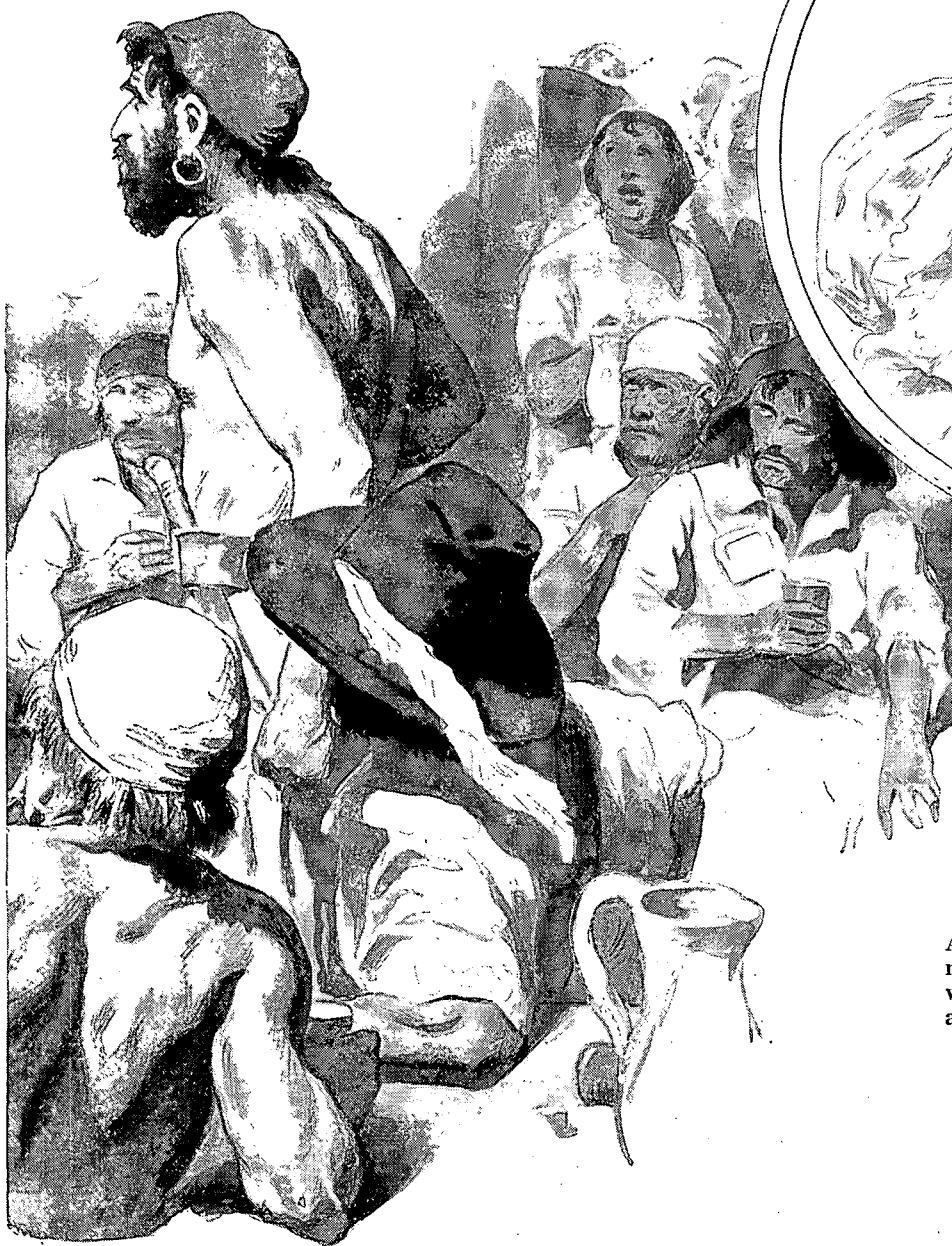
TIME was everything. If he could hold them for just two minutes—he asked no more. They were still sitting, staring blankly or scowling, some with their cups halfway to their lips, fierce eyes smoldering under their gaudy head-scarves. One hairy, pock-marked seaman, naked above the waist and wearing huge gold hoops in his ears, stood swaying on his feet, his cutlass half lifted. Another instant and he would lead the rush.

Africa hurled his oratory at them before that instant had passed. "What's Skryme done for you?" he shouted. "He led you into a trap at Cape Corso. He got you beaten at Annabona. He let the English ship escape. His luck has turned and it's time he went to hell. I'll send him there if you'll stand and see fair play. And then you'll come with me, every man of you, and the treasure of Castle Gambia will be our prize."

(Continued on page 51)



Africa knew that this was the moment. "What d'ye say, men, will ye stand and let Skryme and me fight, and the best man to be captain?"



That De Witt Girl!

The story of a boy who was willing to back his heart against every gossip in town

By Mary Heaton Vorse

THE smart green roadster drew up in front of Stevens' Garage and gas station. It was a very smart garage; and the owner of it, Army Stevens, came forward with the air of a gentleman who owns his world and is in a position to give it away to anybody he takes a fancy to. The boy who helped in the garage said: "It's the De Witt girl, Army."

"I'll take care of her," said Army, and stood in front of the green roadster without speaking. The girl inside remarked:

"Gas."

Her eyes, which were enormous under heavy, curved eyebrows, smiled at him. His eyes smiled back. He had blue eyes in a face of golden tan. His eyes could be innocent or impudent. Now they were neither. They were frankly admiring the girl's lovely profile, and the lovely line of her throat.

He stood completely at ease before her and said:

"How many?"

She paused, looking him over, more impudent than he; her eyes saying to him: "Gee, but you're nice-looking this morning!" Aloud she said, "Five."

He pumped the gas; then he said, "Oil?"

Her eyes still on him, her mouth almost ready to smile at him, she calculated, "I guess not."

He said, "Let me test that rear tire. It seems soft."

She said, "Thanks." And then she didn't start the car, but waited, still looking at him and saying nothing at all; while he, a man on top of his world, looked at her. You couldn't call the way he looked at her *staring*. It was a recognition of his liking to see her, and of how lovely he thought her. There was nothing of the challenge with which many other men signaled her in it.

That De Witt girl!

THIS had been going on for some time, until the De Witt girl's visits to Stevens' Garage had become almost daily. Army, with a quick and practiced eye, noticed that there seemed now to be very little relation between the amount of gas she bought and the car's mileage. One day she bought a gallon in the morning, and another gallon in the afternoon, looking lovely as a tea rose and as unconscious and unblushing. It was as if they said to each other, "Well, we understand each other. When we get ready, we'll get around to talking."

Old Cap'n Kendrick had a chair in the sun outside the garage door. He took his cigar out of the corner of his mouth to say to Army: "Thet De Witt gal seems to hang 'round this g'rage a lot."

"Yeah," said Army noncommittally.

"Seen her ridin' 'round with thet Randy Vickers?"

"Yeah?" said Army with a slightly different inflection.

"Wouldn't think Dan De Witt'd let his gal run 'round with Randy Vickers. 'Spect he don't have nothin' t' say 'bout it, though. Some high stepper, thet De Witt gal."

Army said, "She's cute." He flashed a smile. It was probably, thought Cap'n Kendrick, the most engaging smile in three counties. The De Witt girl, he thought, had come a long distance to see that smile.

"She's cute, if you think a devil 'n' a gale o' wind's cute," said Cap'n Kendrick.

Army kicked at a pebble with his toe, standing at ease. "Aw, Cap," he

said tolerantly, "she doesn't mean anything. She's—just young."

"Waal, thet De Witt gal's kicked up the town ever sence Dan De Witt come back to show how much money he's got."

She had. At two, with her eyebrows—which were already impressive—she had frowned like Mrs. Siddons and, with her tiny pink finger quivering with rage, had screamed at her governesses: "Go! Go!" if she didn't like what was happening. At seven, she had gone to polite children's parties, and, if it pleased her, had taken off her shoes and socks, disregarding with great simplicity the laws of whatever society she found herself in. At ten, a promise of her beauty was beginning to fulfill itself. At fourteen, she was something to dream about. She was not only beautiful—she was romantic. She was lovely.

And then, bang! What happened? She seemed to have a mania for making herself conspicuous. At fifteen, she was streaking around in a roadster with a parcel of shrieking kids, a cigarette trailing out of the corner of her lovely mouth. At sixteen she had her license, and car trouble began. By that time it had become "That De Witt girl."

There was the usual talk: wild parties, drinking, a lot of fireworks, and Adele De Witt moving through all the meaningless phantasmagoria more noisily than anyone, showing off, insisting on the spotlight—and yet lovely.

Army had watched her for three years, ever since the great adventure of Stevens' Garage had started. He had given up college to go into business, so he could give his kid sister and brother a chance.

Army wasn't in any hurry to talk to her. Something would happen in its own good time to bring this about. It happened, as he had foreseen it would.

He was coming along the highway some ten miles out of town. And there was the smart green roadster drawn up alongside the road. Adele was alone, and everything was the way he had always known it would be.

"Trouble?" he asked.

"Only a puncture," she said. "And I'm not a good mechanic."



"I'll fix it in a jiffy. I'm the garage man," he informed her.

"I know," she answered.

"I recognized you."

"Not really?" he said skeptically.

"You know I did," she said briefly. Her voice had a thrilling quality. He didn't answer this, but continued to work with his amazing dexterity.

"There you are," he said, and made for his car.

"Oh—" she said. She spoke involuntarily, like a little disappointed girl, at the same time putting out a hand as though to stop him.

"ANYTHING else?" he asked mockingly.

"No," she said, and her eyebrows drew menacingly together. "Please charge it on the bill."

"I will not," he said, "and you know it." And he grinned at her, his compelling, impudent grin which had given him the key to his world. It had given him friends and opportunities—that, together with his gay, considerate manner.

He got back to the garage. Soon the green roadster drew up. Army was inside. Old Cap'n Kendrick called out, "Army, thet's the De Witt gal."

Army moved across the garage with his air of one walking to the sound of trumpets. His face was grave, but his manner shouted a welcome at her. She said, as usual, "Gas."

They went through their ritual. She didn't start her car. She sat leaning out of the window. The way she looked at him shaking her head a little to herself as much as to say, "Was there anybody ever who looked like Army?" told him how grand she thought he was. Her lips parted a little. Old Cap'n Kendrick thought, "You wouldn't think

that gal could come down the street squawking like a cat!"

Army stood waiting. She said, "Why don't you ever talk to me?"

Army answered, "Will you come to the dance with me at Moorhead tonight?" Moorhead was a dance hall forty miles down the Cape. As she continued looking at him, he added, "Please come. This once."

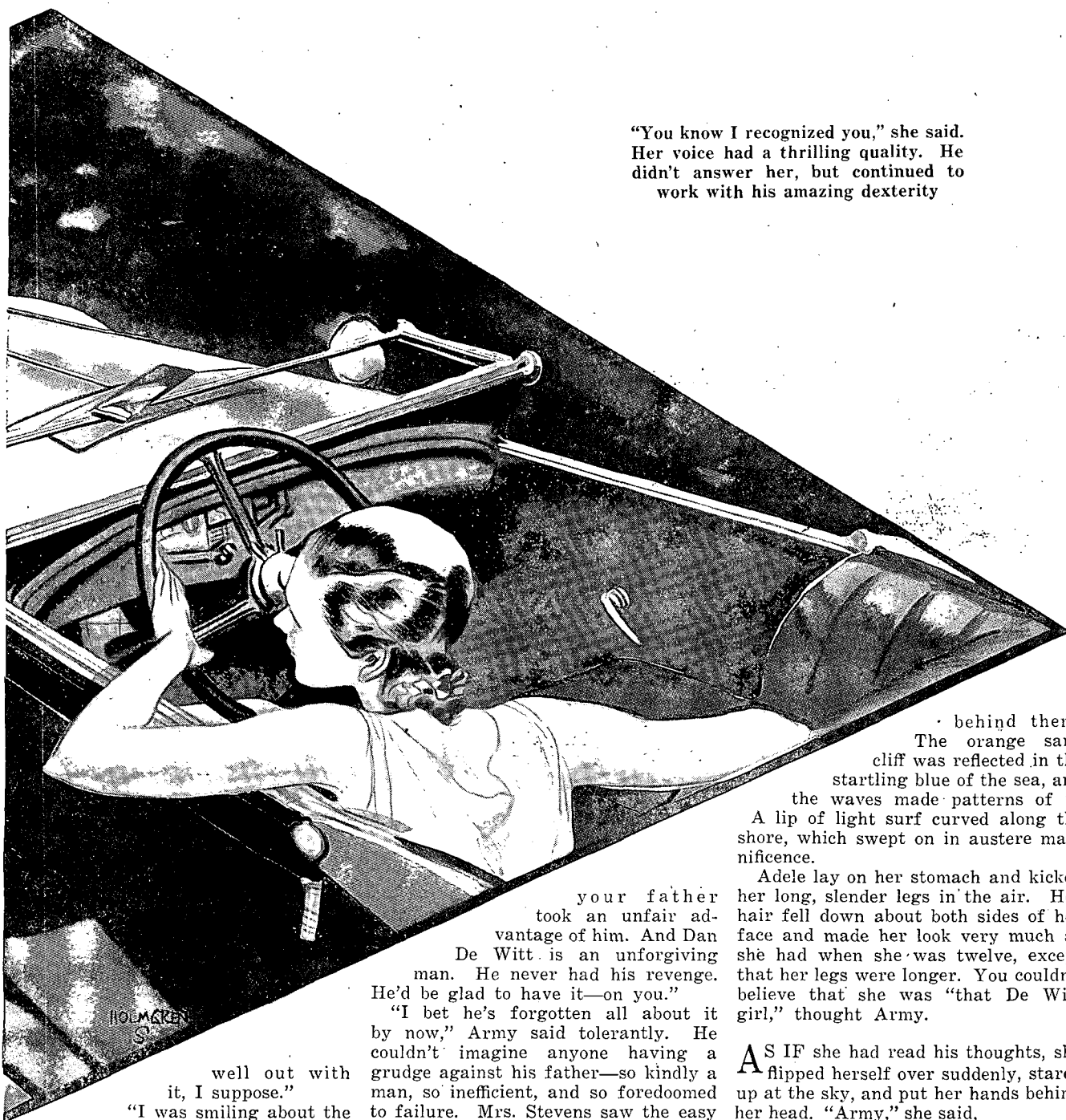
"All right," she said. "I'll meet you here at nine."

"No," said Army gently. "Don't. I'll come for you." He waited for a flash of hesitation, but she answered: "All right!" as one giving up her will.

"WHAT are you sitting there smiling to yourself about?" said Mrs. Stevens. Army looked at his mother and smiled. She felt her heart go soft within her. She was powerless against Army's smile. He looked at her approvingly. She was lovely, he thought. She was the kind of woman of whom at fifty people say, "How beautiful she must have been," and other people reply, "But she's beautiful now!"

He said, "Your stocking's got a wrinkle." She fixed it. He wanted her to be perfection.

"What were you smiling about?" she asked again. He threw back his head like one who says, "Well, I might as



"You know I recognized you," she said. Her voice had a thrilling quality. He didn't answer her, but continued to work with his amazing dexterity

soft and smooth and good, like I used to be when I was a little girl. When I was a little girl I didn't have a devil—not a hateful devil. It was after my mother died, and I had that horrid *Fräulein*, that I began having my devil. It's losing someone you love makes you have a devil. You want to go on quicker and quicker all the time, to forget the empty place inside you. Do you like my devil, Army?"

"Not any more," said Army. "If I ever did. It's your devil made you run around with that bad egg, Randy Vickers."

"You never know what's going to happen with Randy Vickers. And I laugh a lot with him."

"YOU know what my mother once said about you?" he said. "The reason she laughs so loud is because she's unhappy."

Adele took his hand and nuzzled her face in it. Then she jumped up. "Come, let's swim," she said.

When they started to go, "Hasn't it been a lovely day? A perfectly lovely, lovely day?" she said.

"Yes, it has," said Army. Almost he kissed her—then he didn't; because this was like early spring, when you know it will all be over in a moment and everything will be in full bloom.

"I'll give you something to remember it by. I'll give you my lucky charm," he said. "An uncle brought it to me from Mexico." He fished through his pockets and brought out a peach stone carved delicately into a monkey nibbling its tail.

"This is a lovely gift," said Adele, "and I appreciate it. I'm going to give you one. I haven't any pockets to keep anything in, but I can give you a promise. I promise I won't go out any more with Randy Vickers."

For the next two weeks they were so happy that people turned to look at them when they went down the street together. Adele's devil had gone; she was at rest. He hadn't said, "I love you," had not asked her to marry him. It was as if their understanding was so sure that it was in solution around

(Continued on page 48)

your father took an unfair advantage of him. And Dan De Witt is an unforgiving man. He never had his revenge. He'd be glad to have it—on you."

"I bet he's forgotten all about it by now," Army said tolerantly. He couldn't imagine anyone having a grudge against his father—so kindly a man, so inefficient, and so foredoomed to failure. Mrs. Stevens saw the easy patronage of youth, his discounting of his father's ability to make an enemy of so powerful a man as Dan De Witt.

Mary Ellen Stevens couldn't tell him that the quarrel had been about herself, and that she had married Army's father on the rebound after a fierce quarrel, after breaking her engagement to Dan De Witt. She knew that she had never been forgiven. Never by word or sign had he been aware of her existence. Yet she sensed that he was displaying before her his big house, his success, in the nature of a revenge. Otherwise he must have spoken to her, have acknowledged the struggle of a penniless widow bringing up three children.

BUT for five years Dan De Witt had avoided her. It seemed to her that not a day had passed, since he came back five years before, that she hadn't been waiting for him to soften. He never had. He had never forgiven her. She knew how glad he would be to show his power by hurting Army.

Army dressed himself meticulously. He kissed his mother.

"Don't you worry," he admonished her. "Stop having that look on your face." And he passed his hand over it, to brush off the look. "I'm not sunk anyway, you know—not yet," he added. And looking, Mrs. Stevens thought, like something to turn every other mother's heart green with envy, he strolled off in the direction of the De Witts.

Army and Adele lay on an isolated beach. A high orange sand cliff was

behind them. The orange sand cliff was reflected in the startling blue of the sea, and the waves made patterns of it. A lip of light surf curved along the shore, which swept on in austere magnificence.

Adele lay on her stomach and kicked her long, slender legs in the air. Her hair fell down about both sides of her face and made her look very much as she had when she was twelve, except that her legs were longer. You couldn't believe that she was "that De Witt girl," thought Army.

AS IF she had read his thoughts, she flipped herself over suddenly, stared up at the sky, and put her hands behind her head. "Army," she said, "what makes me have a devil?"

"Have you?" he asked. "You know I have," she said. "Something gets hold of me and I have to go faster and faster, and howl louder and louder."

"Do you like your devil?" said Army. "No," she said. "Not any more. I don't have him when I'm with you. I feel

"Don't be a fool," he said. "Get into the car." He opened the door

Illustrated by
John
Holmgren



well out with it, I suppose."

"I was smiling about the De Witt girl," he answered her. "She's cute."

"The De Witt girl?" said his mother. There was dismay in her voice, and fear. "The De Witt girl? Why, Army, whatever have you got to do with the De Witt girl?"

"I took her to a dance at Moorhead," said Army.

"Why, I didn't know you knew her," said Mrs. Stevens. "I didn't know you had ever spoken to her!"

"Well," said Army, "I haven't spoken much to her, but I do know her."

"Army," she said earnestly, "leave that girl alone! Dan De Witt would be furious, Army."

"I don't know why," he said. "He's a very rich man—and a proud one."

"Well," said Army, "I'm proud too, and I'm going to be rich."

"You're not—serious, are you?" Army considered. He smiled again. "I don't know," he said.

"Army, don't," his mother urged him. "Stop right here. Dan De Witt will never stand for it. He could ruin you, Army, if he wanted to."

"Oh, come off, Ma," said Army with the ease of one who has never known defeat and who has had all the world for a friend. "He was an Oldport boy himself, and went to the big city and made a pile and came back here to build a place and show off to his own people what a big man he is."

She hesitated a moment, pondering. "He had a grudge against your father," she said finally. "He thought

*The story of a young man who went for a quiet
walk in the park and stumbled over—*

Dynamite

By Hagar Wilde

Illustrated by James and Charlotte Billmyer

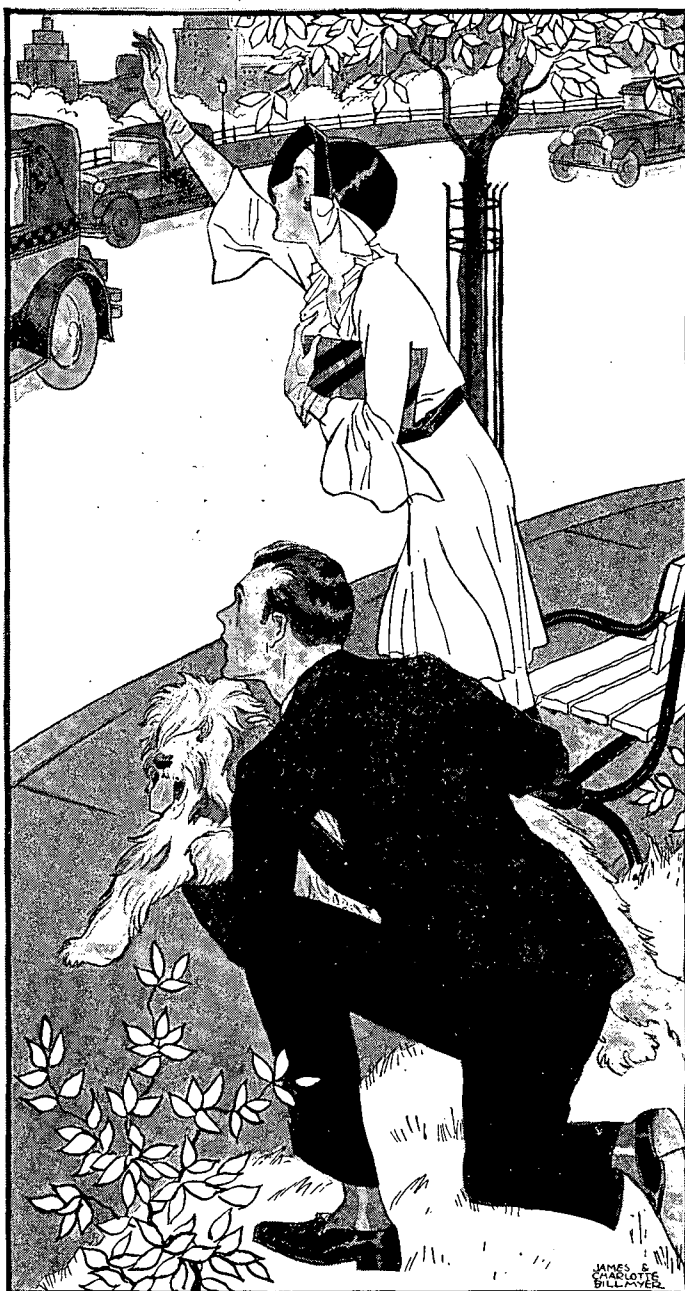
BY THE way Gregg Stevens opened the door, Alec, his manservant, knew that he was awful mad. Moreover, he was muttering. Alec trotted down the hall behind him gathering up Gregg's necktie as he went. "Appointment to give this man Thurston cocktails at four-thirty," Gregg said, "and here I am, at four twenty-five, unbathed, unshaven, and ripped."

"Ripped, sir?" "Ripped," said Gregg, firmly. He lifted his arm, displaying a rent in his coat. He took the coat off, and Alec caught it in mid-air. Unlacing his shoes, Gregg continued, "Wrangling for five months to get Griffin's representative here to talk business, and when he finally arrives at four-thirty . . . they're always on time . . . I'm in my bath!"

Alec twisted the knobs controlling the shower and tested the temperature of the water. Grabbing a piece of soap, Gregg stepped into it. "Fifty thousand dollars a year cooling its heels in my living-room while I take a bath!" he growled out.

"Yes, sir," Alec said.

Gregg felt the seam of his coat give way, but he hung on and hauled the animal into his arms



Dynamite hove, too, and between them they took advantage of a weak spot in the leash. That spot parted and Dynamite left there happily

"And," said Gregg, "I've been yawping at a desk sergeant in a police station, that's where I've been, if you want to know!"

"Thank you, sir," Alec said.

"Have you fixed the cocktails?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"Better," Gregg said, "and make them good. I don't know this Jay Thurston, and he may not be a charitable soul."

It had been a bright day. It had been one of those bright, glorious days when all is right with the world. Gregg had started for an afternoon walk loving humanity. Given occasion, he would have helped old ladies across the street. He would have lifted squalling children to their feet and patted their dear little heads. He would have been a push-over for panhandlers.

IN THE first place, he had slept long and pleasantly the night before, uninterrupted by roistering friends, and in the second place, the Griffin contract loomed up as a sure thing. Giving Chicago representatives cocktails was, Gregg felt sure, a good trick. Fifty thousand dollars a year, for at least three years. Things were looking up. The world was a nice place to live in, and the people were nice. They all had kind faces.

At this point, fate stepped in and thrust the black-haired girl and her sheep dog into his life.

She wasn't, to be exact, thrust in. Gregg stumbled over her upon rounding a corner in the park. She was down on her knees, and her hat was askew. Her eyes were very large, and awfully blue. She just looked up at him and said, "Darn it!"

Tearing his eyes reluctantly from her lovely, pale face, Gregg searched for the cause of it all.

THE cause was at the other end of a leash making it quite plain that he wanted the end which was not attached to him released. To be brief, he was tugging. He was tugging through a bush. The girl was hanging on stoutly, but a sheep puppy is a sheep puppy, and a girl is a girl. She wasn't making out.

Gregg had not yet lost his love for mankind. He lifted her to her feet gently but manfully, and took the end of the leash in his hand.

The girl said wrathfully, "It's a silly little Pekingese! He goes mad when he sees one."

"Don't worry," Gregg said. "Come on, doggie. Nice doggie."

"Nice doggie," the girl said bitterly. "Come and see the nice mans."

There were violent tuggings at the other end of the leash. Gregg tugged violently back.

"Tell him a bedtime story," she said. "Maybe we can get him out of the park while he's asleep."

Gregg said stiffly, "I'm trying to help you. It's no good making fun of me."

"You're so masterful," she said. "What's his name?"

"It doesn't matter," she said. "When he's determined, he doesn't answer to it. Just for your information, it's Dynamite."

"Come, Dynamite," Gregg said, and tugged. The leash was beginning to scrape his hands unpleasantly.

"What do you think of hypnosis as a means to an end?" the girl said.

Gregg straightened up. He was getting a little mad. One of his weaknesses

(Continued on page 33)



Does the Wrestler Feel Pain?

I AM surprised to see that the kindness-to-animals propaganda, which has been recently sweeping the country in connection with animals in the moving pictures, has contained no reference to wrestlers. Just what animals feel pain, and how much of it they feel, and what should be done about it, has been considered at length. But it appears to be the common belief that the wrestler has no sensation whatever; that, as a species, it is incapable of feeling pain.

I sometimes have my doubts.

Everyone has been familiar, since the closing decades of the nineteenth century, with the old story of the wrestler which bit itself in the arm, thinking that it was biting its opponent, and immediately let go its hold.

To me, the point is: Why should it let go its hold if it did not feel pain?

I should like to get the opinion of the sporting authority, Mr. Grantland Rice, as to whether wrestlers feel pain.

A friend of mine in the sporting department of a newspaper—not Mr. Rice, but another journalist—has a vast curiosity about these queer creatures, the wrestlers, and even goes so far as to observe them when they are being trained for their bouts.

This friend tells me that the wrestler does not always know whether it is wrestling with someone else or not; and, in fact, cares little.

Trainers and managers will frequently wake up a wrestler and order it to the mat all alone, and it will wrestle with itself just as contentedly as if it were wrestling with somebody else, keeping this up for hours. It seldom knows the difference.

This friend (who is a reliable newspaper man) says he has not only seen them bite themselves, as in the classic story quoted above, but strike, gouge, dislocate their own shoulders, strangle themselves, and sprain or break their own arms and legs.

He is inclined,

Many have wondered; but little is known about this obscure species. What evidence there is has been carefully assembled by Dr. Marquis and used—at the risk of criticism from more orthodox scientists—as the basis of a definite hypothesis. Some may consider it extravagant

By Don Marquis

Illustrated by
Morris
Bibby
Aleshire

he says, to think that they feel little or no pain. But he is a professional newspaper man, and it has been my observation that newspaper men are apt to lose their sensibilities—apt, in fact, to become a little callous and cynical. Mr. Rice and myself are almost the only newspaper men I have ever known who have escaped this curse.

Often, this journalist reports, a wrestler will get such a hold upon itself that its demise must ensue if the hold is not loosened. But the wrestler frequently lacks the mental volition to let go after it has once taken hold.

The managers and trainers, not wishing to lose a valuable property, pour gallons of

really passed on some years ago, but that their managers have kept it dark for business reasons. Sometimes, he says, he has a kind of half doubt as to whether the sport of wrestling has not been almost too thoroughly commercialized in some instances.

My friend tells me that, like the sponge, the wrestler was believed for centuries to be vegetable in origin, rather than animal; but it is his opinion that the wrestler is a form of life which just escapes being vegetable.

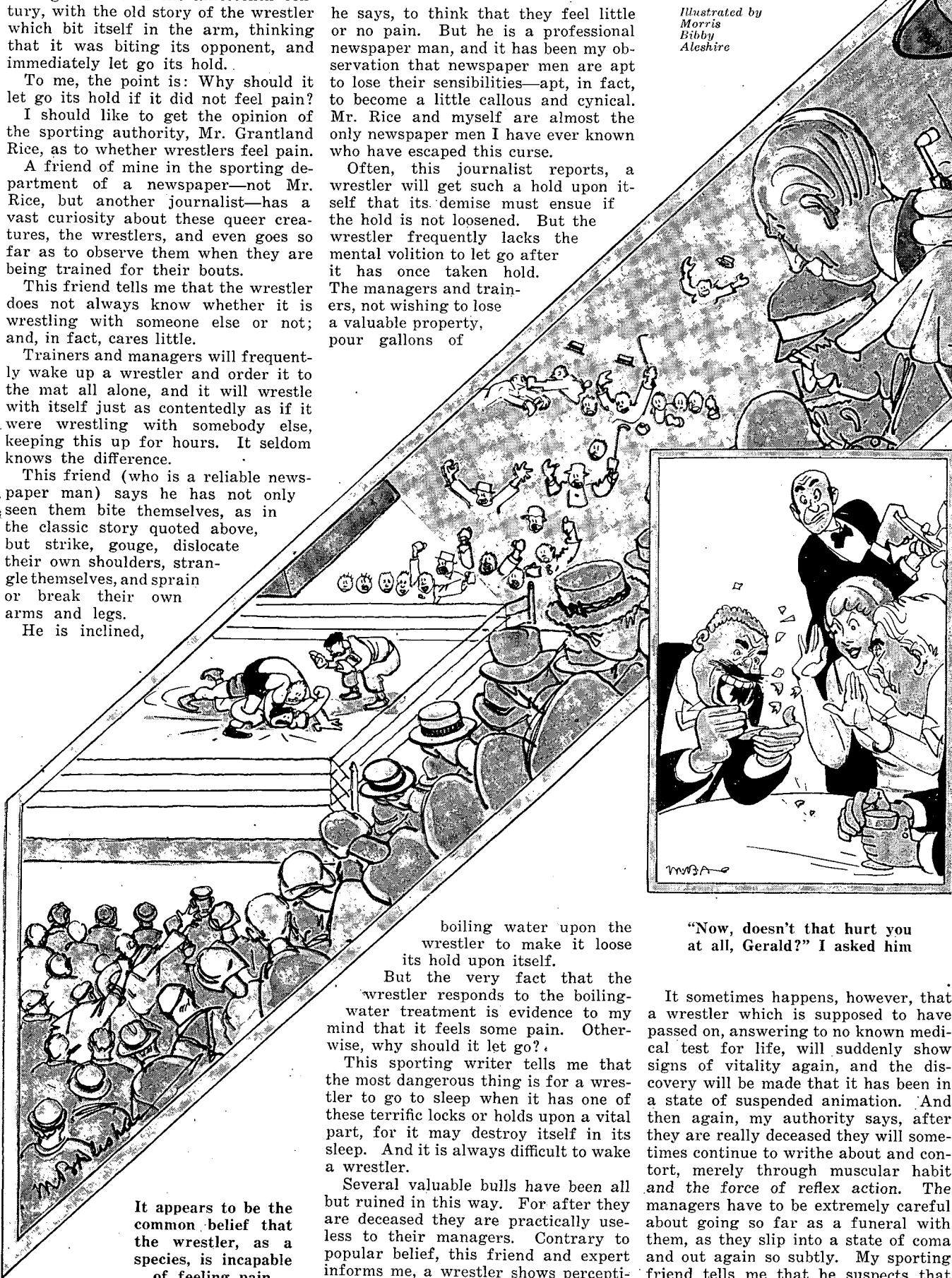
But suppose it were vegetable? To say that is not to say that the wrestler feels no pain! Various Hindu sages, as well as some Occidental scientists, now affirm that certain plants feel pain. My sporting authority, whose interest in wrestlers is almost morbid, avers that he has heard of wrestlers which felt shame; but says that no case of this kind has ever come under his personal observation.

Personally, I do not at all credit the old medieval superstition that the wrestler is, like the fish, a cannibal. I think that is a slander. It is a rumor that probably got spread about through their accidental bitings of themselves. And I submit that an unintentional cannibal should not be considered a cannibal at all. Besides, cannibalism, in its true sense, implies a definite choice in foods; whereas the wrestler is said to eat anything its managers and trainers give it, without complaint, so long as there is enough. I hear that fish are usually kept from them, because of the old belief that fish create brain tissue, and a manager naturally would not want to run the risk of one of them acquiring enough brain tissue to make him useless for exhibition purposes.

The wrestler is usually docile, except when its rest in or out of the ring is disturbed, or its food withheld.

While we are on this subject of species which do or do not feel pain, I should like to hear from the editors and readers of Collier's what their theories are with regard to glass-eaters, professional and amateur. Do they feel pain?

(Continued on page 50)



It appears to be the common belief that the wrestler, as a species, is incapable of feeling pain

boiling water upon the wrestler to make it loose its hold upon itself.

But the very fact that the wrestler responds to the boiling-water treatment is evidence to my mind that it feels some pain. Otherwise, why should it let go?

This sporting writer tells me that the most dangerous thing is for a wrestler to go to sleep when it has one of these terrific locks or holds upon a vital part, for it may destroy itself in its sleep. And it is always difficult to wake a wrestler.

Several valuable bulls have been all but ruined in this way. For after they are deceased they are practically useless to their managers. Contrary to popular belief, this friend and expert informs me, a wrestler shows perceptibly less intelligence when dead.

"Now, doesn't that hurt you at all, Gerald?" I asked him

It sometimes happens, however, that a wrestler which is supposed to have passed on, answering to no known medical test for life, will suddenly show signs of vitality again, and the discovery will be made that it has been in a state of suspended animation. And then again, my authority says, after they are really deceased they will sometimes continue to writhe about and contort, merely through muscular habit and the force of reflex action. The managers have to be extremely careful about going so far as a funeral with them, as they slip into a state of coma and out again so subtly. My sporting friend tells me that he suspects that several wrestlers of his acquaintance

The Wrong Wife

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD CORDOVA, young Assistant District Attorney of New York, is mysteriously summoned to Lake Warumkeg, Maine, by former Senator Daniel Carmichael. There he finds two other politicians—Grenfell and Martine. "How," they ask him, "are you coming with the Builders and Drivers case?" Scouting an attempt to influence him, Cordova answers defiantly, "I'll win it." "If you do," they tell him, "we'll make you mayor of New York."

Stunned by this amazing proposal, Cordova returns to New York and confides in the one man whom he trusts, Grady of the Banner, who has rescued him from a trap designed to ruin his reputation. Together they track down the man who set the trap and discover that he is—Cordova's superior in office.

Clearly the Builders and Drivers case has a far-reaching and subterranean political importance. Ganley, president of the defunct firm, tries desperately to obtain a private interview with Cordova and is refused.

But Cordova's perplexities do not end there. At Warumkeg he has met Carmichael's two nieces—Deborah, alert, gray-eyed, almost boyish, and Delmar, languorous, conventionally beautiful, adroit in conversation. The latter has completely enthralled him. He writes her of his love. Two days later, he is greeted at his apartment—by Deborah. His letter, illegibly addressed, has been delivered to her.

Cordova's chivalry, aroused by Deborah's simple confession of love, forces him (so he thinks) to marry the wrong wife.

On the train bound for Warumkeg, Deborah tells him she knew his letter was intended for Delmar. Cordova's sky turns black. This treachery is more than he can stand. They decide to be divorced. Deborah has, she tells him, discovered that she does not love him. For the present, they will preserve appearances.

At Warumkeg Delmar guesses the situation, forces Deborah to confess, treats her with covert insolence and tries in every way to win Cordova away from her.

To her advances Cordova replies: "I love my wife." No sooner has he said the words than he knows they are true! But can he persuade Deborah?

Carmichael appears with another guest. It is Ganley. The senator urges an interview. Cordova emphatically refuses, prepares to leave. "Won't you at least," Carmichael persists, "listen to me?"

On the point of refusing again, Cordova hears his wife's voice. "Dick," she whispers, "I—I'd listen to Uncle."

To his amazement he hears himself say, "All right, Senator. I'll listen to you."

X

CARMICHAEL was, Cordova admitted, a graceful host. He gave Deborah his arm and led the way into the house. During the luncheon he talked and acted as though no possible difference, of any sort, had arisen between himself and one of his guests.

He chatted entertainingly of his experiences in the Senate, of business deals, of politics. He dominated the board and Cordova, busy with his thoughts, was glad to remain silent.

He had heeded Deborah's whisper when his every inclination was to leave the camp immediately. All that he had passed through in recent days came back to bewilder him now. Grady and he had decided that Carmichael was in earnest in his expressed intention to place Cordova in the mayoralty. The fact that Clara Raynor was no longer under the "protection"—as it is euphemistically termed—of the senator, had seemed the convincing argument in favor of Carmichael's sincerity.

Cordova felt a faint feeling of disgust as he thought of the girl who had accosted him outside of Grenfell's apartment. He was no prude. He knew that liaisons outside the approval of

Church or State were common enough. Many of his friends had indulged in them. But these were young men, indulging in those follies often lightly pardoned as youthful "wild oats."

But Carmichael was no longer young, and Cordova was repelled by the idea of an elderly man engaging in furtive affairs. It seemed to him that if a man thought enough of a woman to live with her, surreptitiously or otherwise, and to pay her bills, he ought to be willing to marry her. His unwillingness to do so argued a meanness of spirit. At least, to Cordova it did.

He hated talk of practicalities. It seemed to him that when men advanced practical reasons for the doing of some deed, the deed nearly always involved some dishonesty. But he had given his word to Deborah that he would listen to her uncle, and would hear what Carmichael had to say.

GANLEY did not appear as ill as when he had raced across the street to intercept Cordova. He was shaved, his hair was trimmed, and the burning wildness of his eyes had cooled. He listened, as one who hears his master speak, to every word uttered by Carmichael, and only volunteered one remark on his own account.

That was an ill-timed comment, lavishly laudatory, on the furnishings of the camp. Carmichael beamed at the compliment.

"I wish I could take the credit," he said, "but my niece Delmar deserves it all. She selected every single piece here; she placed them where they are."

Cordova glanced at his wife. Only a couple of hours ago she had let pass, unchallenged, an assumption of his that Carmichael was responsible for the atrocious taste shown here. And she had known that her cousin was guilty of the execrable lack of discernment. She colored beneath his glance. She was, it seemed to him, a good sportsman. She had refused an opportunity to belittle her cousin. He remembered that Del had not refused opportunity to humiliate Deborah.

THE luncheon finally ended. Cordova led the way to the porch. A servant offered liqueurs and cigars and cigarettes. Del threw an arm about the shoulders of her cousin.

"While these men talk their tiresome business, let's amuse ourselves with backgammon."

"I think I'll stay here," said Deborah quietly.

Carmichael's eyes fixed themselves upon her.

"You wouldn't be interested, Deborah, dear," he said.

"I'd rather stay," she said.

Del shrugged her shapely shoulders. "Marriage so extends a woman's interests," she said softly.

"It has extended mine," said Deborah. Carmichael turned to Cordova. His thin lips were smiling, although his expression was not mirthful.

"An uncle never has much authority,"

Illustrated by
John H.
Crosmann



he said, "and when a niece is married, he loses what little he had. But the husband acquires some, I understand. Could you explain to Deb that her presence, while always charming, always a joy, will not always be necessary in your affairs?"

Cordova grinned.

"The most dangerous mistake a bridegroom can make, Senator, is to claim an authority which he can't maintain. You wouldn't have me start my marriage with a mistake."

"Perhaps it was an error before it started," said Carmichael softly.

"It would take a great deal to convince me of that," said Cordova.

"I trust it won't be necessary to advance argument," retorted the senator. He turned to Deborah. "My dear child, not as a command, but as a request, I put to you the proposition that your presence is unwanted."

"I think your grammar is pretty awful, Uncle," she said placidly. "It sounds more like a statement. And, Uncle, you're the ablest man I know." "That argues an unbridled attitude toward your husband," commented Carmichael.

The girl colored faintly.

"I could qualify the praise. Ablest in matters that Dick doesn't comprehend, perhaps. In ways that I never want him to comprehend."

"I didn't know that you had disapproved all these years, Deborah," said her uncle.

"Disapproved? What's approval or disapproval? You're you, Uncle. What you choose to do, you can do. But Dick

couldn't very well do the same things."

"Using a different brand of ethics?" asked the senator.

Her response was utterly surprising. She rose from the chair where she had been sitting and walked over to her uncle. She stood before him a second, smiling down at his upturned face. Then she took both cheeks in her hands and shook his head gently.

"Who speaks of ethics when he mentions Napoleon?" she said. "Who talks moralities when he mentions Genghis Khan? You're different, Uncle, that's all."

She bent over and kissed the old man on the mouth. She straightened up, and smiled at her husband.

"Let us go on with our weighty discussion," she said.

SHE started for her own chair, but Carmichael caught at her hand. He drew her back, and she sat upon the arm of his chair, and her elbow crooked about his neck. Out of the corner of his eye Dick saw her cousin, faintly shrugging her shoulders, walk from the porch and enter the house.

As though there had been no debate at all, Carmichael fired his first gun.

"I've talked to Ganley," he said. "I asked him to come down here to present his case. He is the victim of persecution, Dick. Mel Dodge—as slick a rascal as ever held office—started the prosecution of Ganley and his associates in order to embarrass Jim Simmons."

He mentioned the name of the leader of the party opposed to Carmichael.

"He discovered early in the case that

"I'm to double-cross the people. That's it, eh?" said Cordova. "You put it rather brutally," said Carmichael



Simmons had covered up his tracks too well. Then Dodge—who wants to be governor—decided to call the matter off. He couldn't very well do that, indictments having been granted, so he turned the case over to you, feeling pretty certain that you'd botch it. You see, old Melville never thought he could win the case, but he thought he could make it hot for Simmons. Finding that Simmons would keep cool, Dodge didn't want to make a spectacle of himself.

"Ganley here, forced into bankruptcy, but knowing that he personally had not profited by any crookedness, and also knowing that he—a dupe of Simmons—could not shift the burden of wrongdoing onto that gentleman's shoulders, has been out of his mind. He did things—illegal things—at Simmons' behest. He did these things because he thought that Simmons was right in asking them. Ganley knew they were wrong, but thought they were for the benefit of the stockholders and investors. Many a man does an illegal act for a good purpose, Cordova. Ganley is in that position."

"How did Simmons manage to obtain such influence over Mr. Ganley?" asked Cordova.

"Because Simmons gave Ganley his first chance; Simmons had befriended Ganley for twenty years."

"To double-cross him in the twenty-first?" asked Cordova.

"Exactly. Oh, after the storm blows over, Simmons would befriend Ganley again, but—just at the moment—his interests are served by throwing his old friend on the spears. Nice, friendly chap, Simmons."

"Go on," said Cordova.

"LISTEN, young man," said Carmichael. "When the market crashed a couple of years ago, a lot of people were hurt, as you may have heard mentioned. The Cordova estate, tied up in sound real estate and securities of privately owned corporations, wasn't wiped out, but you know your income has dwindled. Well, Simmons saw a chance. He sold—through dummies—to Ganley's trust investment company, a lot of worthless

stuff. Ganley thought it would be good in a few months. He had no legal right to buy, but he did. He didn't profit in any way."

"But he committed a crime, didn't he?" asked Cordova.

"Of course he did," admitted Carmichael. "You commit a crime when you drive too fast. Who wants to put you in jail?"

"If I injure anyone by my speeding I'll go to jail," said Cordova. "And Ganley, by his actions, injured the stockholders of his company."

"And threw his complete private fortune—not inconsiderable—into the breach, to effect what reparation he might. Over two millions of his own money, Mr. Cordova. And he had Simmons' promise—broken since—that if the securities which Ganley bought for his company proved not worth the payment made for them, he, Simmons, would come to Ganley's rescue. But the panic continued; depression has lasted two years; Simmons can't make good—and that's the story. That's all of Gan-

ley's story. Now, come to some other matters with me.

"Melville Dodge is growing a bit too big for his boots. He wants to be governor. He's made a deal with Simmons—"

"Boss of another party!" cried Cordova.

Carmichael smiled wintrily.

"Such arrangements are not uncommon. I've made them myself. Dodge agreed with Simmons that if the latter would knife his own ticket upstate, nothing would be permitted to leak out from the district attorney's office that would injure Simmons' ticket in Manhattan. Simmons pointed out to Dodge that prosecution of Ganley might result in Simmons' name being brought into the trial, thereby affecting Simmons' party's chances. Dodge promised that the Drovers and Builders case, which he had personally abandoned, would be smothered. You would be called off, so that no untoward accident, such as your winning the case, would annoy Simmons."

"NOW I—I speak for my party—knew that we couldn't keep Melville from the gubernatorial nomination. But we didn't want him to win. So—if we saw to it that the Drovers and Builders case was prosecuted to the limit, and won by you, Dodge would be discredited by not having prosecuted the case himself. Also, Simmons, enraged, would not knife his own ticket to support Dodge. So we sent for you and showed you how you could become mayor."

"And old Melville, not daring to call you off the case, tried such childish things as the Miss Raynor business."

"You know of that?" asked Cordova. Old Carmichael smiled.

"Miss Raynor and I are old friends. Because I thought it would be useful to have some inside information about old Melville, I set Clara to work upon him. The other night, when she waited for you outside Grenfell's apartment, she was not going to do what your friend of the Banner thought. She was going to tell you Melville had asked her to do things to discredit you. Then she would tell Melville that she had failed."

"I see," said Cordova slowly. "And your own attitude toward me? You wanted me, a few days ago, to win the Drovers and Builders matter."

"I've changed my mind," said Carmichael. "You see, Cordova," and a twinkle showed in his opaque eyes, "Simmons has been in communication with me. Ganley is his emissary. If I'll call off the case, Simmons will make practically no fight in the city this fall. We'll let his man win the governorship, in order to get rid of Melville Dodge, who has quite a following, and who is a rotten old rat. So—you just take care that Ganley gets a mistrial—and you're mayor."

"On the record of one failure?" asked Cordova.

"On the record of having been a public-spirited official who did his level best to secure a conviction and couldn't."

"BUT suppose I could?" queried Cordova.

"You won't," said Carmichael. "You are a young man with a good name. We really want you to be mayor. We can win with you."

"Dodge double-crossed you with Simmons. You double-cross Dodge with Simmons. I'm to double-cross the people. That's it, eh?" said Cordova.

"You put it rather brutally," said Carmichael.

"But not as brutal as it really is," said Cordova. "Well, Mr. Carmichael I know I can get a conviction. Mr. Ganley may be as innocent as you say. But I don't believe it. To suit your

(Continued on page 39)

Irish Eyes

By Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

The Story Thus Far:

THERE is something perilous about Sheila Carscadden that sets her apart from the rest of her family. She is immensely restless, imaginative, defiant. The humble, impoverished existence to which she has been born, and which the others bear with patience and resignation, exasperates her. She endures it because she is young and has the courage of her race. But she nurses such dreams and aspirations as seem absurd to her widowed mother and her steady, industrious brother Joe. Her crippled sister Angela shares her dreams but looks to Providence for their fulfillment. Not Sheila. Sheila has faith in herself. She knows herself resourceful, intrepid, beautiful. Let fortune come within her grasp and she will know how to seize it, and how to hold it.

The Carscadden family have gathered for supper in the tenement flat where they make three rooms do the work of six. Under the pall of disaster they confront a hostile winter. Joe on this day has been let out of work. Sheila has defied her employer once too often. The Carscadden bread-winners are both jobless. Mrs. Carscadden takes comfort in devotion and goes to submerge her misgivings in helping at the bedside of a sick neighbor. Joe leaves to seek consolation with his betrothed, Cecilia, who lives downstairs. Sheila and Angela are alone. Sheila remembers one bit of luck. She exhibits a costly handbag which she has bought for a dime at a rummage sale in St. Leo's. Angela examines it. It is initialed G. C. K., and in it, to Sheila's astonishment, Angela finds fifty dollars, tucked away in an obscure pocket. There is also an impressive address.

With reluctant honesty, Sheila, the next night, returns the bag and the money, purposely playing up her poverty by wearing shabby clothes. And there, while she is being complimented and rewarded by Judge McCann, she meets the only man who has ever caught her fancy, the only man she has ever kissed. He is young Peter McCann. He says, "I've been trying to find you."

III

THE room began to circle slower and slower about her; it settled down to chairs and tables, books and firelight, again. Sheila sat dizzily on the edge of her chair. Opposite her were Mrs. McCann, also seated, and looking at her attentively and encouragingly, and the judge, standing on the hearth rug, addressing his wife, but glancing continually at Sheila as he spoke.

"This young lady bought Gertrude's purse at the rummage sale yesterday, Mamma."

"Oh, at St. Leo's?" Mrs. McCann asked, in a soft, pleasant voice.

"Yes, ma'am," Sheila managed to say.

Peter was beside her for half a second, and there was a slip of paper in her hand

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"Do you live near St. Leo's, dear?"

"No, ma'am. I live out in the Bronx. But I work down near St. Leo's."

"She found some money in Gert's purse—fifty dollars," the man said.

"Fifty dollars!" Mrs. McCann echoed, surprised. "She's terrible with money," she added, shaking her head disapprovingly.

"One ger'l comes all the way down from the Bronx to give back the money she needs, that another ger'l loses," Paul McCann said.

Mrs. McCann shook her head again, looked at him mildly.

"Isn't that so, Papa?" she agreed, regretfully.

"Ellie, is that fair?" he demanded, challengingly.

The woman was serious, sympathetic. "Indeed it's not," she said, with a sigh. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Well, then, you make a suggestion," he said, belligerently. "You handle it. Are we going to let it go, like that?"

Mrs. McCann looked with infinite kindness and with a half-smile at Sheila. The smile invited the girl into her confidence. "He's like that," it seemed to say, "but it's only his way of showing he is stirred." Aloud she said, "It seems to me the only thing to do, Papa, is do all we can to make the other little girl happy, too."

There was such goodness, such simple friendliness and sympathy in her quiet, middle-aged face, as she made this suggestion, that Sheila felt guiltier and more unhappy than ever.

"That young girl who was here a minute back is our ward, Gertrude Keane, and it was her purse you found," Mrs. McCann went on. "She and our Peter are getting married on Tuesday. Judge McCann and I feel very happy about it."

Sheila was ashamed, dazed, frightened. She wanted only to escape.

"Tell me your name," the judge said, stopping short in a restless turn about the room.

"Sheila Carscadden."

"CARSCADDEN!" he shouted. It was as if a gun had been fired in the room. "You're from Albany!"

"No, sir. We live in the Bronx."

"I know ye, I know ye," he muttered, transfixed. "Look at the red head on her, Mamma. She's Con Carscadden's ger'l. Of course she is." He snapped his fingers, walked the floor again. His excitement communicated itself to the two women, and Mrs. McCann said sympathetically, "Now, take it easy, Papa."

"Con! Con Carscadden," Paul McCann exclaimed suddenly, pointing a stout finger at Sheila. "That's who your papa was."

"My brother Neely's named for him, Cornelius."

"We were boys together in the old laundry days up in Albany," the man said. "I thank God for this, Mamma. I've prayed for this! Manny's the time I've prayed that I'd run into poor Con's children. That was the cheapest fifty dollars I ever spent, that Gert lost on us. You've heard me talk of the Carscaddens, Mamma? This is Con's ger'l."

"I've heard you talk many's the time, Paul," said his wife, almost as pleased as he, in her quieter way.

He wiped his forehead, blew his nose. His blue eyes were brimming.

"'Twas God sint this child our way," he said, clearing his throat.



"I hope it was, indeed," said his wife. "Your father was my friend, my dear," the man told Sheila simply. He sat down, patted her hand; he was breathing hard. "I'll be yours. You may lay to that," he said. "You'll never have cause that you'd regret this night's work. Con Carscadden's girl. And there's others, is there?"

"There's Joe and Angela and me, at home. And Margaret and Neely's married," Sheila explained, her eyes shining with tears.

"And she raised you all without him, did she?"

"My sister Angela was born after Papa died."

"MY GOD, my God, my God," he muttered, "all of you, here in this city, needin' help, and I not knowin' it! Well, your hard times are over. I'll stand to you. I'll stand to all of ye."

He was walking about again, agitated, impatient. Sheila was all but crying; there were tears in Mrs. McCann's sympathetic eyes.

"Well, she'll want some supper," he said. "Mamie said she'd look out for her. Con's girl, and the spit of his sister Julia. She'd a fine, coarse head of red hair on her, too. Mamma, we'll have to kape an eye on these youngsters of Con's."

"We will, Paul."

"They'll have friends, now," he said, trembling with emotion, his handkerchief out again. "They'll have good times, now. You'll have to see Con's widow, Ellie—find out what we can do."

"I'll do it tomorrow, Paul," Mrs. McCann rose, held out her hand. "Come with me, Sheila," she said. "We'll get something to eat, and then I'll take you upstairs, and see if we can't find a little hat and coat of Gertrude's that'll fit you. You're a real big girl, but she wears bigger clothes than you'd think."

Talking comfortably, she went with Sheila through a very confusion of big, dark, richly furnished rooms toward a dining-room and into a bright clean pantry beyond it. And here, true to her promise, Mamie had indeed arranged a meal of coffee and salad, a little baked custard, a chocolate éclair.

Sheila, who had dined heartily on fish-balls and prune shortcake only an hour before, realized wretchedly that she must appear to be ravenous. When providentially Mrs. McCann and Mamie left the pantry for a few minutes, she seized the opportunity to pour the custard and the coffee down the sink drain, and bury most of the salad in the little white enamel-ware garbage tin that was already half filled with dead flowers and lemon peels. She was eating the éclair when they returned.

They had with them a heavy, soft, dark-blue coat with a fur collar—the coat of any girl's dreams, and a small, soft blue hat.

"Here," said Mrs. McCann, in her gentle voice and with her gentle smile, "these'll go well with the bag. They're Monica's—she's up at Kenwood, and she'll be glad for an excuse to get new ones."

Her hands lingered in motherly fashion about Sheila, as she helped to put them on. She smiled at the result, and Mamie brought her hands together with one convulsive clap of triumph.

SHEILA, her sense of shame deepening every second, hung her head as she stood before them. It was all like a nightmare. Their warmth, their kindness, their goodness were all completely disarming.

"You've the purse, dear, and the money in it. And tell Mamma that Judge McCann was one of your papa's old friends, and that I'll be over tomorrow to have a little talk with her. And you've your nickel for the subway—?"

"You're awfully kind to me, Mrs. McCann," Sheila could only mumble. She had completely abandoned the brogue, but neither of the other women was apt to notice the omission.

"Kind, my dear! When the Lord has been so good to me," Ellen McCann said humbly. She went with Sheila across the wide hallway again; it was darkened now, but there was still a dim indication of lighted lamps beyond the library archway, and in some smaller room there were subdued laughter and the sound of voices. Mrs. McCann herself opened the big front door for her guest.

At this moment the dark young man who had entered this same doorway just after Sheila had, and who had been addressed by Mamie as "Mr. Frank," came down the big, palm-decorated sweep of the central stairs, and joined Mrs. McCann at the door.

"Mother," he said. He stopped in surprise, and over his rather dark young face a smile broadened at the sight of Sheila. "Well, you look better!" he observed. "Mother," he resumed, "I'm going out to Bernadette's for about an hour. I could run Miss—this young lady home."

"Well, so you could," his mother agreed. "It's right on your way. My son's young lady lives in Spuyten Duyvil," she said to Sheila, somewhat impressively.

"Bernadette said she'd telephone you in the morning, Mother," Frank McCann said. Suddenly he laughed, and his mother looked at him in surprise.

"What is it, Frank?"

"Nothing!" he said. "I'll—I'm going to see Bernadette."

"Give her my love!" Mrs. McCann looked at Sheila. "My son will drive you home," she said. "That's better than the subway."

"OH, I wouldn't have him!" Sheila protested, shrinking.

"Why not?" Frank asked, pulling on his gloves. But it was not a question; he did not even glance at her.

"Well, if you don't look stunning in Monica's old coat!" Gertrude said, suddenly joining them. "You look lovely. Aunt Ellie," she added, "I'm going to bed. I'm sunk. If I don't want to be taken for Grandma Keane at my own wedding, I've got to get some sleep."

"Where you going, Frank?" This was Peter's voice. Sheila's heart rose on a great plunge, but she could not look up.

"Kennedys'. They're having a dinner for Dette's aunt, from Syracuse. I said I'd come out, late."

"Where are you going, Peter?" the mother asked.

"I am going out a while."

(Continued on page 45)

"Oh, for heaven's sake—"
said Judge McCann, annoyed.
"Don't lose your wits!"

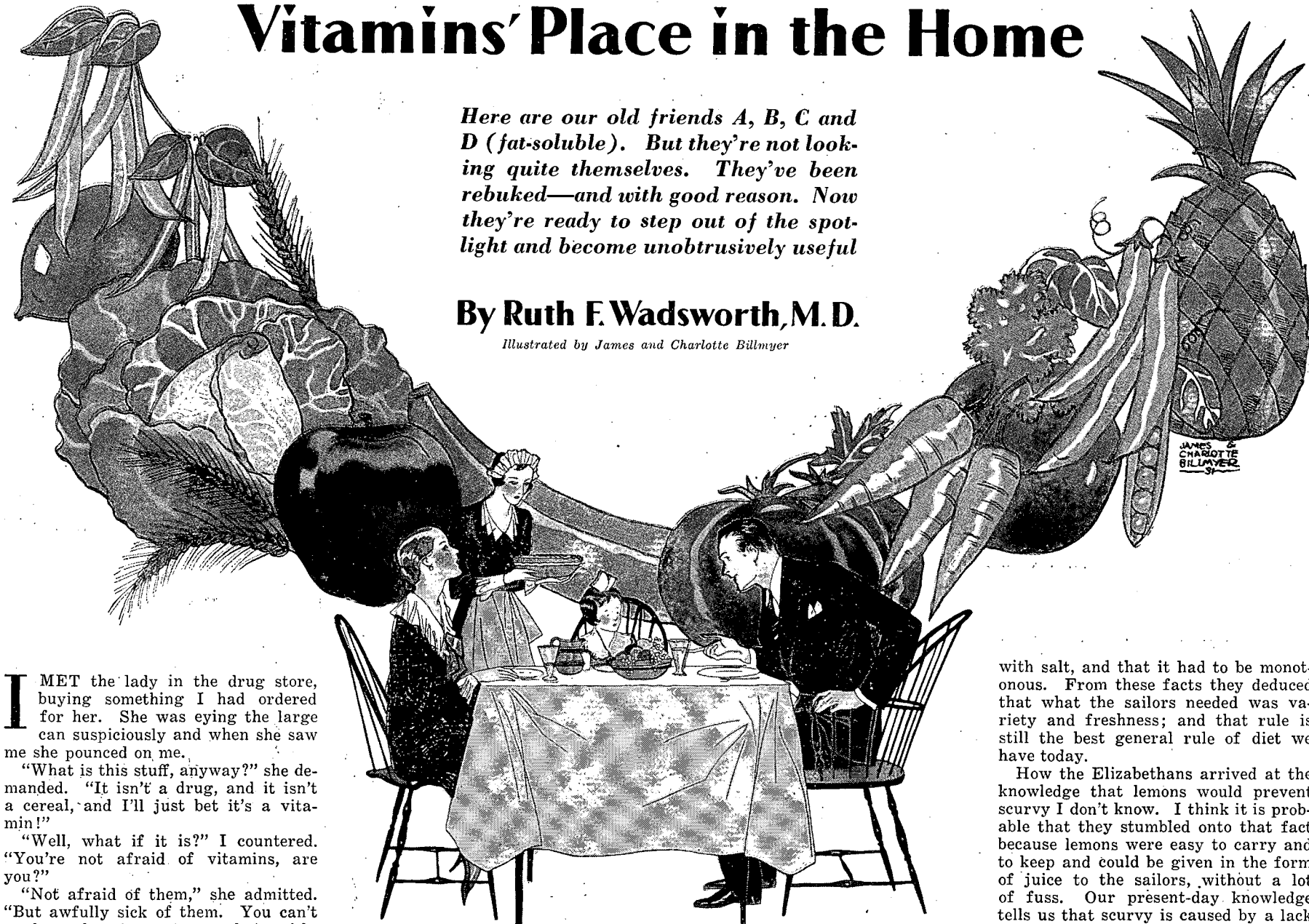


Vitamins' Place in the Home

Here are our old friends A, B, C and D (fat-soluble). But they're not looking quite themselves. They've been rebuked—and with good reason. Now they're ready to step out of the spotlight and become unobtrusively useful

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

Illustrated by James and Charlotte Billmyer



Parents nowadays know all about rickets and its prevention

I MET the lady in the drug store, buying something I had ordered for her. She was eyeing the large can suspiciously and when she saw me she pounced on me.

"What is this stuff, anyway?" she demanded. "It isn't a drug, and it isn't a cereal, and I'll just bet it's a vitamin!"

"Well, what if it is?" I countered. "You're not afraid of vitamins, are you?"

"Not afraid of them," she admitted. "But awfully sick of them. You can't read an advertisement, nowadays, without seeing something about vitamins. I'm suspicious of any fads. And vitamins seem to me the fad of the day. I really thought you'd do better than prescribe a fad for me!"

It does seem like a racket, I admit. As I told this lady, you ought to hear my great-aunt Eliza on the subject. Her discourse on the topic begins something like this:

"Thirty years ago we could eat and enjoy our food and not worry about it," etc., etc.

I take the wind out of Aunt Eliza's sails by agreeing with her heartily in most of her statements, and adding a few facts which she does not care to question. Nowadays she devotes her

oratory to somebody else. She has passed the age where she is interested in being convinced that anything modern is virtuous.

As a matter of fact, knowledge of the vitamins is not modern. It is as old as prisons and sailing vessels; older than Columbus, and probably contemporary with Noah. It is only the name which is new, and the more or less scientific detail we now possess.

We owe the rather boring systematization of the vitamins—their classification and naming as Vitamin A, B, C, D, E, and soon F and G—to the experimental method which has crept upon medicine in the last forty years. Advertisers, banking on the enthusiasm of the doctors to find something definite to say about vitamins, have capitalized the interest they hope the doctors have given their patients to boost any product which is rich in one or more of the vitamins.

So far as the doctors are concerned, this boosting is a good thing. It can do no harm for people to get information and interest about the vitamins from any source. But both the medical profession and the advertising profession have run a great risk in emphasizing the vitamins too much. They have threatened the public with boredom. A well-known popular writer said to me once: "I read an article by you now and then. Keep it up, but, for heaven's sake, don't be tempted to write about the vitamins." That was ten years ago, and the situation has become so much worse since then that I dare disregard his advice.

The story of the vitamins is a long one and has all the requirements of successful fiction. It begins with trouble and strife, and it has, or should have, a happy ending. Of course the story is not ended yet and won't be until the scientific knowledge painfully acquired by a small group of specialists has been made a part of the everyday knowledge of everybody.

Deficiency Diseases

We have come a long way since the time when long voyages and service in the Army and Navy were dreaded because of the frequency of scurvy. But we have not come so far after all when large numbers of our babies suffer from rickets, and whole sections of the population of civilized nations suffer from pellagra and beriberi. In fact we are not yet in a position to be snooty about our primitive ancestors, who spent some of their time in trees, most of their time in a condition hardly to be described as dainty, but who were not at all particular about what they ate, and had never heard of, or seen, the so-called "deficiency diseases."

The deficiency diseases, when at their worst, do not present a pretty picture. Any one of them may be fatal, and they are all uncomfortable and deforming and unpleasant generally. The earliest knowledge of them was not very scientific, but it was sound. Our ancestors knew that the scurvy of long voyages came from the food, and they knew that the trouble with the food taken on long voyages was that it had to be preserved

with salt, and that it had to be monotonous. From these facts they deduced that what the sailors needed was variety and freshness; and that rule is still the best general rule of diet we have today.

How the Elizabethans arrived at the knowledge that lemons would prevent scurvy I don't know. I think it is probable that they stumbled onto that fact because lemons were easy to carry and to keep and could be given in the form of juice to the sailors, without a lot of fuss. Our present-day knowledge tells us that scurvy is caused by a lack of Vitamin C, which is found in oranges and lemons and tomatoes and apples and bananas.

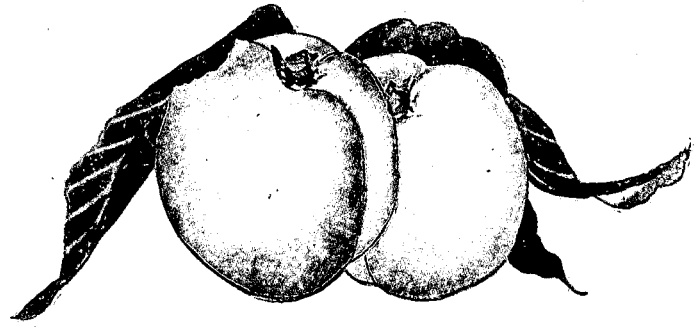
How experimental knowledge had the advantage of the kind used by the Elizabethan sailors is shown in this simple instance: Because lemons and oranges prevented scurvy, it was assumed that limes, being the same sort of fruit, would do the same. But when limes were used scurvy was not prevented, and experiments show that limes do not contain appreciable amounts of Vitamin C.

Those who are inclined to sniff at the importance of the vitamins should take a look at the story of beriberi, another

(Continued on page 27)



APRICOTS HAVE IT!



ASPARAGUS HAS IT!



HEINZ RICE FLAKES HAVE IT TOO

*-and they're the only Rice Flakes that do
- so insist on Heinz!*



**We took a tip from Nature and made
these crisp, delicious flakes**

POUR OUT a bowlful of these golden-brown flakes and taste them! See how deliciously crisp and crunchy they are! And as you enjoy each tempting spoonful, just consider this . . .

Heinz Rice Flakes have something for you that no other rice flakes have! . . . a *gentle, corrective quality*. Nature gives this quality to some fruits and vegetables, and we've given it to Heinz Rice Flakes. These delicious flakes do the same *mildly laxative* work that apricots and asparagus do! They have what is sometimes called a "corrective vegetable effect." They're the *only* rice flakes that have this important quality! Remember that.

Heinz Rice Flakes will help keep you healthy and well. And you're *sure* to like them. For we've

followed Nature's wise plan of making foods "good-for-you," and good to eat, too. You'll find Heinz Rice Flakes just as delicious—just as tempting—as other famous foods of the "57 Varieties."

**Two generous trial packages—
enough for six servings—FREE!**

Mail the coupon to-day, for *two generous trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough to serve six people—free*. Try them in milk or cream. See how crisp they stay! When you're ready for more, order from your grocer. And be sure to insist on *Heinz*.

Now for the scientific story . . .

Heinz Rice Flakes not only furnish all the body-building elements of rice, but they supply an essential substance found in no other rice flakes. This substance is cereal-cellulose—one of the gentlest

and most effective correctives known to man.

H. J. Heinz Company spent eight years in perfecting the exclusive process by which cereal-cellulose is added to crisp, delicious flakes. It costs much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way. But it costs *you* no more. © 1931, H. J. H. CO.



FREE!

**TWO TRIAL PACKAGES
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H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Dept. C-815, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for six servings—free of charge. (This offer is good only in the United States.)

Name _____

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H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
MAKERS OF THE "57 VARIETIES"

ONE OF THE **57** VARIETIES

In the Playgrounds of all the World



FROM sunny beaches along the coasts . . . from high cool mountain resorts, orders are pouring in for The Champagne of Ginger Ales.

This year they are unusually heavy. For in the first month the new low price more than trebled the sales of Canada Dry. Rush orders by telephone from every part of the country have already totaled hundreds of thousands of cartons.

438,948 cartons by telephone

In the first week alone—after the announcement of the price reduction—telephone orders were received for 438,948 cartons! . . . No matter where you are on your vacation, Canada Dry will be waiting to chase away your weariness and thirst.

For every one . . . everywhere

Here is as fine a ginger ale as can be made . . . known all over the world as "The Champagne of Ginger Ales"—yet it is priced remarkably low. The wonderful, inimitable flavor of Canada Dry, its joyous sparkle, its keen exhilaration—all

... More people than ever are enjoying The Champagne of Ginger Ales

these now come to you as extra values. For at the new low price you can enjoy Canada Dry at a cost of only a few pennies a glass.

Ask for "Canada Dry"

Let this fine old beverage add its zest to your bright vacation days. A more delightful drink in warm weather is hard to find. For motor trips and picnics, it is ideal to carry

the Hostess Package containing twelve bottles. And you'll be surprised how little the handy carton of The Champagne of Ginger Ales now costs. Telephone your dealer today.

CANADA DRY'S

SPARKLING LIME

SPARKLING ORANGE

These two delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are delightful.



CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

Vitamins' Place in the Home

Continued from page 24

deficiency disease. It is one of the oldest diseases known to man, at least to man able to wield a pen. A description of it occurs in the oldest known medical treatise. For a long time beriberi was known as a disease of rice-eaters and was cured by adding something besides rice to the diet. But only in very recent years has it been known that the element lacking in the diet was Vitamin B. And we now know that Vitamin B may be lacking in other diets besides those consisting entirely of polished rice.

Sunlight and Egg Yolks

In beriberi, we must realize that we are seeing the extreme form of Vitamin B deficiency. Most of us, in a normal life, get some of this vitamin in our diet, because it is found in such things as milk and yeast and wheat and peas and beans and oranges. But we now suppose that people can suffer from not enough Vitamin B. Suppose, for instance, that you don't drink milk, because you are afraid of getting fat, or because you just don't like milk; and that you eat little or no bread and cereal for the same reason; and that you don't eat oranges because you are afraid they are too acid. You may have peas or beans once a week but not oftener. There is a chance that you don't get enough Vitamin B, and you may ascribe your nervousness, or lack of pep, to that, and you might try getting more Vitamin B before you go to a nerve specialist.

The third definite deficiency disease, with which we are more familiar than we are with any of the others, is rickets. We know that rickets is caused by a deficiency of Vitamin D, and we know that Vitamin D is in some way connected with sunlight and is found in cod-liver oil, in milk and in egg yolk.

We believe that the action of the sun on the fat of the body produces Vitamin D right in the body, but of this we can't be sure. But we do know that neither egg yolk nor milk is rich in Vitamin D in winter, when the chickens and cows are not eating green grass, ripened by the sun, as they are in summer, when there is lots of sunlight. So to be safe, we feed our babies cod-liver oil in winter, to insure them a constant supply of Vitamin D, and we give them sun baths when practicable.

The fourth vitamin, which we take up last because we know least about it if we don't happen to be medical research workers, is Vitamin A. It has a great many functions in the body, but the deficiency disease caused by a lack of it is little known to most of us. It is a condition of the eyes, caused by a lack of function in the tear-producing glands. We don't often see this disease,

fortunately, because Vitamin A is found in a great many foods, and it is hard to eat at all without getting some of it. It is found in butter, milk, eggs, carrots, tomatoes, spinach, raw cabbage, oranges, grapefruit, pineapple, cod-liver oil and in the outer coating of grains.

If we get enough of it to prevent the specific eye trouble, but still not enough, we have lowered resistance to disease of various kinds, intestinal disturbance and, in the young, a failure to grow properly. Vitamin A is destroyed by exposure to the air, which explains why we need really fresh food, not just food which has not been cooked. Orange juice, for instance, from which most of us get a good deal of Vitamin A, is much better if it is freshly prepared than if prepared the night before and chilled in the icebox.

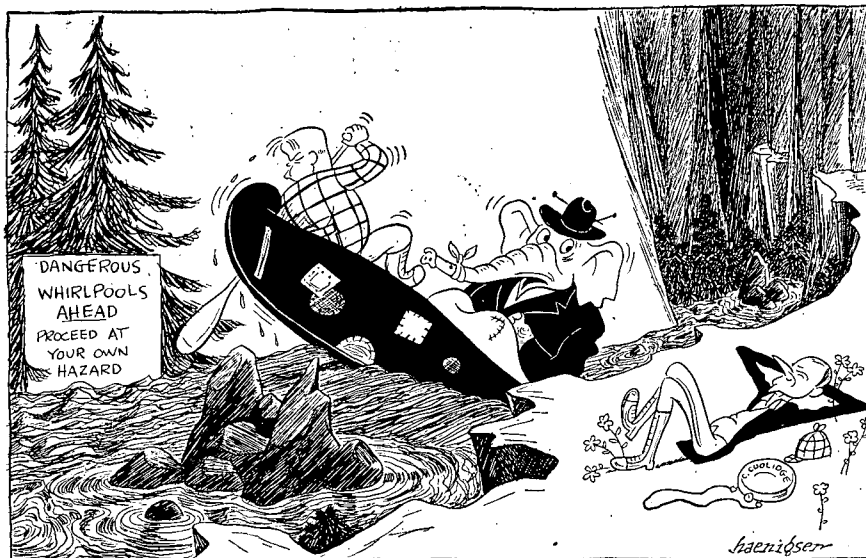
About all the vitamins there is an aroma of mystery. We know what they do, or what they prevent; we know where they are found and how they behave in relation to heat, or exposure to air or sunlight, but nobody can tell you *what* they are. We have learned to make some of the vitamins by exposing certain fats to ultra-violet rays, but so far I can't see a great advantage in that. We don't know much, yet, about our quantitative requirement in the vitamins. We can't say just how much of any one, or all of them, we need. So there is no particular need of concentrating them, as we do when we make them artificially. And nature has provided sources of them in abundance, if we will just make use of them. I think our tendency is already toward too great concentration.

Forget Your Fears

We need not be bored by the vitamins, or by the flood of literature about them which has greeted us of late. But we may as well make practical use of the new knowledge we have of them; and congratulate ourselves on it, although it is still imperfect. All we need to do is to make sure that our diet is so balanced and so varied that we will get some of each one of the four important vitamins every day; we ought then to have some assurance that our general health will be better than it might be. We must put aside some of our food prejudices and not be afraid of acids and raw things and internal organs. We must remember that food is not just calories, but that the body needs what we call accessory foods, which may have little actual energy or tissue-building value. The immediate value in satisfied hunger of a good meal of bread and meat may not be as great as the ultimate value of the meal which seems less in food value but which contains all the elements our bodies need in the long run.

The following list of the vitamins is a handy thing to keep in the house-keeper's or the restaurant eater's pocketbook:

Name	Properties	Source
Vitamin A (anti-ophthalmic)	Fat soluble. Destroyed on exposure to air	Butter, egg yolk, milk, orange, grapefruit, carrot, raw cabbage, greens, tomato, cod-liver oil, grain, kidney, liver (cod)
Vitamin B (anti-neuritic)	Watersoluble. Destroyed by great heat (130°C)	Milk, yeast, wheat germ, lean meat, pineapple, orange, kidney, liver
Vitamin C (anti-scorbutic)	Alcohol soluble. Destroyed by heat	Orange, lemon, tomato, apple, banana, egg yolk
Vitamin D (anti-rachitic)	Fat soluble. Calcium depositing	Cod-liver oil, milk, egg yolk



Draft Dodging

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE talk of drafting ex-President Coolidge as the Republican candidate in 1932 persists and it raises hopes of some of the Old Guard Republican leaders. It also sends cold shivers down the backs of the friends of President Hoover.

Nothing more foolish could be suggested. In the first place, it is almost inconceivable that the ex-President would allow his name to be used as a candidate against Mr. Hoover. And, in the next place, if Mr. Coolidge were nominated he could not avoid the more serious difficulties which may still face the Republican party in 1932.

Furthermore, Mr. Hoover's attempt to ease the world's economic strain by postponement of debts and reparations has made his hold on the 1932 nomination more firm.

The trouble is with the party, not merely with the candidate. No change of candidates will repair the breaches within its ranks. Mr. Coolidge, if he ran in 1932, would have to run as a dry. He could not dodge the prohibition issue. And as a dry he would be unlikely to carry New York and New Jersey. He might not carry Illinois and he could not carry Wisconsin.

The only important state in which he might be better off than Mr. Hoover would be his own state of Massachusetts, which might go to him as a favored son, whereas it probably would be lost by Mr. Hoover. In the wet states he might run better, though a dry, than Mr. Hoover would.

They've Got to Be Punished

No doubt some Republican business men who would not vote for Mr. Hoover would vote for Mr. Coolidge, but probably not enough of them to assure his carrying the big wet states. That is to say, whatever weakness Mr. Hoover would have in this region Mr. Coolidge would also have, though perhaps in somewhat less measure.

The division between West and East in the Republican party has become again as acute as it was in 1912. It is going to be almost impossible for Western and Eastern Republicans to support the same Republican candidate for President. Almost certainly any Republican not a Western Progressive nominated for President next year will lose some Western states.

Now Mr. Coolidge is no more acceptable to the farmers of the West, whose wheat may be selling for an unprecedentedly low price next year, than Mr. Hoover is. He may even be less so, for he did nothing for farm relief, while

Mr. Hoover at least tried to aid the farmers by legislation. And Mr. Coolidge belongs more clearly to the Eastern business element in the Republican party than Mr. Hoover does.

Then one great handicap the Republican party will lie under in the next campaign is the business depression. It is unlikely that by a mere change of candidates the party can escape punishment for permitting a depression to happen.

And there remains the tariff, which will be an important issue in the next campaign. Does anybody believe that Mr. Coolidge is less of a high-tariff man than Mr. Hoover is? Mr. Coolidge has always regarded the tariff with almost superstitious veneration. Mr. Hoover at least had some misgivings about the tariff.

The Issues Remain

Granting that Mr. Coolidge as a President in a time of great prosperity had a certain prestige that Mr. Hoover as a President in a period of depression has not, we have to face the fact that the issues remain. Any one of these issues might not be enough to defeat Mr. Coolidge. But there is an appalling number of them, all very serious.

For example, what could Mr. Coolidge do to satisfy the wets in the Republican party? What could he say to pacify a hostile and resentful West? How could he restore belief in the Republican party as the producer of prosperity? What hope could he hold out, with his party in power in Congress, of curing the faults of the Hawley-Smoot tariff? And if he could not meet these issues satisfactorily, could he hope to win just because he was Mr. Coolidge? Then, too, if he were nominated in spite of Mr. Hoover's desire for a renomination, it could only be after a bitter fight which would split the Republican organization to pieces. Mr. Hoover's friends would be outraged and revengeful.

It is very natural for a party facing a difficult campaign to cast about for some way out of its troubles. So the talk of drafting Coolidge is inevitable.

But Mr. Coolidge is not the way out. The talk of drafting him will die out long before the next Republican convention assembles. All Mr. Hoover has to do is to stand his ground firmly and insist upon his renomination and he will be renominated.

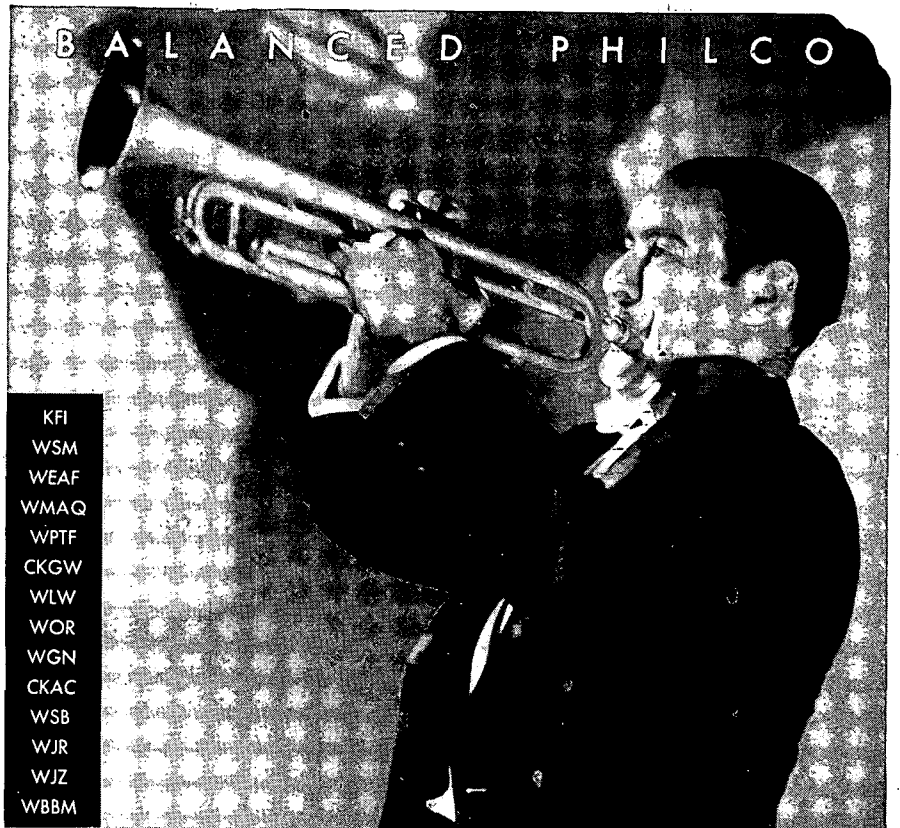
Then his fate will depend upon business conditions and upon the impression which the Democratic party makes upon the country.

*You change programs
without getting up, with this new*

PHILCO BALANCED



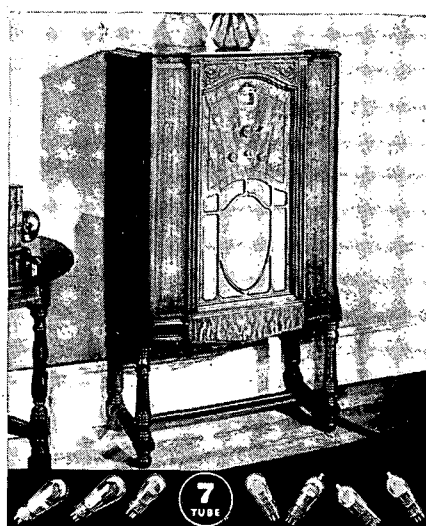
Just as the picture above represents the *distorted* tone, the blurred reception of an unbalanced radio — the "station strip" with this picture shows the gaps, the overlapping of stations found on the ordinary set.



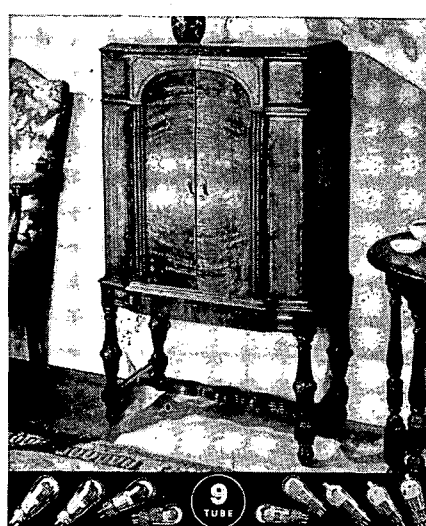
Above you see the *undistorted* tone plus selectivity secured with every Philco Superheterodyne built with Balanced Units. Each station is distinct and separate — each program clear and vivid on the new Philco.



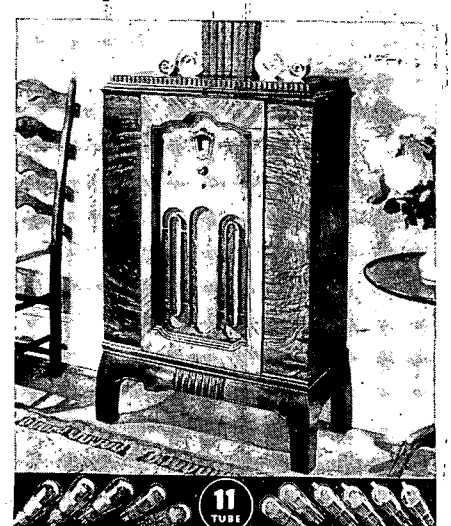
COMPLETE WITH 7 TUBES \$49.95
BABY GRAND Superheterodyne. Equipped with new extra power Pentode Tube. New Electro-Dynamic Speaker. American Black Walnut Cabinet; with richly figured Walnut Instrument Panel. Only 16" wide, 17½" high. Tone-Control. Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Also in a 9-Tube BABY GRAND, \$69.50, complete with tubes.



COMPLETE WITH 7 TUBES \$65.75
HIGHBOY, exquisitely done in figured American Walnut and Quilted Maple. Tone-Control, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Illuminated Station Recording Dial; New Pentode Power Tube. Also in an All-electric RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, \$110.00, complete with tubes.



COMPLETE WITH 9 TUBES \$109.75
HIGHBOY, executed in figured Butt Walnut and Oriental Wood. Hand-rubbed finish. Four-point Tone-Control — Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Long Distance Switch, Two 45 Power Tubes, push-pull. Also a LOWBOY, at \$89.75, complete with tubes.



COMPLETE WITH 11 TUBES \$149.50
LOWBOY, by Norman Bel Geddes, leading designer, in American Black Walnut and Matched Butt Walnut. Hand-rubbed finish. Tone-Control, Automatic Volume Control, Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Station Recording Dial. Also in a HIGHBOY, at \$169.50, a RADIO-PHONOGRAPH with Automatic Record Changer, \$295.00, with tubes.

Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West

PHILCO BALANCED TUBES BETTER THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

© 1931, Philco

SUPERHETERODYNE

SO WE NAMED IT

Lazyboy

\$69.50 COMPLETE WITH 7 TUBES

PHILCO offers the easiest, laziest way in the world to listen in — relax — enjoy and change the program without moving from your chair.

Place the Lazyboy beside your easiest chair. Put pipe, books and trays on it. With a touch of the finger, summon the glittering parade of music, song, great artists, vivid with realism. When you don't like a performance flick it off like a cigarette ash. All without stirring a foot or disturbing your mood by moving. That is really being at home with Lazyboy radio luxury.

With the supreme selectivity of the Superheterodyne Circuit, amazing power of Screen Grid, plus the New Pentode Power Tube, you bring in stations that simply don't exist for most sets. You have the supreme selectivity of the Superheterodyne circuit. You have the utter clarity, realism, and freedom from distortion of Philco Balanced Units. Bands and orchestras are crystal bright, or they croon and dream at your will, with Philco Tone-Control. Also you have the world's most perfect and easiest tuning, because of the Glowing Arrow Indicator on the station dial.

For thousands of homes it is the radio supreme. For your own contentment, you should see and operate the Lazyboy. Its price makes it the *value sensation* of the industry.

Philco dealers are also showing a marvelous, new 7-tube (including a Pentode Power Tube) BABY GRAND, with Balanced-Superheterodyne performance. Already the world's largest-selling set, it is doubling its own record, because of wonderful new price and value!

Balanced Superheterodyne performance is also available in a beautiful new HIGHBOY, at \$65.75; an all-electric RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, at \$110.00. The whole range of radio value is covered by Philco with 7, 9, or 11 tube sets, all Balanced Superheterodyne. And your Philco dealer will be glad to give you a radio ride, with a Philco Transitone, the automobile set. Price, \$99.80, including tubes, batteries, completely installed. Philco, Philadelphia, Pa., Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto.



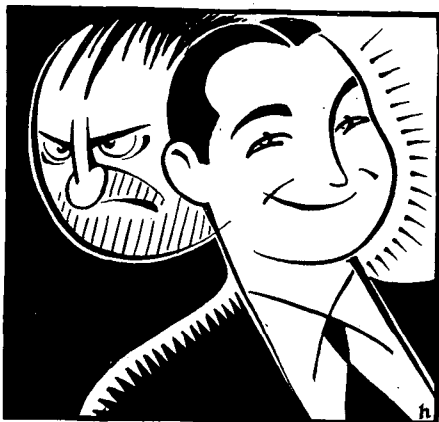
LAZYBOY, \$69.50, COMPLETE WITH SEVEN TUBES

The first real cabinet that fits right in as a usable part of your furniture. Controls recessed in top. Nothing projects — you use the top as a table. Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Designed by Norman Bel Geddes, and executed in choice woods. Hand-rubbed finish.

• PHILCO •

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

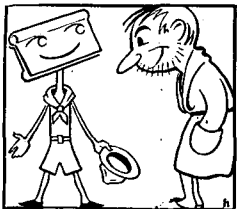
IT TAKES A BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE TO MEET PRESENT-DAY CROWDED BROADCASTING CONDITIONS



DOLCE FAR NIENTE

Looking around, as we do most of the time, we see lots of faces that have been working hard for years and years, and really deserve a long vacation. What we mean is, a vacation from tough shaving.

Suppose in the morning, when you got all lathered up, you could just wipe off your face with a slim little gadget that felt like nothing at all, and then could look in the mirror and find that your whiskers had completely disappeared, leaving your face feeling like velvet? Without using scientific terms, that's as near as we can come to describing the action of an Enders Razor and blade.



Every Enders Razor is a regular Boy Scout. It does one good deed a day, and what more can one of your vacation dollars buy for you than that? Spend one for an Enders permanent shaving vacation. Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Enders

RAZOR



ENDERS RAZOR Co., Inc.
105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

Name _____

Address _____

We're Grown-Ups Now

Continued from page 11

bring Russia into decent, orderly business relations with the rest of the world. End her outlaw status! Give the Russians a chance to become good neighbors instead of forcing them to be bad neighbors.

"Many of Russia's actions that we complain against today are due to bitter necessity rather than malignance. As an example, let us consider their alleged 'dumping.' What is not understood, and what must be understood, is this: The export trade of the Russians, with one or two exceptions, is not based upon any effort to make money, but only to get money.

"You see, the Soviet Union cannot borrow as other nations borrow, that is, by floating foreign loans. Thus barred from banking accommodations, their one way of raising money is to sell something. And because they do not raise enough for their own needs, virtually the whole of their export trade, save in the case of lumber and one or two other commodities, is based upon the sacrifice of the Russian people. They starve themselves in order to sell to the outside world.

Give Russia a Chance

"Take sugar as an illustration. Last year Russia produced 1,625,000 tons. Divide that amount up among 160,000,000 people, and you can see for yourself that the daily per capita allotment is not even a good pinch. To meet their own domestic needs, therefore, they came to our Control Board last autumn, and negotiated the purchase of 212,000 tons of sugar, on fairly long credit. In January of 1931, however, owing to their need of money, they sold 130,000 tons to India for cash at \$5 a ton below the Java market.

"Give Russia a chance to borrow as other nations borrow, and you will see the Soviet government keeping its foodstuffs at home for its own consumption. Stalin is not starving his people because he thinks it good policy to keep them undernourished. More than any other he would like to see them fed, and fed bountifully, for anyone but a fool knows that rebellions are bred by hunger and despair.

"Can Russia be trusted to respect financial obligations? Well," he countered, "the Soviets have paid their bills to date, haven't they? And as for the future, their honesty, it seems to me, is guaranteed by the compulsion of circumstances. During my months in Europe, talking intimately with Russians, Czechs, Poles and Germans, nothing stood out more clearly than that the Five Year Plan is not reaching its objectives. Last year, particularly, agricultural and industrial production fell far below the estimates, and with a steady deterioration in quality. This year will see an even greater failure to approximate calculated figures.

"Stalin and his associates are going to be compelled to decree an extension of the Five Year Plan, and there is danger in the order. The Russian people have been willing to starve and suffer because they were assured that it was only for a definite period, but when they realize that famine and privation are to be the rules of life indefinitely, anything may happen. The Communist leaders know it well, and are eager for international arrangements that will free them from the necessity of driving their millions to the desperation point.

"There is a very definite general feeling, of course, that recognition of Russia, or even business relations with

Russia, would in some manner constitute an approval of Communism, or, at least, an encouragement. The answer to that is simple: The poverty, unemployment and hopelessness of Europe are doing more to make Communists than all the propaganda of Moscow and Leningrad. Take the masses of the world out of the bread line, put them back at work, and you will soon see that their unrest and rebellions were due to misery and resentment rather than to Russian inspiration.

"All this talk about organizing a world boycott against Russia, surrounding her with a high wall that will not permit entrance or exit—is so much sheer nonsense. It can't be done, and if it could be done, the inevitable and disastrous consequence would be war. No, the choice is plain. Either we can draw the Soviets into international agreements that will make for orderly trade and eventual disarmament, or we can continue their outlaw status, watching futilely while they demoralize the markets of the world, force the small nations of Europe to maintain military forces, and finally, like some blind Samson, tear down the temple of world peace.

"At every point international action—the countries of earth joined for constructive effort—is seen to be our one hope of rescue from the pit into which all have fallen. Take the silver situation as an example. The white metal represents the wealth and savings of more than half of the world's population, yet suddenly we find this standard of value treated as a commodity. The purchasing power of the Latin Republics, of China and India, has been seriously impaired as a result of the tragic decline in silver prices, and the United States, more than any other nation, has felt the loss of this buying demand.

"An international conference for purposes of international action is the one way out, nor would such a meeting face serious difficulties. Unlike sugar, the trouble with silver is not overproduction, but Indian demonetization. It is likewise the case that England, France and Germany have not only made repeated cuts in the silver content of their coins, but all three nations, through clearance sales of silver, have been engaged in a plain process of dumping.

Solving the Silver Puzzle

"Very likely these countries would not welcome the idea of a silver consortium, but the United States, by virtue of our creditor status, could force their acquiescence. The program of such a conference offers little chance for debate. First of all would come the decision to lift the weight of the present silver surplus off the market by the creation of a bullion reserve; second, an agreement by each nation to keep a certain assigned amount of silver both in its treasury and in its coinage. The result would be an almost immediate lift in the price of silver to a fair level of exchange, and there it could be stabilized, for any move to higher prices could be checked by release from the bullion reserve.

"On every hand we see international economic agreements as the one hope for orderly and profitable production and marketing. Enlightened competition may be the life of trade, but unenlightened competition is its death. Our provincialism looks on limitation of production as restraint of trade, whereas,

under certain circumstances, it is the one and only way to promote trade.

"No, I am not arguing for the League of Nations." The massive, finely sculptured head swung from side to side in vigorous dissent. "The wells of public information have been too thoroughly poisoned. All that I am saying is that in this modern world there is no such thing as isolation, and that the welfare of the United States, whether we like it or not, is bound up in the welfare of every other nation.

"This Colonial complex of ours," he continued smilingly, "the abject fear of having anything to do with other countries, isn't even built on truth. Thomas Jefferson, who warned against 'entangling alliances,' was speaking of a particular issue, and soon reversed himself completely and repeatedly. He did his best to form an alliance with the European powers for the suppression of the Barbary pirates, and when Napoleon took Louisiana from Spain, and sent an expedition against Santo Domingo, Jefferson declared his willingness to 'marry ourselves to the British Fleet and Nation.'

"In 1823, when the Holy Alliance showed signs of aiding Spain to subdue her rebellious colonies in South America, President Monroe called upon Jefferson and Madison for counsel, and both urged an instant and close alliance with England. Monroe, however, decided upon an independent declaration, his famous Monroe Doctrine.

Rubbing Our Neighbors' Pride

"Here we have another instance of our inability to think in terms of this modern world. There is no Holy Alliance today, nor is there any European country that has the desire or ability to establish a monarchy in the Western hemisphere, yet we hang to the Monroe Doctrine with a stubborn fatuity that nothing has power to shake. All of which rubs raw the pride of Mexico, South and Central America, for all resent our assumption of overlordship.

"It seems incredible," the deep bass voice rumbled on, "that we should have so completely lost the vision, the daring, the adaptability to new conditions, that made us an invincible people. Right now, when world collapse is seen to be the result of maladjustments, economic stupidities and failures in co-operation, and when all that is needed for the restoration of prosperity is the courage to put aside prejudices in favor of realities, we are comfortably assured that the alternation of good times with bad is inevitable and automatic, and that if we sit still everything will come out all right!

"It is a philosophy that worked no great amount of harm in other panic years, for until recently stupid statesmanship and muddled public thinking were more than offset by our natural resources, the extension of frontiers and the march of invention and science. It is not so today. There are no California gold fields to discover, no Indian Territories to open up to settlement, and new oil fields only add to distress.

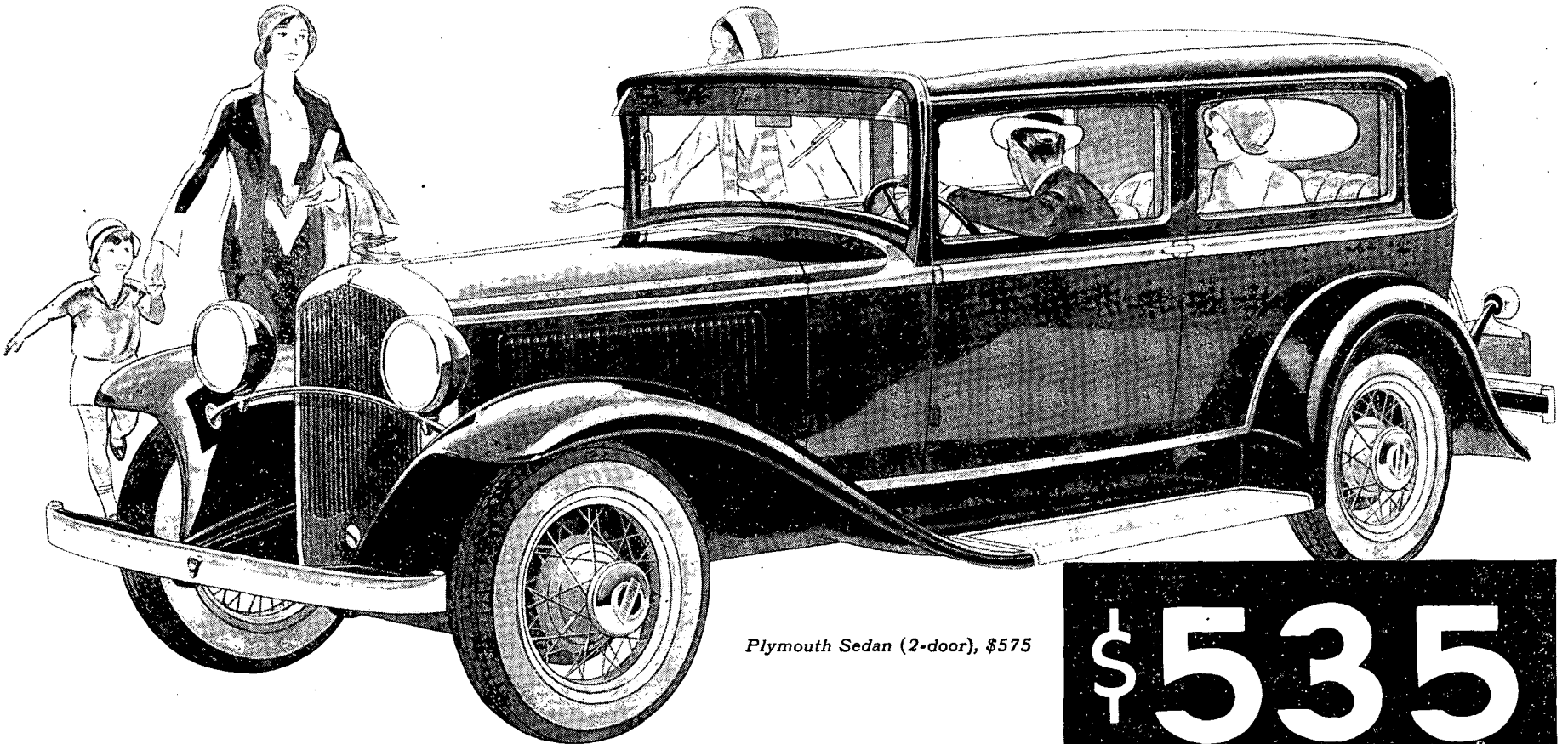
"Our task is to make efficient use of what we have, and Heaven knows it is enough if handled wisely and bravely. Our program must be intensive rather than extensive. And the first thing to do," here Tom Chadbourne rose from his chair and towered unbelievably, "is to get rid of our Colonial complex and recapture the courage, the resourcefulness, that lifted us from a huddle of huts to world power."

THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT • THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR

NEW PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER

and FREE WHEELING



Plymouth Sedan (2-door), \$575

\$535

AND UP - F.O.B. FACTORY

THERE MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN ANY SIXES AND EIGHTS

HAD some genius of twenty years ago discovered "Floating Power" even the high-priced cars of today might be Fours.

For Chrysler Motors engineers have now overcome the vibration inherent in old-fashioned Fours with a new kind of silken power—power as smooth as satin, as soft as velvet.

Sixes and Eights were created—and Chrysler Motors engineers design some of the world's finest for Dodge, Chrysler and De Soto—because people objected to the constant tremor which four-cylinder engines send up through frame and body to driver and passengers.

Floating Power, new and exclusive to Plymouth, changes all that by eliminating vibration.

The New Plymouth retains all the simplicity, rugged strength, long life and economy of a Four with the smoothness of an Eight.

Just imagine buying in the field of lowest price a car with 56 brake-test horsepower, with actual stop-watch speeds of 65 to 70 miles an hour, with pick-up from a standing start to 40 miles in 9.7 seconds—yet vibrationless as a fine Eight.

Plymouth challenges the world of lowest-priced cars with an exclusive engineering triumph you must try for yourself fully to appreciate.

Plymouth gives you Free Wheeling that brings to the field of lowest price this thrilling feature of high-priced cars. You can shift between all forward speeds without declutching—easily, quickly, smoothly.

Plymouth also gives a new, easy-shift transmission. You can shift quickly from second to high and back again at speeds of 35 and 45 miles an hour without clashing or grinding of gears even with Free Wheeling locked out.

Chrysler Motors engineers have given the Plymouth a double-drop frame for lower center of gravity, greater safety and roadability, and finer style.

On its rugged chassis, Plymouth carries full-size Safety-Steel bodies, scientifically constructed, safe and permanently quiet.

The New Plymouth is the only car in the lowest-price field that has self-equalizing internal

hydraulic brakes—simplest and unexcelled for safety and smoothness.

And Plymouth has an entirely new styling. From radiator to tail light it is a creation of eye-compelling beauty of line and color—comparable with far higher-priced cars.

We invite you to prove the superiority of the New Plymouth. See it. Ride in it. Drive it.

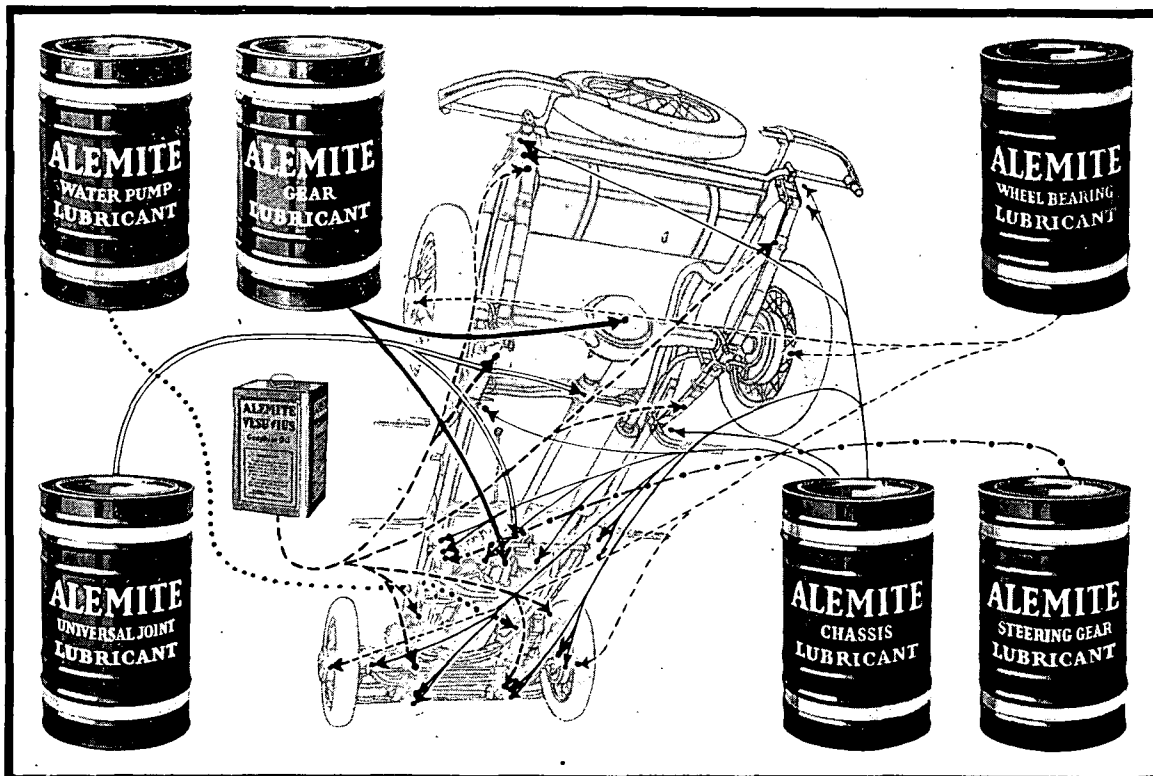
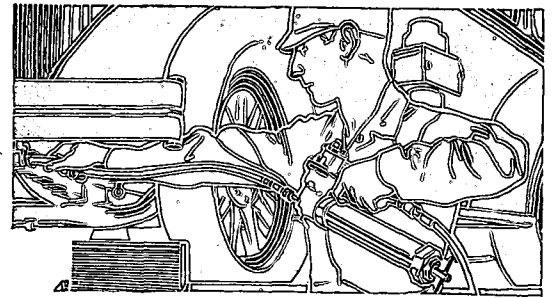
Remember, the New Plymouth challenges comparison with any car at or near its price—in performance, in safety, in size, in luxury, in quality, in value. Among cars of lowest price, we believe you will find nothing to equal the New Plymouth—the quality car for millions, with the Smoothness of an Eight and the Economy of a Four.

NEW LOW PRICES—Roadster \$535, Sport Roadster \$595, Sport Phaeton \$595, Coupe \$565, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610, Convertible Coupe \$645, Sedan (2-door) \$575, Sedan (4-door 3-window) \$635, f. o. b. factory. Wire wheels standard at no extra cost. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments. Non-shatterable plate glass is available on all models at small extra cost.

NEW PLYMOUTH IS SOLD BY ALL DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

Should Lubrication Specialists ... Lubricate Your Car?

Efficient Car Lubrication is a Specialist's Job and Includes Highly Specialized Equipment and Special Lubricants for Each Lubrication Need!



SPECIAL ALEMITE LUBRICANTS FOR EACH SPECIAL NEED RESULT IN ESPECIALLY FINE CAR PERFORMANCE AND LOW UPKEEP

You and millions of other sound minded motorists realize the necessity for specialized lubrication service when you drive in and say, "I want my car Alemited".

The trouble is that you ask for "Alemite-ing" in all good faith and so many times only get a "job of greasing". The fact is you can only get genuine "Alemite-ing" from 100% Alemite Dealers who are permitted to display the Yellow Alemite Sign here pictured.

"Alemite-ing" is by no means, "just a greasing job". "Alemite-ing" is a complete lubrication service. It is founded upon the principle that each special lubrication need on your car demands and requires a special kind of lubricant.

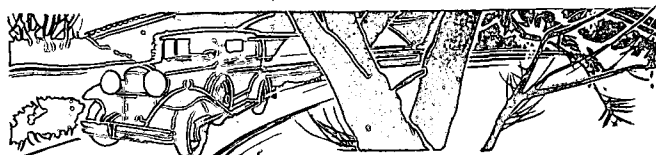
Lubrication would be a simple task if the same lubricant would function efficiently throughout your car. But your car is in reality a small factory with many

"departments". The lubricant used in one won't do the work in another department.

Through many years of test and research, Alemite Corporation has specialized in developing special Alemite Lubricants for each special use. That is why your regular employment of genuine "Alemite-ing" service at correct intervals results in a saving of 80% of the repair bills which inevitably follow faulty lubrication.

*That You May Be Sure of Getting
Genuine "Alemite-ing"*

To safeguard you absolutely in the matter of getting genuine "Alemite-ing" at all times, Alemite Corporation issues



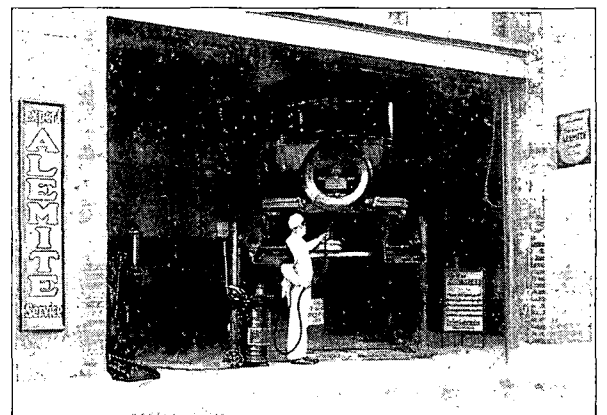
More than 95% of all American built cars employ Alemite High Pressure Lubrication Systems as standard equipment. Alemite Corporation devotes its entire effort to modern, highly specialized lubrication service!

the Yellow Alemite Sign only to those dealers who contract to use only Genuine Alemite Lubricants.

These 100% Alemite Dealers are selected with great care. They are reliable. They are specialists in Alemite lubrication. They will not substitute dangerous or inferior greases.

Alemite Dealers are thorough. No hit-or-miss lubrication service. Your car is lubricated from factory lubrication charts as approved for your individual model by its builders! No point overlooked or improperly lubricated!

For the sake of luxurious, quiet performance and the lowest possible minimum of upkeep expense, stubbornly insist upon Genuine Alemite-ing!



DEPEND UPON THE DEALER WHO SHOWS THIS SIGN. HE IS AN ALEMITE LUBRICATION SPECIALIST YOU CAN DEPEND UPON!



Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2650-c N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Dynamite

Continued from page 18

was that of wanting favors appreciated. "I, personally, have no interest in your dog," he said.

"Well, he certainly seems to be returning your interest," she said.

Gregg toyed with the thought of handing the leash over to her and stalking off, but he couldn't see it as a graceful picture. He had a violent suspicion that she would laugh. Throwing himself into his work, he hove hard. Dynamite seemed to be the sort that thrives on competition. Dynamite hove, too, and between them they took advantage of a weak spot in the leash. That spot parted. Confident that he had won, Dynamite left there happily.

GREGG pulled himself out of the dirt and shrubbery to find the girl regarding him with disgust.

"Thanks, so much," she said. "You have been such a help. Come over and break my windows sometime, won't you?"

"Listen," Gregg said, checking a right to her jaw, "I'll get your dog if it's the last thing I ever do."

"Judging by this performance," she said sweetly, "I shouldn't be surprised if it were the last thing you did. I'm an amiable person, but don't try your good works on many strangers."

Dynamite was loping across the wide open spaces of Central Park. Gregg loped after him. He was aware that

the girl with the blue eyes kept up with him without visible effort.

She said, as he loped and she ran, "Dynamite's awfully good exercise."

"Little beast!" said Gregg.

She laughed again. "Don't let him hear you," she said. "He's so sensitive."

Only the fact that Gregg had a mother saved her.

Near the road, Gregg made a flying tackle and grasped Dynamite around the middle. Dynamite struggled reproachfully. Gregg hung on harder, squeezing. Dynamite retaliated by nipping him. Gregg gasped, "He bit me."

"That's not news," she said. "You bite him and I'll get some reporters."

"Well, do something, will you? Don't stand there gaping like an idiot!"

"What do you want me to do? I can give a good tiger."

"Hail a taxi, or something."

While she was hailing the taxi, Gregg felt the seam of his coat give way, but he hung on and hauled the animal into his arms. She came back and cheered nastily while he toted the writhing beast curward. She got in the cab, he shoved Dynamite in, and she grinned out of the window at him. "Thanks so much," she said. "You certainly have a way with dogs."

Standing there, Gregg was so mad that he didn't want her to leave. He had lots to say about gratitude, its uses

and abuses. He got in after her and slammed the door.

Dynamite put his feet up on the door and howled.

"You should train him not to howl in cabs," Gregg said, coldly.

"You do it," she said. "There's something about your voice that gets him."

"Where are you going?"

"I'll drop you," she said, and the significant way she said it was not nice.

Gregg said, "Drop me at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. I'll walk from there."

AS THEY left the park and swung into the street, Dynamite's weight had its effect and the door gave way. He tumbled out on his nose and scrambled to his feet. Ahead of him was a hotel with a revolving door. He dashed for the door. Gregg and the girl streamed out after him.

Dynamite scuffled around and howled. Gregg got in another section of the door and pushed. Dynamite, having gone in first, got into the hotel first. He cared little where he went, just so that he went. The girl stood and laughed, helplessly. She was rather heartless about it all. Dynamite managed the secluded section where tea was being served. Taking a nasty skid around a corner, he met head on with a waiter. The waiter had been carrying a tray, but when Dynamite left, he wasn't. Dynamite was occupied with an earnest attempt to climb into a dowager's lap. The dowager objected, screamed, and somebody went for a policeman.

That was a nasty business. Gregg was nasty to the policeman, the girl was nasty to Gregg and the policeman, the policeman was nasty to Gregg, and Dynamite was scared and very, very tired.

After a half hour's wrangling with the desk sergeant, they got out of the police station. The sergeant had given her a length of rope and attached it to Dynamite's collar. They stood on the curb and stared at each other. Gregg did not remove his hat, because he had lost it.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'd better take you home with him."

"Thanks," she said, "but I'm not up to another police station. Anyway, I'm not going home."

He wondered what possible excuse he could give for wanting her name and address. He couldn't think of any. Lamely, he said, "Well..."

"Good-by," she said. "It's been a lovely afternoon."

THAT was that. Gregg hurried home. He had his bath and was struggling into his coat. The doorbell rang. That, thought Gregg, would be Jay Thurston. Thank heaven he was a little late. Reaching for his military brushes, he smoothed his hair. One last flick of the shoe brush, a clean handkerchief, and then for Thurston. He walked out and down the hall.

Alec stood at the entrance. In his hand, he held a rope. Dynamite was at the other end of it. He sat peacefully and surveyed his surroundings. "Alec!" Gregg said. "Where did you get that?"

"It's Mr. Thurston's... I mean Miss Thurston's... she's a woman, sir. She asked if she might straighten her hair a bit... said she was awfully sorry to be late, sir, but she'd spent the afternoon with a maniac. She won't be long, she said. Shall I continue to hold him, sir, or shall I tie him somewhere?"

"As you like, Alec," Gregg said. "Absolutely as you like."

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CAR OWNERS *bought more* **FIRESTONE TIRES**

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than in any like period in History

THERE are reasons for this—Firestone is building the Greatest Tire Values in history, with the result that *Firestone Factories are operating 24 hours a day, six days a week*, to meet public preference.

This is the year everybody is scrutinizing his purchases. This is particularly true in tire buying because of the many confusing and misleading statements made about tires. To give car owners the facts, Firestone published comparisons showing Quality, Construction, and Prices.

Then the public came into Firestone Service Stores and Service

Dealers—made their own comparisons with cross-sections cut from Firestone Tires—and from special brand mail order tires and others, and when they saw the facts *they bought more Firestone Tires during May, June and July than in any like period in Firestone history.*

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Firestone

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6
PLIES
UNDER THE
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8
PLIES
UNDER THE
TREAD

10
PLIES
UNDER THE
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Firestone \$4⁹⁸
OLDFIELD TYPE
4.40-21

Firestone \$11⁴⁰
OLDFIELD TYPE
HEAVY DUTY
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Firestone \$17⁹⁵
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MAKE OF CAR	Firestone Oldfield Type	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair	MAKE OF CAR	Firestone Oldfield Type	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair	MAKE OF CAR	Firestone Oldfield Type	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair	
Ford.....	4.40-21	\$4.98	\$9.60	Essex.....	5.00-20	\$7.10	\$13.80	LaSalle.....	6.00-20	\$11.50	\$22.30	
Chevrolet.....				Nash.....				Packard.....				
Chevrolet.....	4.50-20	5.60	10.90	Marquette.....	5.25-18	7.90	15.30	Pierce-Arrow..	6.00-21	11.65	22.60	
Ford.....	4.50-21	5.69	11.10	Oldsmobile.....				Buick.....	5.25-21	8.57	16.70	Stutz.....
Ford.....	4.75-19	6.65	12.90	Auburn.....	5.50-18	8.75	17.00	Cadillac.....	7.00-20	15.35	29.80	
Chevrolet.....				Jordan.....				Lincoln.....				
Whippet.....				Reo.....								
Erskine.....	4.75-20	6.75	13.10	Gardner.....	5.50-19	8.90	17.30	Heavy Duty Truck & Bus Tires				
Plymouth.....				Marmon.....				Firestone, Oldfield Type	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair		
Chandler.....	5.00-19	6.98	13.60	Oakland.....				30x5 H.D.....	\$17.95	\$34.90		
DeSoto.....				Peerless.....				32x6 H.D.....	29.75	57.90		
Dodge.....				Studebaker.....				36x6 H.D.....	32.95	63.70		
Durant.....				Chrysler.....				6.00-20 H.D.....	15.35	29.80		
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Pontiac.....				Franklin.....								
Roosevelt.....				Hudson.....								
Willys-Knight.				Hupmobile.....								

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WILLARD THREAD-RUBBER BATTERIES *set a new standard for dependable mileage*

Put to the supreme test by drivers of all makes and sizes of cars—with the North American continent for a proving ground—6,237 Willard Thread-Rubber batteries established an amazing performance record of more than 200 million miles!

Rolling up individual totals of 100 thousand . . . 150 . . . 175 thousand miles in service, these Willard veterans maintained a grand average of over

33,000 miles apiece. Yet when speedometer readings were tabulated, every one of them was still going strong! Many more miles to come!

Willard dealers collected the evidence—from the car owners themselves. Each battery was required to show at least 20,000 miles of service to be eligible. But the most remarkable testimony to Thread-Rubber dependability in this amazing record was the

fact that of all the batteries registered over 70% had never been out of their cars! Not merely *unusual* mileage—but uninterrupted service!

Let the facts tell the story. Car owners who buy Willard Thread-Rubber batteries buy the utmost in dependable performance plus the maximum in battery mileage.



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It's the *Mileage* you get from the battery in your car that counts. Buy on the basis of *Dependable Miles* and your next battery will be a Willard.

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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

TORONTO, ONT.



"Haven't you any with clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades that one might use for bridge prizes?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North		East	
S.	10-8-7-5-4	S.	A-Q-9-6
H.	5-2	H.	4-3
D.	8-6-3	D.	K-J-10-5
C.	5-3-2	C.	10-9-4
West		South (Dealer)	
S.	J-3-2	S.	K
H.	A-10-9	H.	K-Q-J-8-7-6
D.	A-Q-4-2	D.	9-7
C.	A-K-6	C.	Q-J-8-7

THIS innocent-looking hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, produced a five-trick swing recently when played in a contract team match between two clubs. The bidding at the two tables was identical.

South bid one Heart, West doubled, North passed and East bid one Spade. South had no surplus strength, particularly with a powerful West hand over him, and so passed. West called two Spades; being vulnerable, he did not wish to risk a bid for game until his partner had shown some strength. But East bid three Spades (three Diamonds would have been a sound bid but neither East made it) and then West went to three No Trumps; with his own modest Spade holding and neither opponent re-bidding Hearts, game looked more likely in No Trump than in Spades. East was quite satisfied with three No Trumps.

At both tables North's opening lead against West's No Trump contract was the Five of Hearts. Since he doubtless was leading his highest, and since the Trey and Four were in dummy, North was marked with not more than two Hearts. Each Declarer, therefore, held up his Ace until the second trick and when North's Deuce dropped, South was marked with four high Hearts.

At Table No. 1 Declarer now counted eight sure tricks, with the Spade finesse furnishing what seemed to him to be the only possibility for game. Since the contract could not be set more than two tricks by the venture, he took the bull by the horns and finessed immediately, playing the Deuce from his own hand and the Queen from dummy. (It was correct to lead small, not the Jack, when neither hand contained the Ten.) South won with the King and set the contract two tricks by cashing his four high Hearts.

At Table No. 2 the play was the same up to the point where Declarer won the second round of Hearts with the Ace;

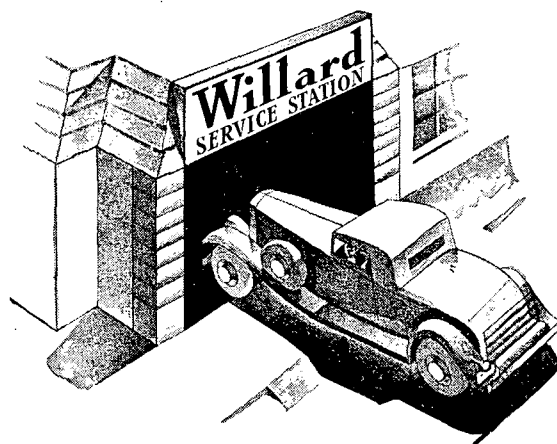
but Declarer No. 2 saw an easy game if North held the King of Spades, or if South held it unguarded. The latter chance—slim as it was—was a point not to be overlooked, for South should hold a King outside of the Heart suit to justify his Aceless original bid; but the real point of the hand lay in the fact that if North held the King of Spades, game was safe without the finesse; if South held it guarded, game was impossible; if South held the King singleton, finessing would lose.

But essential as making the correct Spade play was, it could be postponed until four rounds of Diamonds were cashed; so tricks 3-6 were Diamonds, West winning the four and carefully watching adverse discards. North dropped a Club, South a Club and a Heart. To trick 7 West led his Deuce of Spades and played dummy's Ace—and his sound play was more than amply rewarded: South's King fell. Declarer then made South discard twice on Spades by winning with West's Jack and then leading a low Spade through North's Ten-Eight toward East's Queen-Nine. South discarded two Hearts and was left with the King of Hearts and the Queen-Jack-Eight of Clubs. Dummy held the Queen of Spades and the Ten-Nine-Four of Clubs; West the Ten of Hearts and the Ace-King-Six of Clubs. The Queen of Spades now was played from dummy, and South was squeezed. If he threw his Heart, West's Ten would be made a winner; if he threw a Club, South and North would each hold but two Clubs, and Declarer would discard his Ten of Hearts and win the last three tricks in Clubs. South played correctly in holding his high Heart, hoping his partner might hold the Ace or King of Clubs; but once South's King of Spades fell, no defense could prevent Declarer's taking twelve tricks—and initial Heart lead was the only trick Declarer lost.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

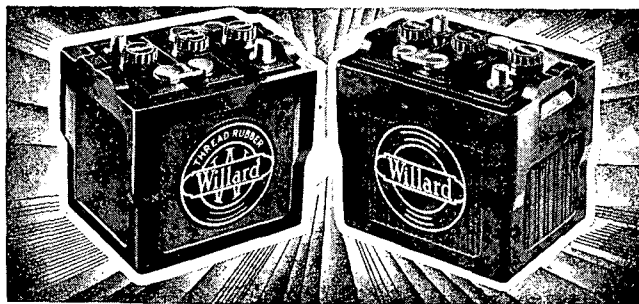
North		East	
S.	10	S.	8-7-3
H.	K-4-2	H.	10-8
D.	A-10-5-4	D.	K-J-9-8
C.	K-Q-10-7-6	C.	A-5-4-3
West		South (Dealer)	
S.	K-Q-4-2	S.	A-J-9-6-5
H.	Q-6-5	H.	A-J-9-7-3
D.	Q-3	D.	7-6-2
C.	J-9-8-2	C.	None

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Willard

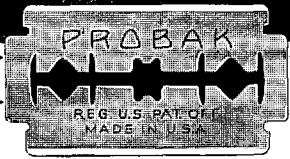
STORAGE BATTERIES

• CLEVELAND, OHIO •

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. • TORONTO, ONT.

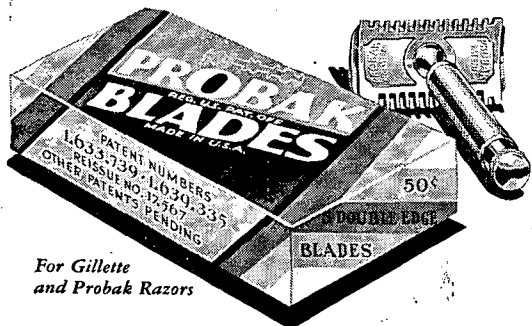


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PROBAK BLADES

Keep Up with the World

By Freling
Foster

The Chinese Republic and the British Empire rule today one half of the world's population.

France and Germany now are experimenting with airplanes that will climb into the stormless stratosphere more than 10 miles above the earth and be strong enough to withstand the pressure from within and the intense cold from without.

Japan, although reputed to be a land of little love and romance, leads all other countries in dual suicides between men and women who, unable to be united in this world, go to a union beyond the grave.

Out of every 100 American men who reach maturity, only 5 will be living and "well-to-do" at 65 years of age.

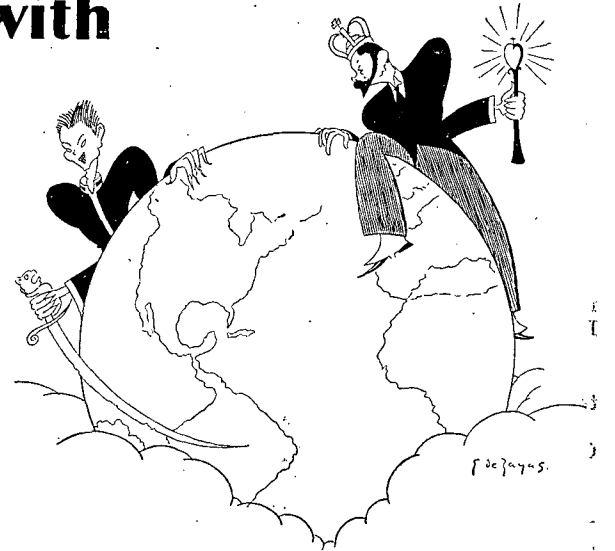
A flag is called a "color" when carried by unmounted units, a "standard" when carried by mounted or motorized units, and an "ensign" when carried by a ship.
—By B. J. Schwartz, Detroit, Mich.

The cost of educating a child in the public schools of American cities averages \$108.87 annually.

An analysis of American airplane accidents during the past three years shows that 15% of the persons died, 10% received severe injuries, 14% minor injuries and 61% came out without a scratch.

Only 2% of the motor-car drivers ever look in both directions before crossing a railroad track, and 27% of the grade-crossing accidents are caused by automobiles running into trains.

Speedometers are not compulsory in New York State, therefore few New York City taxicabs use them, their owners preferring to pay an occasional fine rather than observe the speed limit and decrease their receipts.



The Smithsonian Institution, Washington, the largest general museum in the United States, has today 12,732,000 specimens—biology having 9,300,000, geology 2,250,000, archaeology 685,000, history 394,000 and arts and industry 103,000.

No member of the Masai tribe of African savages has died a natural death, for if one is not killed in battle he is, when dying from disease or old age, carried outside of the tribal enclosure and left to the mercy of ravenous beasts.

America has the world's second highest divorce rate, the annual number of divorces, per 100,000 population, of leading countries being: Russia 306, United States 164, Austria 90, Japan 79, Switzerland 68, Denmark 66, Germany 61, France 47 and England 8. This is another sound reason for a Federal Divorce Law in the little old U. S. A.

Pool halls are prohibited in Texas.—By Mrs. E. D. Long, Springfield, Minn.

The length of time that animals carry their young before birth varies considerably: In elephants it is 21 months, camels 12 months, horses 11 months, pigs 16 weeks, dogs 9 weeks and cats 8 weeks.

The Deutsches Museum in Munich is today the largest and finest museum of technology and physical sciences in the world, its 60,000 exhibits in 9 miles of rooms and halls showing a complete record of man's material progress since the beginning of the world.

The Dai-Butsu Temple in Nara, Japan, contains today the largest bronze casting in the world—a colossal statue of Buddha, 85 feet in height, that was successfully cast in the year 749 after 8 failures.

The arctic tern, one of the most amazing of the migratory birds, travels from the North Polar region to the South Polar region and back once each year, a total distance of 22,000 miles.
—By C. A. Burke, Youngstown, Ohio.

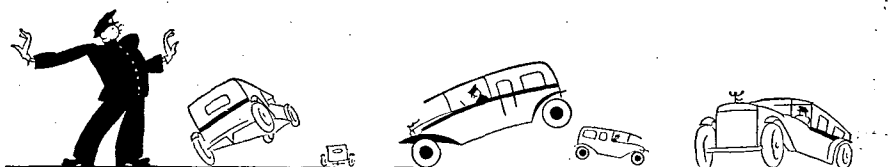
More than 75% of the movies produced in Russia today are political propaganda films designed to glorify industrialism and to crowd out pictures of life, love and liberty which might lure the minds of the masses from their concentration on the Five Year Plan.

For every umbrella sold to a man, nine are sold to women.

In England, today, every girl and boy student, from elementary grades through to the colleges, is compelled, unless physically handicapped, to participate in at least one athletic game each day.

About 200,000,000 men and women in the Orient are addicted to the chewing of betel nuts, a habit that has a stimulating and narcotic effect but which discolors the mouth and lips and destroys the teeth, often before the age of 25 years.

Collier's will pay \$1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 21

plans, I'm to veer this way and that, as your breath blows. I can't do it, Senator."

"The mayoralty might lead to greater things," said Carmichael.

"Then the greater things are not for me," said Cordova. "I think—I think I'll go."

"There are times," said Carmichael, "when a man does better to think matters over."

"There's nothing to think over," said Cordova. "It's a matter of simple right or wrong and—"

"Right and wrong are rarely simple," said the senator. "They're usually so involved that it's a difficult thing to tell which is which."

"This case seems clear to me, Senator," said the younger man. "I'm sorry, but—I won't change my mind. I'll prosecute to the finish."

Carmichael smiled tolerantly.

"I like young enthusiasm. It's always hopeless and frequently silly, but—it's a sign of good health and high spirits. But you won't prosecute to the finish, Cordova. You've been removed from the case already."

"Removed? How?" demanded Cordova.

"Dodge has assigned you to a different case," said Carmichael. "Feeling that you might prove—shall we say not amenable—I talked over the phone with Simmons today. I told him that, to make matters certain, he'd better get Dodge to take the case from you. Dodge hadn't dared to before, but with Simmons making the request—well, he's done it."

"Then why all this conversation, Senator?" demanded Cordova.

"Because, if you'd agreed to slow up on the case, Dodge could have replaced you. I would have sent word to Simmons, and Dodge would have reconsidered his withdrawal of you—Dodge wouldn't know—doesn't know—that I've been pulling the strings that make him dance, but—I have."

"If I should tell him?" suggested Cordova.

Carmichael shrugged.

"I have opposed your marriage to my niece. You are angry with me. An explanation easily suggests itself."

"Uncle Dan, would you do that?" gasped Deborah.

Cordova looked at his wife. There was no disgust on her countenance. There was merely a bewilderment that might veil admiration.

"Deborah, my darling, you know I would," said Carmichael.

She nodded.

"Yes, I know you would, Uncle Dan. You're a pretty wicked old man, Uncle Dan."

"I guess I am, Deborah," he agreed. "Love me?"

The arm about the senator's neck tightened. Her face moved close to his; she kissed him. Cordova moved toward the living-room door.

"Where you going?" Carmichael asked.

"To get my things. I suppose I may have the courtesy of a boat?"

"You certainly may," said Carmichael. "But what's the use bucking things bigger than yourself, Cordova? The wise man admits he's licked, and waits for another chance."

"I fear I'll never be wise," said Cordova.

"I'm beginning to think that way myself," said Carmichael.

Cordova waited for no more. He pushed through the door, climbed the

stairs and entered his room. His things were neatly arranged in the closet and in drawers. He wouldn't even ring for a servant to help him pack. He threw his clothing upon the bed, placed the bags on chairs, and began packing.

A noise in the next room caught his ear. He walked to the bath and looked through. There was his wife, taking things from a closet. He walked into the room. Over her shoulder she smiled at him.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Packing," she laconically replied. "It's the servants' swimming hour, and I hate to bother any of them. But I'll be ready as soon as you are."

"Ready? For what?"

"To leave—with you," she replied.

"You're going with me? After the way you approved of your uncle?"

"I didn't approve of him—not for you. But for him—Uncle Dan can't help being what he is. And I love him."

"And you are going with me?"

"Naturally," she replied. "Uncle Dan is a dangerous man when things aren't going right. I'm going to be with you to see that nothing goes wrong."

CARMICHAEL was as coolly civil as though Cordova—and Cordova's wife—were friends who had dropped in for luncheon, and were leaving as casually as they had arrived. Ganley, whose eyes had begun to burn again, during the latter part of Carmichael's talk after luncheon, was not in evidence as the bride and groom departed. Nor was Delmar.

Cordova sat down in the stern of the motor boat, and Deborah took a place beside him. She sighed.

"Regretful?" he asked as they started out into the lake.

She came out of a reverie.

"At leaving? I always hate to leave Warumkeg."

"We could stay," he ventured.

She shook her head.

"Not at the price you'd have to pay. We'll be back some day."

"We? How can I ever visit your uncle after—after this—disagreement?"

"You can—unless you have unworthy pride—and I don't think you have that. At the moment, you don't quite believe him. You don't quite believe that Melville Dodge will dare remove you from the case. You think that you can make trouble for him."

"Can't I?"

"I don't think so," she said. "You can't prove anything. Uncle knows you won't quote him. You're a gentleman, Dick, and a gentleman is at a terrible disadvantage in dealing with a man like Uncle."

"You don't think him a gentleman?" he asked curiously.

"Not in the meaning of the word that you give it," she replied. "Really great men—I mean great as the world judges greatness, by the standard of practical achievement—are rarely gentlemen. A gentleman can't be ruthless. A great man usually must be."

"And where did you learn so much?" he asked.

"I wonder if people ever learn anything. Except names and dates and facts, perhaps. But to learn anything fundamental about the truths of life and living—I think we're born with knowledge of them."

He didn't know if her philosophy was right or wrong. But it certainly was surprising to hear so young a girl advance such theories. Into his love for her already crept respect.

(Continued on page 40)



Make your shave last HOURS LONGER with small-bubble lather

A Closer, Longer-lasting shave when you
soften beard at skin-line with Colgate's

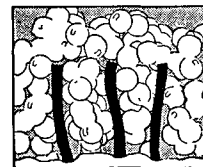
Any shave makes your face look clean for a few hours. But try the Colgate lasting shave—and see how much smoother your face remains through the entire day and evening. Small-bubble lather is the secret...it softens the hair way down at the skin-line...your razor works right at the base of the beard. The coarsest whiskers become limp and vanish with the lightest razor stroke when you shave the Colgate way.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard...crowd around each whisker...soak it soft with water. Instantly, your beard gets moist and pliable...scientifically softened right down at the base. Your shave is there—fine, closer, smoother, longer-lasting.

FREE!

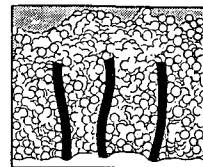
Colgate's After-Shave

A new lotion. Refreshing... invigorating... delightful... the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.



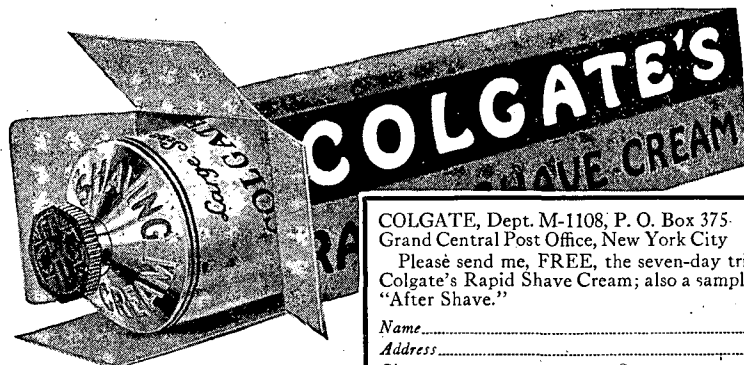
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather—picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-1108, P. O. Box 375- FREE
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After Shave."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

DON'T TAKE MR. WATER-THIN HE SIMPLY CAN'T STAND HEAT!



● Mr. Water-thin passes out under heat. He vaporizes in no time. But don't feel sorry for him. Spare that sympathy for the motor he should protect—the motor he walks out on.

● For Mr. Water-thin is a thin, waste oil so lacking in body, so low in heat resistance that it is utterly valueless in a motor. Ordinary refining leaves a quart or more of it in every gallon of motor oil. But not Quaker State! For Quaker State engineers have dubbed this stuff "water-thin". And they throw it out!

● The processes by which ordinary motor oils are refined can't remove "water-thin". But Quaker State's more careful and skillful refining gets it out—out to stay. For Quaker State employs, in every one of its refineries, *the most modern equipment in the industry*. Quaker State has developed a special process that has but one purpose—the removal of "water-thin".

● By removing "water-thin" Quaker State gives you that much

more rich, heat-fighting lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon, instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. So you really get an *extra* quart of lubrication. *And that's the reason why Quaker State is the largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!*

● And Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● Every fourth dealer sells Quaker State Motor Oil—and proudly displays the familiar green and white service station sign. Drive up—fill up. Quaker State costs 35c per quart—a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West—and it saves you money every mile. For in every gallon there's an extra quart of lubrication that means more mileage from your oil, more service from every working part of your motor!

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

© 1931 QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.

QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL



(Continued from page 39)

"And you think I'll be friendly with your uncle?"

"Why not? He has a great deal to admire, to respect. And to love, as I've found out. That he doesn't measure up to one particular standard doesn't mean that by other standards he isn't a giant."

"What standard do you measure him by?" he asked.

"Not by yours. That wouldn't be fair. But by his own. He is ruthless, hard, cruel, when he needs to be, to win a point in any of the games—financial or political—that he is always playing. But he *wins*, Dick. He bends men to his will—or breaks them. I find that admirable. Not from a moral standpoint, but from a practical, and practicality is Uncle's god. So, if he is true to his god, he deserves admiration, doesn't he?"

"But do you *like* his kind of man, as a rule?"

"I wouldn't marry one," she said. "I didn't," she added.

"YOU said, a moment ago, that *we* would return some day. What does that mean, Deborah?"

"I'll return. You'll return, perhaps."

"I thought it meant that we'd return together. I thought it meant—that and the fact that you have sided with me now, left with me—that you had decided that, after all, you do care—a little."

"If I hated you and despised you—and I don't, Dick—could I desert you in a quarrel? Could I fail to side with you, to the last ditch, in whatever you choose to do? You're my husband, Dick, until the law says otherwise."

"Which can't be too soon to suit you, eh?" he bitterly demanded.

"That doesn't matter. If I should desert you now, everyone would wonder. The man is always blamed; they'd think that I was persuaded I'd made a mistake in marrying you."

"But you did," he reminded her.

"But I found it out myself; no relation pointed it out to me," she said.

She waved suddenly to a canoeist. This time Cordova recognized Jeb Stone. The wave was returned.

"Jeb likes you," she said irrelevantly. "He said you said you might come hunting in the fall. Will you?"

"Who can look that far ahead?" he replied. "Deb, what are we going to do?"

"About what?" she asked.

"Each other. You really—are going to get a divorce?"

"When we are certain that it won't hurt you," she said.

"It will hurt me," he told her.

She flushed.

"I mean—politically—socially—not your feelings. And they won't be too badly hurt, Dick."

"Won't they? I could tell you—"

"But don't," she pleaded. "I—our family seems to have done you enough harm, Dick. Don't make me keep thinking that I—"

"I'll drop it," he promised. "Deb, I'd like to lick your uncle. I'd like to win that case, get the nomination—"

"Would you, really, Dick? Are you sure?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—well, you've seen what politics is like, Dick."

"It can't be all like that," he argued. "Perhaps not. But most of it is. It's plot and intrigue and meanness. Oh, away up high, in Washington, or Albany, it may be different. But municipal politics—"

"Then they ought to be cleaned," he said stubbornly.

"Of course they ought. But do you think you can clean them?"

"I'd like to try," he said.

"You're not the type to succeed," she said.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because you don't believe in compromise. You don't believe in permitting the lesser evil to exist in order that the greater evil will not come into being. Do you?"

"I don't know," he said doubtfully.

"I do," she said. "Dick, you can make a great career. Uncle really thinks you'll be a great lawyer. But if you succeed politically, it will be because you make such a tremendous stir in the law that you are practically drafted for public office and need make no pledges to obtain a nomination."

"Well, I guess that will take some time," he laughed ruefully.

They boarded the train a few minutes later, and the same porter who had taken them down took their bags now. The two rooms they had occupied last night were luckily vacant, and he ushered them in there.

Backgammon, dinner, more backgammon, and finally Deborah admitted she was sleepy, and Cordova left her to her dreams. In the morning he was awakened shortly after they passed Stamford and, knocking upon Deborah's door, he found that she was already up and dressed.

"Dick," she said, "we can't live in your apartment."

He spared her further embarrassment.

"We'll go to the Tremayne," he said. "We'll stay there until—well, until you decide to take the first steps for divorce."

"And I can't do that, in decency, for several months, Dick. Can you stand a hotel that long?"

"You talked, the other night, of getting a bigger apartment," he said.

"But that," she blushed, "was when I still thought myself in love with you. And I can't let you go to all the expense and trouble of getting—and furnishing—an apartment in which we do not intend to live."

"That is thoughtful of you," he said sardonically.

"I deserve that," she said. "Only—if you'd just continue to be kind—it would make it so much easier for you, as well as for me—"

"I'll try to be," he said abruptly.

They taxied to the Tremayne, and Cordova selected a suite, high up, that suited Deborah's taste. He telephoned his apartment and found that Webbing was obviously not at home, because he did not answer the phone. Nor did Jennie, when her hotel was called, answer her telephone.

"I trust that Webbing has not taken undue advantage of the young girl from the country," laughed Cordova.

Deborah giggled.

"Jennie has had her mind set on getting a husband for a long time. I trust that Webbing can be firm."

"He looked weak when we saw him last," grinned Cordova.

THE day was hot, and after they had changed from their train things, Cordova suggested a ride to the country. Deborah assented, and he phoned his garage and ordered a car sent around. But they decided first to stop at his apartment and see if there was any mail.

Cordova was fitting the key in the lock when the door suddenly opened. He stared into the surprised face of Jennie, Deborah's maid. Behind her, in shirt sleeves, Webbing was visible. Cordova pursed his lips; he turned to Deborah, who, far from being shocked, was with difficulty repressing a giggle.

"We—we didn't expect you back, ma'am," said Jennie.

"I rather gather you didn't," said Deborah. She made her voice stern.

"I trust," said Webbing, "that you will not mind, Mrs. Cordova, having a

married woman maid you instead of a single one."

"What?" gasped Cordova.

Webbing bowed with great dignity.

"Mrs. Webbing and I, sir—well, after you'd left, sir and ma'am, we spent a most enjoyable evening, and we both got the same idea—well, yesterday, sir—and ma'am—we went to the city hall—"

"And a brighter idea you never had, Webbing," said Cordova.

"Do you mind, ma'am?" asked Jennie of her mistress.

"I think it's too heavenly," said Deborah.

But as the two servants retired to don more suitable clothing, she looked at Cordova.

"I've saddled you with another servant," she said.

"That added to my other burdens will seem negligible," he said.

He found twoscore telegrams of congratulation. And one, from Molly Cragin, amused him.

"You rascal, Dick," she had wired, "and I guessed it was the other cousin."

He put this away, that Deborah might not see it.

THEY drove leisurely out to the Ocean Beach Club. Cordova had a cabana there which he seldom used, and as they came out from it in their bathing suits, at least fifty people were grouped in front of them. Songs, cheers, shouts, congratulations. And Molly Cragin, who had motored over to spend a picnic day, drew him aside.

"She's divine, Dick. No wonder Minna Dupree did no better. But what a secretive lad you are. Not to tell your best friends. Dick, I'm one of your best friends, eh?"

"The best," he assured her.

"Then I'm going to be your wife's best friend. Will you spend next week-end with us?"

"We'd love it," he said.

"And will you lunch with us today?"

They not only lunched at the club; they dined there; and Cordova had the experience—rare to any man—of dancing for the first time with a girl after the girl had become his wife.

She danced perfectly. And Cordova's delight was not mitigated by the fact that every masculine eye in the room looked enviously upon him. And after the first dance men cut in on her continually.

She was a success. Of course, she had to be a success, but it was good to realize it. Women liked her. Molly Cragin could talk of nothing else but the charm of Cordova's wife. They made an engagement to lunch together on the morrow. Golf foursomes were arranged—tennis matches for the coming week-end, a dinner party at the Casino for Thursday night. Mrs. Radley asked them to spend a week at Saratoga during August. Old Charley Blair and his wife—oddly in town in June and still more oddly being gay at a place like the Ocean Beach Club—asked them to Newport for Tennis Week.

All these things would, of right, have come to Cordova's wife. But they would not have come at once had not people succumbed instantly to the young charm of her. She was, as Molly Cragin told him, destined to be the most popular young married woman of the season.

"No wonder you just ran off with her," said Molly. "No sane man would ever dally through a long engagement. She's too lovely. But I hate that climbing cousin of hers."

"Please, Molly," he protested.

"All right; I'll even like her for Deborah's sake."

"Happy?" asked Cordova, as they reached their suite at the Tremayne.

She turned a flushed face to him.

"I've had a wonderful day, Dick. If—if only—it were all true—I mean, if we were really married—"

"We can be," he said softly.

"I mean," she said, "if I loved you. It—it seems so dishonest. I feel that I'm accepting everything under false pretenses."

"Your beauty isn't false; your charm is real," he said.

"Oh, Dick, you're so kind—so fine. Good night," she said abruptly.

He arrived at the office the following morning to find a note from Dodge, asking him to come to the latter's office. He went there and found his chief in a tremendous bustle—put on, Dick thought—of work.

"Oh, Cordova. Read of your marriage. Congratulations. Decided to let Mackintosh handle that Drovers affair. Want you to get busy—"

Cordova handed him a paper.

"Eh, what's this?"

"My resignation," said Cordova.

"Why—why—oh, of course. Now that you're married, I suppose your wife would like to go abroad, and—"

"Dodge," said Cordova, "don't stall. I'm on. All the way. I know you want to be governor, I know who sent Clara Raynor to meet me and—"

Dodge's round face grew purple.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he cried.

"I'm trying to tell you that you're a rat," said Cordova, "and to warn you that traps wait for rats. Good morning, sir."

He turned and walked deliberately from the office. In his own room he told the weeping Miss Searles—she had been sobbing since he dictated his letter of resignation—to quit her job after she had fixed up his papers, to consider herself on salary from Cordova, and to wait word from him when to appear at the private office, for the practice of law and handling of his estate, which he would shortly open. And as he was leaving his office for the last time, Fred Grady entered.

He looked at Miss Searles' teary countenance. Cordova explained what had happened.

"You and the big boy didn't do so well?" asked Grady.

"We didn't do so well," admitted Cordova.

"I was afraid he might not seem as nice as we figured," grinned Grady.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Nothing," said Cordova.

"Suppose," said Grady, "that I tipped you to something that would blow this town wide open, that would make Carmichael eat out of your hand?"

"Such as what?" queried Cordova.

"Keep it under your hat?" asked the cautious Grady.

"Under the hat," replied Cordova.

GRADY sat down on the edge of a table.

"Well, I got a piece of news that no paper will get—no one will know a thing about. A complete confession from Ganley, implicating Grenfell and Martine, Carmichael's two lieutenants, in the crash of the Drovers and Builders."

"Not them. You mean Simmons—"

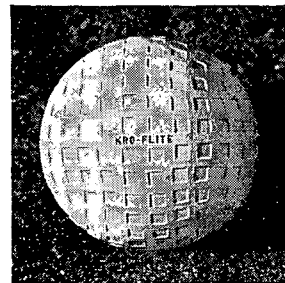
"I mean Grenfell and Martine and nobody else. Jeb Stone phoned me an hour ago. I've been waiting till I saw you. My paper even doesn't know it."

"Jeb Stone?" gasped Cordova, "but how—"

"He took it from the body. Ganley killed himself last night in the woods. Stone found the body—and—"

"Killed himself? Oh, my God," cried Cordova. "Because I—wouldn't promise to let him go—" He stumbled into a chair, and sat heavily down in it.

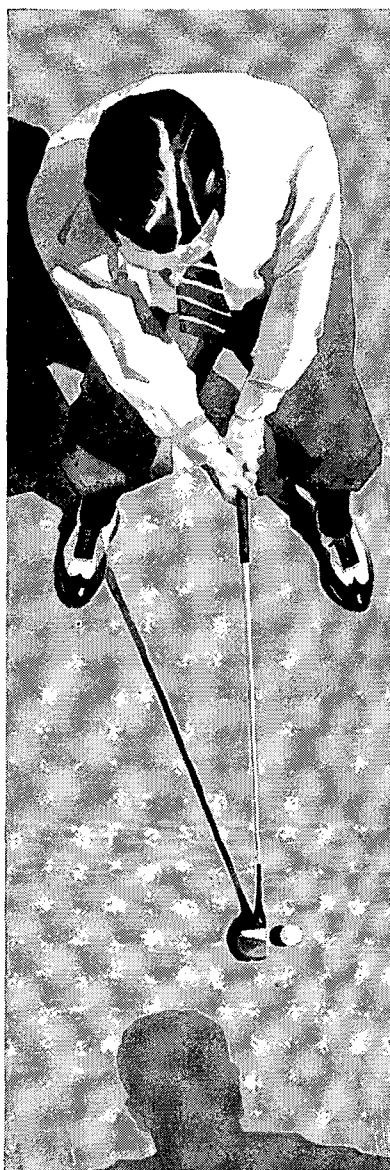
(To be continued next week)



IT'S STILL THE TOUGHEST GOLF BALL IN THE WORLD ... AND ...

The New-Size KRO-FLITE

is just as long as the old...



WHEN the new-size golf ball made its debut, thousands of golfers sought reassuring news of their old friend, Kro-Flite. Would it, in the new specifications, still be the toughest ball in the world? And would it remain one of the longest?

The answer to the first question is an emphatic "Yes." The answer to the second is the greatest golf news of 1931!

For the scientific, impartial Driving Machine shows that, except in the teeth of a wind, the new-size Kro-Flite is every bit as long as the old—and riding with the wind, it's even longer.

The Driving Machine also shows that only Kro-Flite does retain its 1930 distance. Every other ball made in the new size was tested—and every one was shorter in the new size than in the old.

What's the secret of Kro-Flite's monopoly on this important achievement? The Kro-Flite cover—the same patented cover that gives Kro-Flite its uncompromising toughness. That cover permits certain refinements in manufacture. And these refinements make up for the distance lost by larger size and lighter weight.

As far as we know, the closest thing to Kro-Flite's distance achievement is to be found in the Spalding Ball. This famous Ball of the Champions is slightly shorter in the new size than it was in the old. But it is longer than any other—it is still the longest golf ball made!

If you are a low-handicap golfer, play the Spalding. If your clubheads sometimes get a little out of control, play the Kro-Flite.

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KRO-FLITE
made by Spalding

each 75 cents

"Lastly," said Stevenson, giving his rules for a happy marriage,

"NO WOMAN should marry a man who does not SMOKE"

AND the words which follow indicate that by smoking Stevenson meant *smoking a pipe*.

"Whatever keeps a man in the front garden," he says, "whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness."

Not *all* smoking makes for "lounging and contentment."

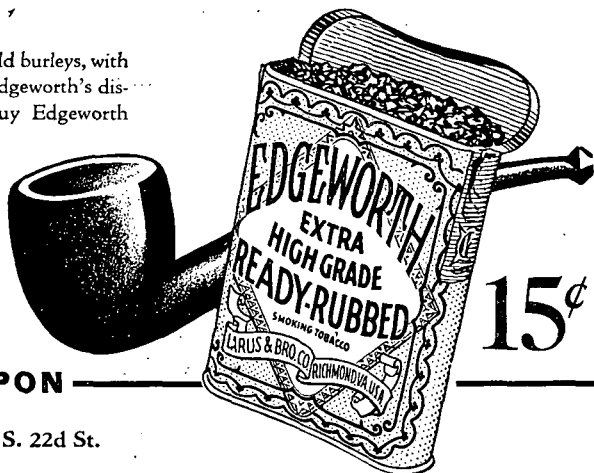
There is the quick, nervous smoke which is the characteristic reaction of our too speedy modern life. It has its place, but it is a *part* of our nervous strain, not an *antidote* to it.

The pipe is long and slow and placid. The pipe soothes and relaxes and charms. The pipe sends out those cloud-like wreaths in which the eyes of affection picture the faces of loved ones and the visions of peace.

Pipe smokers relax, and enjoy and live longer. Find the pipe that fits your taste and smoke a pipe.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or, if you prefer, you can use the coupon below to get a special sample packet of Edgeworth, free. Address Larus & Bro. Company, 100 South 22d Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleven-step process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.



CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a good pipe.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____ H-85

LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN
THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

The Squirrel Man

Continued from page 9

with a bottle of his favorite beverage.

Examination of the cellarette showed that his stock of champagne had indeed run out. It was certainly unlike him, in my experience, to drink alone, but that he had been drinking alone on this occasion was clear enough.

A rifle bullet had passed through his brain; and several experts testified to the fact, based upon the nature of the wound and the penetration of the bullet into the wall of the room, that the shot could not have been fired from less than a quarter of a mile away!

The position of the bullet indicated the window as the point of attack. But the window was fastened, and heavy curtains were draped before it!

Such was the problem which confronted the Criminal Investigation Department.

The affair, naturally, brought my musical neighbor and myself more closely together, since by an odd trick of fate we found ourselves mutually involved in a ghastly and inexplicable tragedy.

ON THE morning of the fourth day after it happened, I was making across Kensington Gardens, intending to drop in at my club, when away ahead I suddenly saw Heatherley. He as well as I had passed through an extraordinarily trying period. We had been examined and cross-examined officially; subpoenaed as witnesses and badly heckled by the press. Curious groups still collected about the doorway. My telephone was rarely silent. There was a police officer on duty in the flat below.

It was all very unpleasant. It had automatically established a bond of sympathy between myself and my fellow sufferer. I had forgiven him those regrettable orgies of piano playing. I had even established friendly contact with the gray squirrel.

Therefore, I was on the point of joining Heatherley when an odd circumstance brought me to a halt. He was standing near the foot of that lofty elm beneath which I had seen him on the day following our first meeting. But whereas then he had been feeding a squirrel, now, disconsolate, he was looking about in quest of his furry-tailed friends who seemed to have deserted him. There wasn't a squirrel in sight.

And, at the very moment that I set eyes upon him, the girl appeared—that petite and exquisite girl whom I always associated with the Squirrel Man, although I had never since seen her in his company nor heard him speak of her.

I withdrew from possible observation and continued for a while to watch. Heatherley pointed up at the tree, and it was clear to me, distant though I was, that he was complaining of the squirrels' neglect. I wondered, as I had wondered before, about his dainty companion. It crossed my mind that if I had seen her rarely of late, quite a week had elapsed since I had seen her dignified elderly friend.

I proceeded on my way.

That evening, at the hour sacred to cocktails, Heatherley called upon me. He put up an astonishing proposition. Having considered it:

"All right," I said—"I'll come."

"This is . . . the place," explained the Squirrel Man.

It was nine o'clock on the same night, and I wondered what there was about Heatherley which had induced me to listen to him. The point to which he referred was a point where it was possible, if difficult, to penetrate from Hyde

Park into Kensington Gardens—the latter being closed, of course, to the public, at dusk.

The night was fine, but moonless, and I got across without serious damage. Heatherley presently dropped beside me upon a newly turned flower bed.

"I mean," he said breathlessly, "there's a better . . . place, but we might be seen by a . . . copper."

"Most undesirable," I replied. "No explanation that occurs to me at the moment would be acceptable to a metropolitan policeman."

"Quite!" said Heatherley; "that's . . . what I thought. From now on, though, we're . . . all right. And we go back . . . the same way. I know the route . . . like the . . . palm of my hand."

Conducted by the Squirrel Man, I plunged into the darkness of Kensington Gardens, from our point of penetration making, as it seemed to me, for the Round Pond. Then Heatherley pulled up, and as I stared about me, I realized where I stood.

We were at the foot of that venerable elm which seemed to be the headquarters of the squirrels patronized by my companion; and:

"Look here," said he, "if you could give me a . . . bump up, I could just about grab that . . . branch."

"So far," I replied, "I'm in entire agreement. But, having grabbed the said branch, what do you propose to do next?"

"Up one higher, to that . . . big limb which you see . . . jutting out. A family of . . . squirrels used to live in a hollow there, but . . . they've gone. I want to climb up to see . . . what . . . scared 'em. I mean—" he grabbed my arm—"if you look . . . where I'm pointing, you'll see . . . a light."

I looked as directed through the darkness. And following Heatherley's careful, syncopated directions, I identified the light to which he referred.

"D'you know . . . what that is?"

"At the moment—no."

"It's the light . . . in your window."

For some seconds I was silent, staring at the light and then upward into the dark foliage above me. But finally:

"Conveying what?" I asked.

"Perhaps . . . nothing. But I'm going up to . . . see."

He went up. From this point onward it was impossible to trace his movements; but presently I heard him returning. Without any aid from me he dropped from the low projecting branch, stumbled, fell, and picked himself up.

"Loo—look!" was all he said.

I looked, and after a time realized at what I was looking. He held a rifle, to the barrel of which a long piece of string was attached!

"It had been dropped into . . . the hollow," he explained breathlessly. "The string was fastened to . . . to a twig. Clumsy . . . not to . . . disconnect it. But he may have been in . . . a hurry. Thing is . . . to get . . . back without being pin-pinned with this . . . rifle."

I HAD never expected to look upon my musical neighbor with sincere admiration, but as the clock struck ten that night I stared across at him with something strangely like it, where he lay, curled up on a big cushioned divan, the gray squirrel asleep upon his shoulder.

"I never considered the point before," I remarked reflectively, "but I suppose in many ways a musical score presents much the same difficulties as the solution of a murder?"

"I mean . . ." Heatherley protested, "hardly."

"Some similar kind of analysis must be called for," I persisted, "because you obviously know the trick. If you are as successful in your own job as in that which properly belongs to Scotland Yard, I promise myself a seat on the first night you conduct at Queen's Hall."

"Thanks," said Heatherley, "that's ... bully. But although we know ... where the shot was fired ... from ... it remains to be seen if my little ... plot ... will bring us further ... evidence."

"If you're right, she won't dare to come."

"I ... doubt it myself. She's late ... now."

"Only a few minutes," I added, "and she's a woman; furthermore—an extraordinarily pretty woman. Be patient, Heatherley."

AT WHICH moment his bell rang.

"I'll go," said he, rising, gaunt and ungainly from the settee. "I mean ..." he paused on his way to the door ... "I hold ... you to your promise. If there's ... an explanation, you agree to stay ... mum?"

"I've said so."

Heatherley nodded, blinked, and went out. When he returned I was comfortably seated behind a tall Japanese screen which had formerly embraced the east wing of his formidable piano. With that disregard of financial consequences which characterizes the only son of a wealthy parent, Heatherley had bored a hole through the same, sufficiently large to enable me to have a perfect view of the room.

He did not return alone. The petite brunette was with him. She took a seat at his invitation, declined a drink but accepted a cigarette. The gray squirrel, alarmed by the presence of a stranger, peered down inquiringly at them from a lacquer cabinet.

"Your message frightened me," she said, looking about her; "otherwise, I shouldn't be here." She stared at the Squirrel Man, who had taken a seat some little distance away. "Was it a frame-up from the beginning?"

She spoke with a Middle-Western ac-

cent, but her curiously husky voice was very musical. That she was really frightened I could see, but her self-possession was admirable. I noted the strongly molded little chin, indomitable gray eyes, and a sort of pride in her bearing—almost defiant, yet in no sense aggressive. She was on the defensive, but underlying her manner was a contemptuous disdain of consequences, or a confidence in herself which made me feel peculiarly cheap, predisposed though I was to look upon her with grave suspicion.

"No," said the Squirrel Man, after what seemed a terribly long pause. "It was a sort of ... inspiration. You see ... I admired you ... no end." He paused, blinking incredibly. "I used to see you in the ... Gardens with a distinguished ... elderly bloke. I thought he was probably your ... father. Just before the trouble ... below, he ... disappeared."

"You don't miss much," said the girl. "I try ... not to. I was particularly interested in ... you. But I really wasn't thinking about ... you, when the mystery of the hollow elm attracted my ... attention. You loved squirrels as much as ... I did. That's how we got to know ... each other. Suddenly the squirrels deserted the ... big tree. I wondered ... why. Then I suddenly discovered ... some-something."

"WHAT did you discover?" The gray squirrel, apparently reassured by the speaker's voice, hopped down from the cabinet to the sofa and stole near her.

"I realized that from the ... first branch of the ... elm, there must be a perfectly ... clear view ... of these ... windows. In other words ... if O'Hanlon's curtains had been open, and his window ... too, the shot which killed him ... might have been ... fi-fired from that tree. Starting with the tree, I went ... tonight, and ... looked."

He moved forward, and from behind the settee took up the rifle. The girl glanced at it once, and then looked away.

"I found ... this. A short magazine ... Am-American army ... pattern."

(Continued on page 44)



POISONS from sluggish intestines cause the majority of skin troubles, doctors find. Dr. Hanhart shows X-ray of intestines kept clean by fresh yeast.

"I know nothing better to clear the SKIN"

states DR. ERNST HANHART, of Zurich

DO THOSE TELLTALE complexion blemishes worry you ... those wretched blotches, blackheads and eruptions? Wouldn't you like to know what really causes them ... how you can get rid of them once and for all?

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dant energy ... to richer enjoyment of all life's good things!

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The leading French skin specialist, Dr. SIMON, declares: "The action of fresh yeast is surprising in the case of certain skin disorders—especially those brought on by intestinal or digestive disturbances." Dr. PONTOPPIDAN, Copenhagen skin specialist, says: "In my practice I have had excellent results with fresh yeast for skin disorders."

"My own physician advised me to start eating yeast"

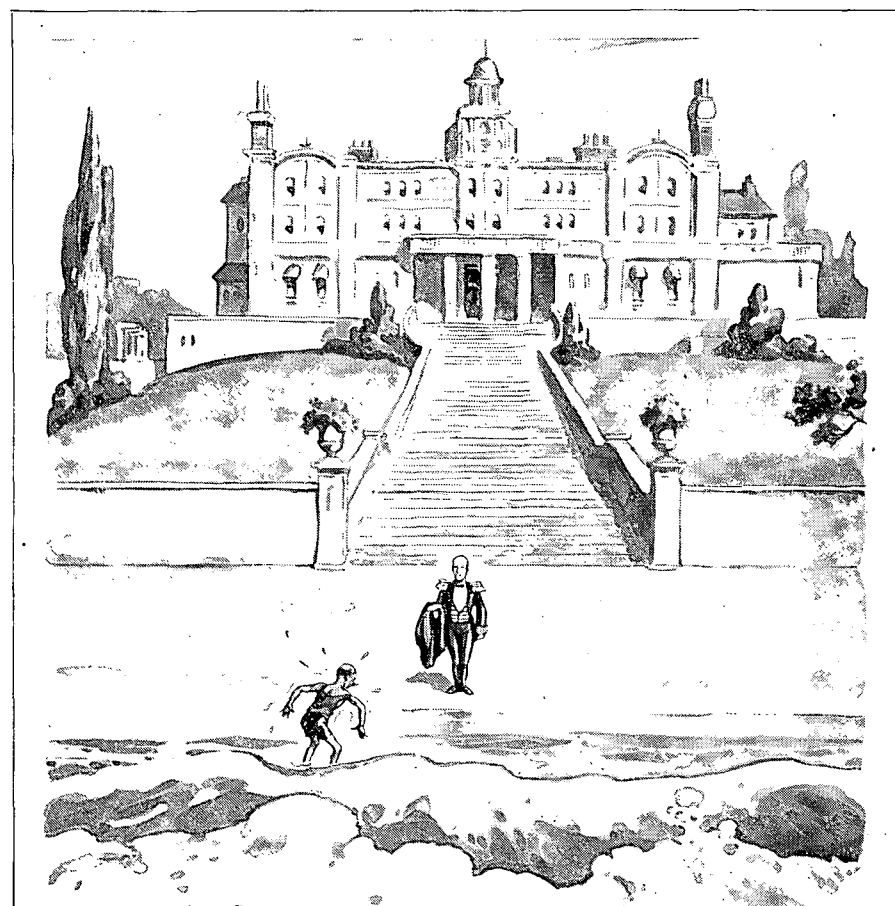
"My interest in things was certainly gone," writes Miss Marie Torpie, of Hollywood, Calif. "I never felt up to par. I couldn't eat anything without getting indigestion and my skin was sallow and started to break out, too."

"My doctor suggested eating yeast—three cakes a day ... I was surely glad when I began to feel and look better again. I recommend it to everyone who wants to look his best."



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"Are you finished with the sea, sir?"

Bleak dunes and gray seas only emphasize the rugged character of the light flavor and set off the friendly of ... Rich fine aroma of

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SKILLFUL blending of the choicest high-grade tobaccos gives OLD BRIAR not only a distinctive flavor and fragrance but also the distinguishing life and sparkle which specially mark OLD BRIAR character. You have only to smoke it to realize how pleasingly it differs from ordinary blends.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

(Continued from page 43)

Four cartridges in . . . magazine. One discharged in the chamber but not . . . ejected."

A silence followed which to me was barely endurable; the gray squirrel approached her warily; she reached out and took the little creature in her hands. The squirrel registered momentary panic, then resigned itself and snuggled contentedly in its captor's lap. Heatherley rose to get his pipe.

"What has this to do with me?" she asked.

"You used to visit the . . . big tree every day," Heatherley replied simply. "After the . . . murder, you . . . avoided it, until this morning when you . . . came up and asked me . . . why the squirrels had gone. I saw—" he bent forward, peering at her—"that you knew . . . why they had gone."

"I knew?"

"I can . . . prove . . . that you knew. But I don't condemn you. I only want to hear . . . your explanation."

SLOWLY, she grew pale; the blush rose coloring faded until she was deathly white. Now, at close quarters, I realized that she was one of the loveliest things I had ever seen, and I suffered for her, although the brave eyes never flinched.

"Prove it!" she challenged, in a whisper.

Heatherley plunged a hand into a pocket of his loose tweed coat.

"You have lost one of the . . . jade earrings you used to . . . wear," he declared.

She watched him unfalteringly, but laid her newly lighted cigarette in an ash-tray.

"He," Heatherley continued, "found it."

He jerked a thumb in the direction of the gray squirrel in her lap.

"When?"

The word was almost inaudible.

"When the . . . milkman sent my . . . mil-milk up, the morning after . . . it happened. Tell me your . . . end of the . . . story."

"Yes," said the girl slowly. "I'll tell you. It's easy."

She selected a fresh cigarette and allowed Heatherley to light it; then:

"You've told me you don't belong to the police—" she fixed her eyes upon him searchingly—"and I believe it. Anyway, the consequences to me don't count. What I've done I'm not ashamed of. I'm proud of it."

Heatherley curled up at one end of the divan.

"The man you call O'Hanlon was traveling with a fake passport. He was Enrico Spinelli—one of the Spinelli brothers." She paused, as if expecting comment; then, noting Heatherley's blank expression:

"I can see I haven't scored a hit," she went on. "But if you came from Chicago, the name of Al Spinelli would mean lots. He was one of the Big Boys. Now let me tell you . . . an honest cop—just a poor police lieutenant—got in his way. That officer's name was—we'll say, Hogan—" her husky voice faltered—"a real Irishman. I'm half Irish myself. . . ."

"Lieutenant Hogan was lured into a trap. They used a woman's name to get him. It may sound queer—but Al Spinelli had never seen that woman; he just knew that Hogan would go through hell for her."

"Hogan was found shot dead."

There came a scarcely perceptible pause.

"All Chicago knew Spinelli had killed him. But Spinelli was acquitted. It happened, though, that—Hogan had two people in the world who loved him enough to take the law into their own hands. Spinelli got wise to his danger.

He started on a European vacation. . . .

"Those two followed him."

"Al Spinelli was shy of hotels. He came here. He couldn't have done better—for us. I made his acquaintance, out in the Park. I told him that the fierce-looking old man he'd seen with me was my husband and that he was fighting jealous. But I'm going to tell you that the old man was Pat's father . . . I mean the lieutenant's father."

"I had dinner out with Spinelli, twice. The third time, I came back to his flat for a drink. He sneaked me in. Nobody saw us."

"Father and I were ready. The rifle, tied to a length of twine, was hanging in the hollow of the elm: we had found a way of getting into the Gardens after dark. And standing on a park bench a tall man can easily pull himself up to the lowest branch."

"Al Spinelli offered me champagne, and I pretended to drink it. But I didn't. It went into a flower bowl. He ran out of stock, and scared me by phoning for more. I had to act, quick. I told him the room was hot and to open a window wide."

"He went across and threw a window up. He was a black mark against the lighted room. There was a roar of traffic on the street. Nobody heard the report. A single shot was enough. The man who paid his son's debt is an old Texas Ranger and, for all his seventy-odd years, one of the finest shots in the West. . . ."

"Spinelli staggered back and crumpled up. I don't know, but I hope he understood what I told him. Then I had to get busy. . . ."

She stopped as if to collect her ideas. I was enthralled. Particularly I was amazed to learn that that magnificent, upright, eagle-eyed old man had passed his three score and ten. That he was a crack shot didn't surprise me.

"I put on my gloves, closed the window and drew the curtains. Then I carried out my glass and the ash-tray I had used and cleaned them in the kitchenette. I left no evidence to show that a woman had been with him."

"We knew the territory. We'd studied it for weeks. The service elevator was never used after dusk. Father—I mean the lieutenant's father—had slipped into the tradesman's entrance an hour before and sent it up to Spinelli's floor. I got out into it and pulled the hatch closed behind me. . . ."

"I was sitting out there when you broke in and called up the police!—and it's a roundabout route from the tall elm. We made our get-away a minute ahead of the police coming. I missed my earring on the way back."

"**T**hat old Ranger," the husky voice continued quietly, "is on his way home. His conscience won't keep him awake at nights. I don't know how you found out where I live, but I knew when I got your note I'd fallen down on something. In fact, I guessed. I'm going back, now . . . so you can tell Scotland Yard where to get me. I shan't run away. I'm booked to sail next Saturday. That gives your cops three days."

She stood up—tiny, exquisite, and still pale. The gray squirrel silently disapproved; but the Squirrel Man was galvanized into speech. He scrambled to his feet and held out the jade earring.

"I don't feel . . . it's any business of . . . mine. You dropped . . . this. Please take it. One thing: Lieutenant Hogan?"

"Pat and I were to be married this spring." She took her earring. "Thank you very much. Good night. . . ."

As Heatherley returned from the front door and I crawled out of cover:

"I mean," said he, blinking desperately, "what do you think?"

Irish Eyes

Continued from page 23

His confused, husky tone told Sheila where he had intended to go. He had intended to accompany her, have a few words alone with her. But Frank's offer to drive her home had balked him.

She dared not look at him; she was choking. Mrs. McCann was saying good night to her; she and Frank were descending the big brownstone steps.

"Wait for me here on the curb, my car's parked right across the street," Frank said. Sheila stood still, trembling. And then, as she had half expected, Peter was beside her for half a second, and there was a slip of paper in her hand.

"I've got to see you!" Peter mumbled. He was gone, and Frank was bringing a small closed car up to her. In a daze Sheila got in, and they started north through the early winter evening.

"The young lady I'm going to marry lives in Spuyten Duyvil," Frank explained. "I'm on my way there."

SHEILA sat silent beside him, and could make no answer.

"We've been engaged five years," Frank went on.

"That's a long time."

"It's a good test of mutual affection," the man said in satisfaction. This handsome oldest son of Judge McCann was well pleased with himself, Sheila decided.

"Peter and Gertrude," he resumed, "were a little quicker about it. They've grown up like brother and sister, of course; we're all devoted to Gertrude. But Miss Kennedy and I wanted to be sure."

"We haven't so very long to go, now. June. Then I think we'll run over to Europe and stay until September."

"It sounds wonderful," Sheila observed respectfully.

"Well, it's time I settled down," Frank said. "I'm twenty-seven." He laughed, with relish.

"Are you four years older than Peter?"

It had slipped out. Sheila's very soul shivered with terror. There was a sud-

den change in Frank's voice; it became less sure, less patronizing, less satisfied. He spoke surprisedly.

"You know Pete?"

"I—well, I met him. This summer, at Tiller's Beach. But I didn't know until tonight who he was."

"You didn't know who he was?"

"We only knew each other one day. I didn't remember his name. And maybe he didn't remember mine."

"Ah-h-h?" Frank said, as one awakening. "I remember," he mused aloud, "I remember his telling me—when he got back from that visit—aha!"

He fell silent; Sheila could not speak.

"You knew that Peter was getting married on Tuesday?"

"Oh, yes."

Another silence.

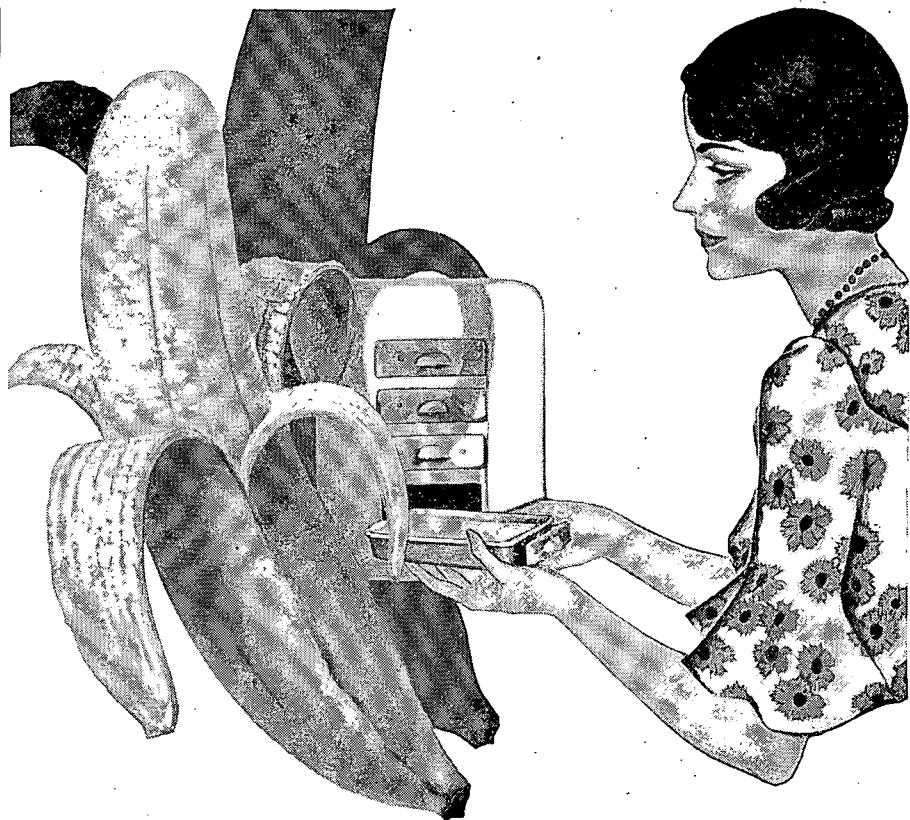
"Peter told me that he had met you—I suppose it was you," Frank observed. He stopped the car at the forlorn dark Bronx doorway. "Well, good night," he said, a little at a loss.

Sheila said "I thank you," and "good night," and was out of the car, and heard it roar and hum away as she mounted her own steps. Her thoughts stopped her feet suddenly; she stood still in the odorous thick atmosphere of the dim lower hall. About and above her was crying; the banging of pots, the sound of radios, phonographs, quarrels, voices echoed from behind closed doors.

Her heart smoldered; she stood still. One look at Peter McCann, and the agony of that enchanted summer day and night—they had had but the one—was upon her afresh. He had lied to her, kissed her, and she had believed him, waited for him, while he had been courting and winning a rich man's daughter, a beautiful girl in a slim suit and furs, who could lose fifty dollars without ever knowing it.

And now beside all that, Sheila would be made contemptible in the eyes of these friends who had loved her father, who wanted to be kind to Mamma. They would discover that she had been playing, that she had been a hypocrite.

(Continued on page 46)



RESERVE that lower berth for this marvelous BANANA MOUSSE

THAT'S when bananas do belong in the ice box—when their mellow ripeness is folded into a velvety mousse . . . Ordinarily, as we've been busily telling the public for years, bananas have no business in the refrigerator. Cold retards the ripening process, and prevents the development of their fullest, finest flavor. But when the fruit is thoroughly ripe, bananas are perfect for use in such refrigerator delicacies as mousses, ice

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Mix 1 well-beaten egg, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 cup milk. Stir over hot water until thick. When cool, add salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 1 cup banana pulp, 1 cup cream, whipped. Blend well. Freeze in automatic refrigerator (or pack in salt and ice) until set. Garnish with nuts and sliced banana. The quantities given here will serve six people.

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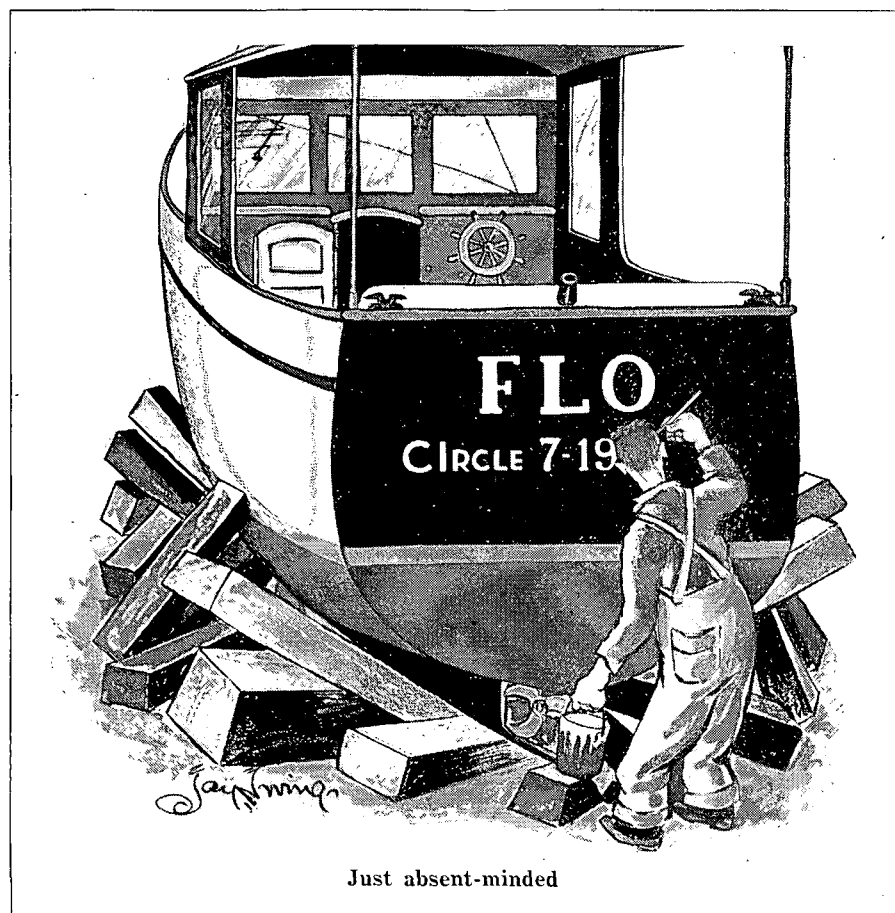
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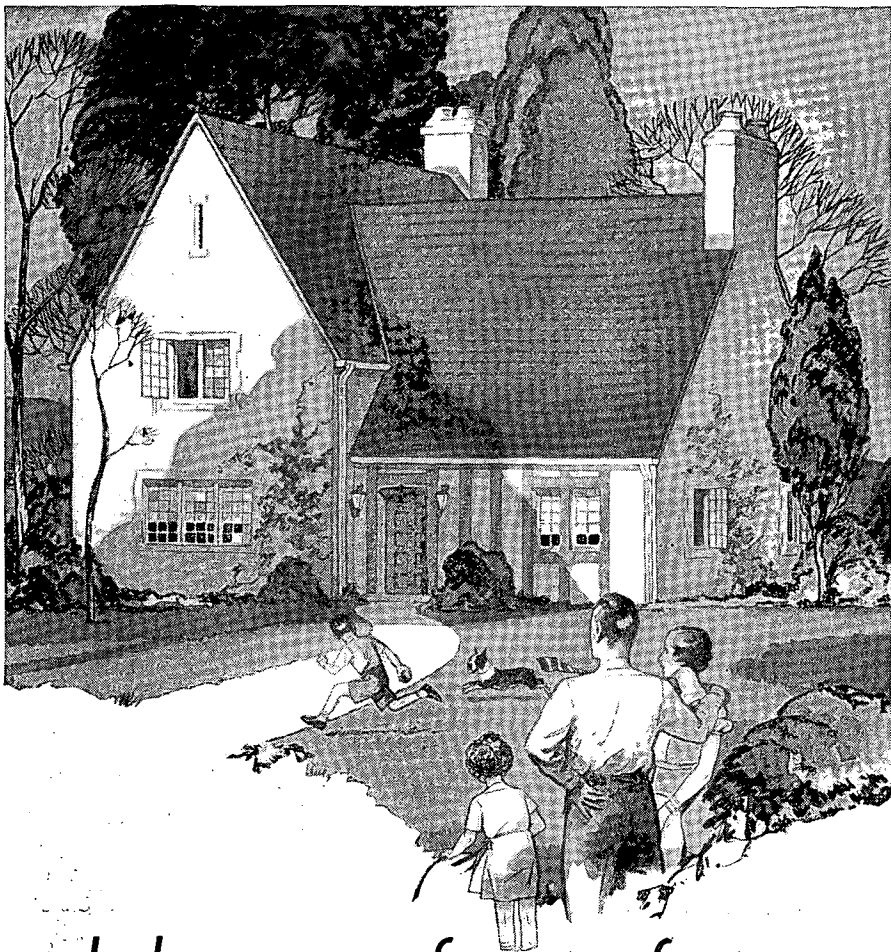
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* Compared to cost of best grade of rustable pipe

(Continued from page 45)

Even before this oldest son she must appear as an impostor. She was no such artless little angel as she had seemed in the McCann house. Mamma would bawl her out tomorrow; the President himself couldn't make Mamma lie. And then all of them, Mrs. McCann and Gertrude, and Frank, would know that their pathetic little beggar had been no beggar at all, just a bluffer. Mamie would know, and Peter would hear them discussing it—

She suddenly remembered the paper in her hand, unfolded it, and read it by the hall light.

"Be at the Maritime Law Library, top floor—four-thirty tomorrow," Peter had written. "I've got to see you."

"I see myself going!" Sheila muttered.

SHE mounted a few steps, stopped short, went on again. What to tell them all at home? How to make it sound complete without bringing in Peter, the man that rich Miss Gertrude Keane was going to marry next Tuesday? What would Gertrude do if she knew that only last August he had kissed Sheila Carscadden, and told her that he had never loved and never would love another woman?

Fortunately, even after entering the kitchen, she had a few minutes in which to recover herself. Joe and Cecilia Moore were there, murmuring at the table. No one else was in sight. It appeared that at the Dinato golden wedding party downstairs, an hour ago, somebody had been stabbed, and while they were all off to the police station, Angela was sitting with the poor old lady, and Mamma had taken the two grandchildren around the corner to Coralia.

Presently they both returned, and then the new coat and hat had to be handled and admired, and the story told and retold.

"The loveliest people you ever saw, Mamma—they're all so happy and so kind, and laughing together!"

"But, Sheila," Angela would say, again and again, "you don't seem excited. Why, I'd be dead. I'd be dead with excitement. To have them so nice, and all your money back, and your coat and hat too!"

"Well, I am excited, but—"

"Paul McCann, I rimember the name well," Sheila's mother mused. "He was a square-built feller, wit' a head of black hair on um."

"That's the one, Ma."

"They were fine people," Mrs. Carscadden said.

"And the girl their son's going to marry—the ward that their son is going to marry, Sheila," Angela asked wistfully, "is she nice?"

"Gertrude Keane."

"Is that her name?"

"It was her purse I found, you know."

"Oh, sure. And is she stunning, Sheila, like we said?"

"Oh, I'll bet I saw his picture in the paper with her last Sunday!" Cecilia said with animation. Shabby and tired and poor and young, talking sadly of their prospects with her Joe, she could nevertheless brighten into interest at the thought of this more fortunate girl. She and Joe had been engaged for three years; she knew that they easily might have to wait three more.

"Mamma," Sheila demanded, her arms stretched across the table, the dangling light bright in her eyes, and upon the shining, flattened fringe of hair across her forehead, "if Mrs. McCann comes tomorrow, will you talk poor?"

"I will not!" Mrs. Carscadden answered. "If you choose to draw down the anger of God by pretendin' to be in trouble whin you're not, thin it'd be a fine job draggin' your mother into it!"

"Mamma, if only you'll just stick to the truth, but sort of make a poor mouth of it—" Sheila begged, after an interval of unhappy thought. "I had us all but starving in the streets!"

"Well, they'll find out we're not, thin. They'll not put their little toobs down my children's throats, or tell me how many pairs of shoes I'd buy thim in a mont'," Mrs. Carscadden said, with some dim yet still smoldering memory of a settlement worker's long-ago visit.

"Mamma," Sheila began, now genuinely appalled, "Mrs. McCann isn't a charity worker! She's coming as an old friend—how could I stop her! If you'll only be decent to her, Mamma, if you'll only be just *polite*—"

"Polite to one and all I'll ever be—" her mother began, in an unyielding tone, "but beholden to one I niver seen—"

"Oh, Mamma, for heaven's sake! Be—holden!"

Sheila was tired, emotionally shaken, close to tears. Joe spoke suddenly.

"You made her think we were something we aren't, Sheila, and even if it was only a joke, it seems to me that it isn't fair to drag Ma into it. If Mrs. McCann really does come tomorrow, which she probably won't, why, Mamma will have to explain to her that it was just some of your nonsense!"

"I get a chance to meet people like that, and then you queer it!" Sheila muttered bitterly.

"Maybe she'll just think it was funny, Sheila!" Angela said.

"Who but you would ever think of such a thing!" Cecilia, who enormously admired the spirit of the younger girl, said, shaking her head.

"Oh, that one!" Mrs. Carscadden observed, with a glance for Sheila; a glance in which motherly pride, mollified resentment, and a desire to show herself friendly again were all blended. "You couldn't stop that one wit' a thruck!" she claimed. It was a boast. Sheila felt the friendlier atmosphere, and but for that scalding memory of Peter, might have been reasonably confident and content as she went to bed.

As it was, a jealous confusion of thoughts and fears raged in her heart. She hated Gertrude, because she was lovely and rich and beloved and happy, and she hated Peter, because she, Sheila, loved him.

She got into bed, seeming to the interested and talkative Angela to be in a strangely unresponsive mood. Mrs. Carscadden had "stipt" over to Mrs. Cullen's; the low murmuring of Joe and Cecilia was not loud enough to have kept the girls awake.

BUT Sheila lay awake nevertheless until long after her mother had returned and had crept noiselessly into bed beside her, and until Joe not only had taken Cecilia home, but had returned himself and had cautiously moved through the kitchen, and through the central room, and so into his own dark bedroom next to the fire-escape.

Sheila turned restlessly on her flat, stiff pillow, and sighed deeply, lying on her back, looking up in the gloom at the narrow walls of the room, the angle of street lights that came in through Joe's window. The smell of ashes and yellow soap drifted in from the kitchen; her mother must have soaked the dish-towels the last thing.

The strange events of the day passed through her mind in fretted confusion. She had recovered Peter, after all these months, only to feel him more completely lost than ever. All the new hopes and dreams that this evening's strange adventure might have launched had turned to new fears; new doorways had proved to be open only into new prisons.

Peter had wanted to see her. Well, what else could he do? He could hardly

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pretend that that last half-hour of theirs, that tremendous ending to their great day, had not occurred at all.

They had met at a hotel lunch; Sheila had been with Robby Blake—not that either Sheila or Peter remembered Robby afterward, at all. Peter had taken immediate possession of her, they had watched the yacht races together, they had been together—alone in the mob—at the barbecue and clam-bake supper, they had danced at the Casino—strolled out into the moonshine to talk, danced again.

And finally they had joined an unknown group at a driftwood fire, down the beach, and had sat there, utterly content, their backs against a sand-embedded log, Peter's arm tight about her shoulders, her slim white-clad legs stretched toward the fire.

The others had been singing; Sheila and Peter had sung, too, and it had seemed to them that their very souls had risen to Heaven on the strains of There's a Long, Long Trail, and The End of a Perfect Day.

AFTERWARD there had been silence; peace about the dying fire, and moonshine gaining over firelight, and the soft rustle and rush of the sea. Sheila had been carrying her pocket-book, through this marvelous week of beach holiday, and she had opened it to find a pencil and a piece of paper, and had scribbled her name and address, there in the firelight, for Peter to carry away.

"I've got to get back," he had said. "I'm driving three fellers to Good Ground."

"I'm going up to town in the morning," she had said.

"We're going Monday. Well, I'll see you in town," he had said. And they had walked together up the beach, and past the line of cheap hotels, and on through dunes that were covered with little cabins set on stilts; hundreds of them, connected by plank sidewalks laid loosely on the shifting sands, and swarming and shrieking and boiling all day with the city life that had overflowed into them for school holidays.

But at night, at least on this marvelous night, the colony had been wrapped in silence and sleep, and the merciful moonlight had poured beauty over the long line of peaked little roofs that straggled off in every direction like the tentacles of a great sprawling octopus. To Sheila the world had been Paradise; no princess of the blood royal ever had felt a keener thrill of life and youth and love and happiness than hers had been, as she had slipped into the crowded Mahoney cottage, and found her own especial cot between those of the Mahoney girls and their cousins, the Moriartys.

And that had been the end. No word from him, no sign from him, no knowledge of him until tonight. And he was to marry Gertrude Keane on Tuesday.

It was long after midnight when Sheila fell asleep. And after all it was neither Gertrude nor Peter nor Frank, nor even the intractable "Ma," on whom her last thought lingered. It was Judge Paul McCann, blue-eyed, honest, generous, good—the only conception Sheila had ever had of kindly human fatherhood. He would discover that he had been deceived in her, that she was a liar. Her cheeks burned with fear and shame, and her dreams, when finally she slept, were only a hundred troubled versions of exposure.

"PAUL," said Mrs. McCann to her husband the following evening, when they were in their own magnificent room just before dinner, "the goodness of the poor breaks your heart."

Judge McCann was lying flat on the exquisite Lyons lace cover of the big double bed. He was an unromantic fig-

ure in his shirt-sleeves, without collar and tie, with his socked feet in plain evidence, but there was instant sympathy and comprehension in the face he turned toward his wife.

"Ye got to see the Carscaddens today?" he asked eagerly. "I was afraid to ask ye, what wit' all ye have to do these days."

"I made it a matter of duty, Papa," Mrs. McCann said.

"Well, ye found thim?"

"In a little place—" Mrs. McCann sighed, and repeated her former phrase. "It would break your heart."

"It would, eh?" he asked uneasily, reluctantly, as he sat up on the edge of the bed.

"Three rooms, Papa. And you could put all three into this one."

"Ah-h-h!" he muttered, as if in pain. He shut his lips, brought his feet to the floor, and began to walk up and down the room.

"If you could see the dignity of the mother, Paul. No whining, no hard-luck story. Just one long tale of how good God has been to them, and of what a wonderful son she has, and that Sheila—the girl who came here is Sheila—ought to be an actress, the way she carries on. She made a joke of it—the child's honesty, and her returning the money!"

"And all the time the poverty and want there, Paul, right there before my eyes! They've a kitchen the size of your clothes closet there, and a sort of passage with a window into a kind of pit, where the two girls and their mother sleep, apparently, and where the son sleeps I couldn't tell you; we sat in a perfectly dark room with a fire-escape window onto a dark street—maybe he sleeps on the lounge in there. Imagine it, Papa, young girls hungry for a taste of life and pleasure—living like that!"

"I knew the minute I saw the child it'd be something like that," he said. "God be good to us all!"

"Paul, I was thinking—I was wondering, since this girl has lost her job, whether she'd come to us for next week? We're going to be simply rushed out of our senses. She could keep an eye on Veronica—she'd be the greatest help to Katie. Then I could get some idea of what she can do, and what they need—what is it, Gertrude?"

THE last phrase was an abrupt interruption. Gertrude, clad in a dressing-gown, and with a tragic face and loosened hair, had entered the room without announcement.

"Aunt Ellie, do you know where Peter is?"

"Do I—Peter? Where would he be?"

"Well, he's not home; he's not here!"

"He's on his way home then, darling."

"Aunt Ellie, he's not! He was to go to the tailor, and meet Frank and pick out the ushers' pins, and everything, and then he was going to meet me at the Paulists'—and he hasn't done any of it! He said he had to go to the library at half past four and he would meet us at five. We telephoned the tailor, even, and Frank is just about fit to be tied; he says he's afraid Peter's been hurt!"

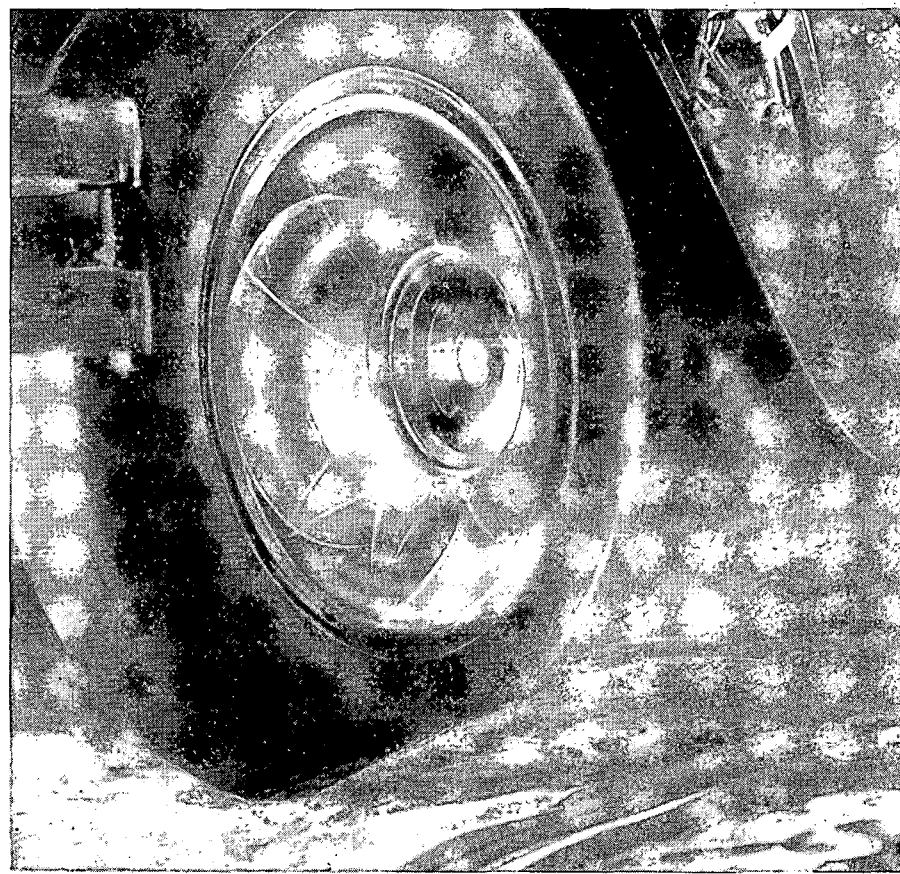
"Oh, for heaven's sake—" Judge McCann said, annoyed and impatient. "Don't lose your wits!"

"Well, Uncle Paul, all I know is that tonight is the night of the dinner dance at the Cahills'—our last before we are married, and it's to start sharp at seven, because we're all going up to the Country Club, and look—it's twenty after six now! Ah, don't laugh at me—do something, won't you? Won't you do something?"

"If ever I'm given another life on this earth," Judge McCann said piously, reaching for his coat, "I hope I'll have fewer troubles!"

(To be continued next week)

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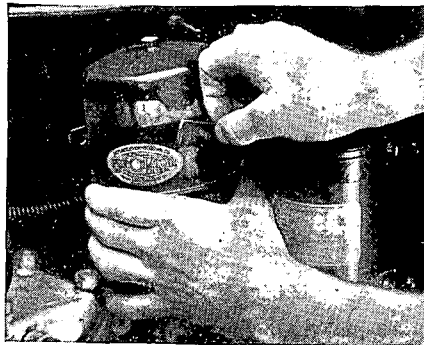
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That De Witt Girl!

Continued from page 17

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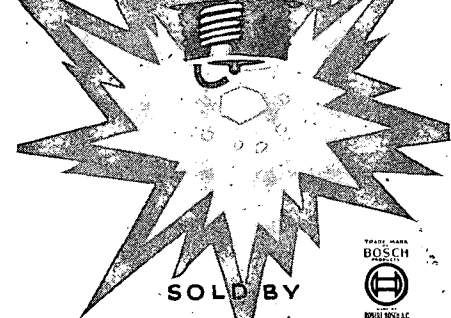
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them; as though everything had been understood instead of said. They both knew that at some moment when it would be quite right they would put into words, quite naturally, what they had been feeling—just as they had waited in the beginning to talk to each other.

Then one evening a lot of unexpected work came, and Army had to break an engagement with Adele. The next evening he couldn't come because he had promised to take his mother to the pictures. Several days passed without Army's getting out, without her coming.

THEN the green car was in front of Stevens' garage again. Adele leaned out of her car.

"Where have you been?" she said.

"Working," said Army, smiling at her.

Wheelingly she said, "Can you come up tonight, Army? There won't be a soul. Even Dad's going out."

"I'd like to," said Army, "but I can't. It's my night to stay at the garage."

"Can't you get off?" said Adele.

"Not before eleven—that's too late."

"You could, if you wanted to!" said Adele; and he saw fury rising in her.

"I can't," he said patiently. "If I don't run this business right, no one will run it. It's my night; I've got to stick. Don't you see?" He spoke very gently, in his reasonable way that could convince anybody. Almost, almost he convinced her; but she hardened her heart.

"You could come if you wanted to," she said, with a shrill whistle of anger in her voice. "You're always letting me run after you. You're always letting me wait. No one else ever lets me wait. You're always putting business before me. Last time I asked you to do something, you couldn't come because you were taking your mother to the movies. You just fit me into chunks of time, Army Stevens!"

Now all of her grievances against him rolled up into a mighty flood and formed her one real grievance—that she knew he cared for her, and yet he wasn't tied helplessly to her chariot wheels.

"If you think I'm going to sit around and wait for a garage man to come and get me—I'm not!"

Her insolence got under his skin. She could do that; she could get under anyone's skin. It turned him into ice. She saw the color leave his face, and his face grew hard, hard as her father's when he was going to make one of his scenes.

"Anything else?" he asked impersonally. She had one of her quick changes.

"Army," she said. He stood waiting. "Army, don't be mad." He didn't answer. "Army, come at eleven, just for a moment."

He answered, again with that same impersonality—the polite garage man—"I'm sorry, I can't."

"All right," she called to him, "all right! You'll be sorry, Army Stevens! You'll be sorry!" And she drove off, furious.

There was something about her rage that softened his heart, for she was so much like a disappointed little girl. And she was so beautiful when she was thunderingly angry. "Now why did I do that?" he wondered. And he kept on wondering all the time as he went on about his work. He felt soft and smooth toward her, and unjudging. All that he meant when he said, "She's

cute. I'll go up tonight," he thought, "after eleven. Just for a minute." Then it was as if a trumpet blew. He knew when he went up tonight that everything would be said.

It was going to be the decisive moment for him. He had a feeling of sureness, and happiness. It was so apparent that an old couple who stopped for gas beamed at him, and people who didn't know him, stopping by to get gas, thought of him again. He seemed so happy.

Then at about nine o'clock there drew up a beautiful shiny new roadster. In it were sitting Randy Vickers—and Adele. He couldn't believe it at first. There she sat; her eyes were brilliant, as they were when she had been drinking a little. Her hair was combed straight back from her low forehead, and her mouth was painted a Chinese red, and she wore a red dress. She looked dangerous and startling and beautiful.

That De Witt girl!

And she sat with Randy Vickers, long and handsome, beside her. His short nose and his short upper lip in profile, as Army walked slowly toward them. His eyes drawn, looking slightly Chinese, as they did when he was tight.

Army's mouth felt dry. Anger flooded him, so that he looked hornet-white. He heard his voice, as though from a distance, saying, "Gas?" And Adele's answer, mocking, "Ten gallons."

They went through with the old exchange of words that had meant so much. And that meant so much now. Then Randy Vickers and the De Witt girl drove off.

The skin around his mouth felt tight and frozen. Old Cap'n Kendrick said, "Thar they set, thar they go. How's Randy Vickers git his money, anyhow? Lookit that new car. The lick racket. Ain't nuthin' he won't do ef he wants money." Army wasn't listening. His anger grew large within him, and his apprehension. The darned fool, the fool girl! he thought, spoiling her life, spoiling his, doing it deliberately!

AT ELEVEN he took himself into his car, just to drive, anywhere, just to open her up wide, let her roar, go on and on.

Ahead were the lights of a roadhouse. Carson's. He thought, "I must have driven some." He didn't know he had gone so far.

The lights of his car fell upon a new roadster. Randy Vickers' car. This was where he had taken her—Carson's, the most notorious roadhouse in ten counties. Sheer rage exploded in Army.

As he went in, a blare of sound hit him in the face. Voices and music, like the roar of a storm. And the stale air; that hit him too. Favors had been distributed. Purple-faced men sat about in paper caps. Paper streamers were in the air, and the usual balloons. In the semicircle of the dance floor, with the spotlight on them, a high-yellow quartette was dancing. Carson's was the summer quarters of a very expensive and very notorious night club.

Rage grew in Army. He was so angry that when finally he saw Adele it seemed as if suddenly she was out of focus. She was sitting at a table with friends of Randy's, he guessed; people that she probably hadn't met before. There she sat, with her lovely child-like quality that made one think of all the things that are young and sweet—woods in the spring, early flowers—surrounded by sweating and

middle-aged cut-ups and their overdressed wives. One of them was quite tight. Randy wasn't at the table. He was wandering about somewhere, looking vacant, his slanting Chinese eyes mere slits now, and his face quite colorless, as it got when he was tight.

Army stood towering over the table.

"Good evening," he said coolly.

"Oh, hello," Adele said, with a flick of insult in her voice, as much as to say—"Why, the garage man again. Well, well!" She gave a wave of her hand, which was long and slim, and still had awkward gestures like those of a child. "This is Mr. Stevens," she proclaimed. The people at the table mumbled things and stared at Army. Someone said, "Won't you sit down?"

"Will you dance?" said Army to Adele. Randy came up, looking curiously reptilian. He said smoothly, "This is my dance, I think."

ADELE looked at them, Randy and Army, standing dangerously opposite each other. Army, his face white, looked at her earnestly. His anger was down now. All he had was concern—concern to get her out of this, concern to get her away from Randy, who might drive who knows where, as he was tight and reckless and not fit to drive a car.

"I only dropped in for a moment," Army said gently. "I'm only going to stay a moment." It was a signal to her, one of the unspoken things that had always been between them. As if he had said, "I've come for you, don't you know? You don't want to be here—you're my girl." His eyes were gentle and disarming. Almost he had her. Then a devil flickered in her eyes. She swayed into Randy's arms, and they glided off in a tango.

It was as if Army was disappointed by fury. A wave of sickness flowed over him. And this was succeeded by a white molten rage that was like cold. He watched them dancing, and noticed impersonally that they were what people called a handsome couple, and that people's heads were turned toward them as so beautifully, so beautifully they danced. Randy danced too well, professionally.

There she went, with Randy. The De Witt girl! Her profile was toward him now, and its line held true beauty, the complete loveliness of youth.

He knew that Randy was going to dance her to the door, dance her out into the moonlight, get her out into his car. He knew this must not happen, and that he had to do something about it. And he hated to do something about it; because deeply, deeply he despised her. He despised women who trifled with life and with love.

But he had, nevertheless, to save her.

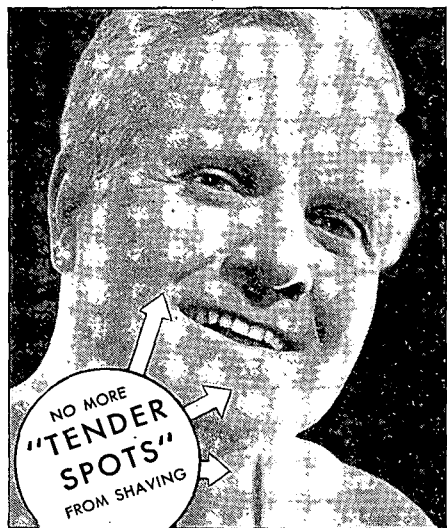
He cut in, and she slid smoothly away with him. He danced her to the door. He danced her outside. She made no resistance. This pleased her. Impersonally he realized she would enjoy this conflict of men going on about her. They were almost at the car. Randy had stolen up on them, a quiet shadow.

"Come on," said Randy, and tucked his arm through Adele's.

"Get into my car," commanded Army in a very low tone. It was a voice that no one in his senses would have disobeyed. Randy's hand went to his hip. Army hit first. He hit again. Randy was lying on the ground. Adele gave a little cry.

"Get in my car," said Army.

"And leave him lying there?" she said.



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"Don't be a fool. Get into the car." He opened the door and shoved her in; with incredible swiftness got in, and smoothly the car rolled off. Again they raced back down the road he had come, again as if flying from his own thoughts, from his own anger. She could feel his anger streaming out to her in a sort of burning cold.

She shrank away from him. He did not notice. He never turned his head. She could see his profile, the short nose, his face a little drawn, a little hollow place in his cheek, the firm set of his jaw—the face of a young warrior that seemed to have nothing to do with the Army who was her friend.

"Do you suppose you killed him?" she asked.

"No," he said contemptuously, "I don't."

THE car continued to cut a path of light through the night. It seemed to Adele that, though they were flying, time stood still. She couldn't bear the silence.

"Army," she said, "aren't you going to talk to me?"

He did not answer.

"Why not, Army?"

"I can't," he said quietly, and she knew this was true. He had a finality with which one could no more argue than with the sun coming up or the tide coming in. They were home at last.

"For God's sake, say something!" she cried to him. "Tell me what you think of me. Tell me you think I should be spanked! For heaven's sake, stop staring at me like an idol, looking so superior!" she stormed at him.

He said gently, with apparent irrelevance, "You have to trust people."

A long form arose from the dimly lit piazza, and its owner stood at the top of the stairs.

A voice said, "Good evening, Daughter. Present me to your friend. Aren't you rather late?" Dan De Witt strolled down the stairs.

"You know him, Dad," said Adele. "It's Army Stevens."

"No, I haven't the pleasure," said Mr. De Witt. "Norman Stevens' son?"

"Yes, sir," said Army.

"I didn't know you had had the pleasure either," said Dan De Witt to his daughter.

"Oh, Army and I have been running around together quite a while," said Adele. It seemed as if just saying that made it easier, put the tears further off.

"So you've been running around with him. He's been coming to the house, I suppose?" said Dan De Witt musingly, slowly, as if thinking matters over. "Well, Mr. Stevens, I must ask you not to come to see my daughter any more."

"I'm going to judge who's to call on me, Dad," said Adele.

"Certainly, my dear, judge away. You're both free as air. And I am free too—to foreclose the mortgage on Stevens' Garage, and to stop gas from being delivered to the gas station."

"You wouldn't dare!" cried Adele.

"At another time," said Army slowly, deliberately, "I think I would have taken your dare. I don't think you could stop me. But there is no use for any of us to get excited. I had not intended to see Adele again. We had," he added, "already said goodbye." He turned away and left.

Next day the green roadster stood in front of the garage. Cap'n Kendrick called out, "That's the De Witt gal, Army!" Army was busy under a car. He didn't come out. He sent out the boy. And then for the next two days he watched for the green car.

"What's the matter with ye, Army?" said Cap'n Kendrick. "Ye look peaked." Army's face was gray under the tan, and now he did not smile any more.

"What's happened to you, Army?" his mother asked.

"Nothing," said Army.

"Have you fought with the De Witt girl?"

"We haven't fought," said Army.

"What happened?" asked his mother.

"She tried to devil me, and I quit," said Army. He gave an outline of what had happened.

"She's very like her father," said Mary Ellen Stevens irrelevantly. "He had a contrary devil."

"I should say he had," said Army. "He had the nerve to tell me not to go and see his daughter again, or else he'd ruin me—or foreclose the old mortgage, just like an old-fashioned melodrama."

"He'd do it, too, Army."

"I'd give him a run for his money—or I would have. And I would have been a fool. Upset us all—for the De Witt girl!"

"I don't see what she did, after all, that was so awful," said Mrs. Stevens. "She got under your skin, Army, and made you cold and stubborn. You make me think of me."

Army looked at her. He felt the righteousness go out of his anger, leaving him weak. He tried to tell himself that Adele had been insolent, that she had broken her word, that she had taken herself into danger, and that he knew the reason why she had a devil. And he knew that she had had an empty place in her heart, and he couldn't bear it.

Mrs. Stevens sat thinking. She remembered how she had gotten angry at Dan De Witt and his devil. How her heart had become hard and stubborn. How she had done the thing that would hurt him the most—which was to marry his friend. And she had never, never in all these years, been able to forget him. "Nor he me," she thought, "nor he me. For if he had forgotten me, he would have spoken to me."

A car drew up softly in front of the house. A sound of quick, running footsteps, and a knock on the door—and the De Witt girl stood there.

"Is Army here?" she said.

"No, he isn't," said Mrs. Stevens.

"I've got to see him," said Adele.

"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Stevens.

"You're glad? You're glad? You don't think I'm just without any pride or shame, running after him like this?"

"I think you're fine," said Mrs. Stevens. "There's far too much stubbornness in this world. Army's just gone down the street. He's been looking awful. You'll find him if you go after him. And," she added, "don't let him go."

AFTER Adele left, Mary Ellen Stevens got up, and without hesitating, walking in a gay sort of way that was like Army's, she didn't stop until she got to the big Colonial house on the hill.

Dan De Witt was sitting, smoking, on the piazza; his paper was in his hand. He stared at her, not getting up, as if he had just witnessed a resurrection.

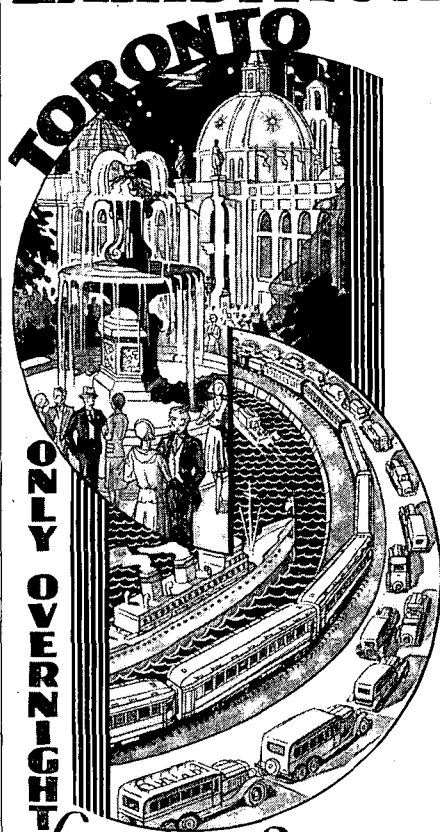
"Good evening, Dan," she said.

Still he stared at her in silence.

"I've just sent your girl to my boy," she said. "And I've come to you because we've had enough foolishness in our families. I hear you threatened my boy. I suppose you had an idea of getting revenge on me for what I did to you. But you've had your revenge, Dan. You've had it all your life. I got angry at you and I married to spite you—and I've never been able to forget you. That's revenge enough. Leave the children alone." She turned away.

At last Dan De Witt found his voice. "Mary Ellen," he called. "Mary Ellen! Come back—"

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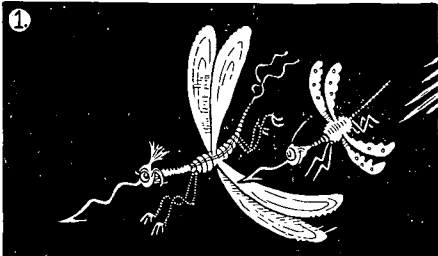
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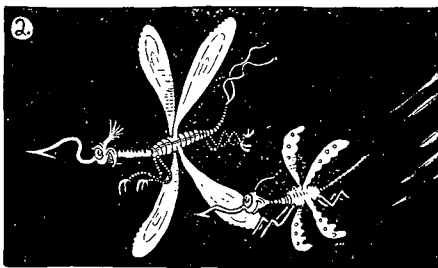
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Does the Wrestler Feel Pain?

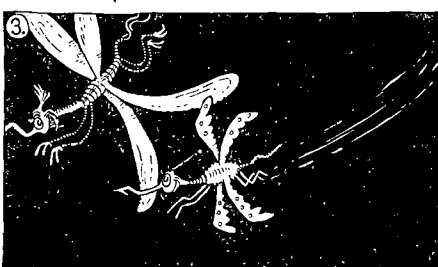
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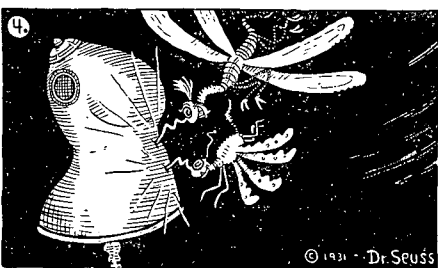
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I know that they experience emotion, for one of them once told me the story of his life for publication, and the terrible struggle he had had to free himself from the glass-eating habit, which he had inherited.

"Kid," he said to me, through his sobs, "don't never take the first glass!" He felt remorse—but did he feel pain?

I could never determine from his conversation.

"Well, it kinda itches me stummick sometimes," was all he would say.

"Unpleasantly, Gerald?" I would ask him. (His name was Gerald.)

"Well, kinda hard sometimes," Gerald would answer.

A Darning-Needle Sandwich

Once he swallowed a paper of darning needles between two mirrors which he took gayly from the handbags of a couple of ladies—and referred to it as a sandwich; he was always a bit of a show-off before the girls.

"Now, doesn't that hurt you at all, Gerald?" I asked him.

"Well, it does kinda itch me stummick more than most," he replied.

That was all I could get out of him. Did he wish to convey by that remark that he felt pain, or only an acceleration of pleasure? I sometimes used to think he did not really understand what I meant by the word "pain." I could never quite understand Gerald; he was rather inexpressive. Like the wrestler, the glass-eater can rarely be classed among the intellectual giants.

I suppose I am just an old-fashioned sentimentalist, but the wrestler, to me, has always been more than a little bit pathetic. I remember one who got a hold upon his left hock with his right hand, and, his manager not being by, persisted until the hock simply came off, and the left foot with it.

When his manager came into training quarters a couple of hours later he called Harold's attention—this wrestler's name was Harold—to the fact that his left foot was missing, and spoke, in fact, somewhat reproachfully to Harold on the subject.

Harold regarded the damage which he had done with an air of childish astonishment which, I thought, was not without its winsome quality.

"Gee!" said Harold. "Looka dat! Gee! Whatcha t'ink o' dat!"

The manager became somewhat more severe in his remarks. He pointed out to Harold that this thing had its relation to business problems, and cursed himself volubly for leaving his charge alone for a single minute.

Harold continued to gaze on the mischief he had done and finally said, with a touch of vanity very appealing to a tender nature:

"Gee! Say, I betcha nobody in de world could of done dat but me! What I mean, nobody never done dat to me! Gee! I done dat m'self! See? Yuh get me? Nobody but me never done dat!"

If there was, in this instance, pain, it was overcome by a touching pride. I could never be sure that any sensation whatever was felt by Harold.

Oh, how I should like to know! I do not mean by these remarks that the wrestler is exactly a hero to me; but the question is: Should we not spare him a little of our pity?

This is an inquiry which should not be allowed to lapse. Does the wrestler feel pain? Or does he not? If he does, I think something should be done about it, and at once.

I shall eagerly await such additional data as the editors and readers of Collier's may be able to supply. I should especially like to hear from Mr. Grantland Rice.



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Once for Love

Continued from page 15

The treasure of Castle Gambia! Their savage eyes glittered at mention of that famous hoard. But it was not this that held them. It was the spectacle of Captain Africa slapping the cheeks of Death. They hated Skryme, but above all they feared him. Not a man of them would have dared do what this man was doing—defying Skryme to his face in the midst of his followers.

They sat transfixed, mesmerized by the astounding sight before them: a pack of wolves poised to hurl themselves upon their quarry, yet held back by some mysterious outside force. The hairy pirate with the bared cutlass lurched suddenly forward, but a man behind him caught his belt. Some still sat as though stupefied; others had risen; there was a rasp of steel as knives and cutlasses were drawn. A hoarse voice shouted thickly, "To hell with Captain Africa!" Another yelled, "No, by God, let 'em fight."

AFRICA knew that this was the moment. A hair's breadth divided success from failure; life itself hung by a hair. "What d'ye say, men?" he shouted. "Will ye stand and let Skryme and me fight, and the best man to be captain?" He did not wait for an answer but whirled with catlike quickness, drawing his sword. He saw Skryme still sitting at the small table by the window, a leveled pistol in his hand. Skryme fired as Africa leaped down from the table, and the bullet flicked away the green feather in Africa's velvet hat.

Skryme caught up his cutlass and kicked over the table in front of him. He was as tall as Captain Africa and far heavier, a behemoth of a man. He roared out filthy oaths as he fought, his little eyes fiery-red above his bristling black beard. Africa's long straight sword slithered along Skryme's heavy cutlass; Africa's tiger-like liteness against Skryme's colossal strength. Behind Skryme, Africa saw a strange thing. He saw the face of Dona Philippa de Marialva staring through the open window into the room.

Why had she returned to Castro's tavern? He had no sooner asked himself the question than he answered it—in her fury at being duped, she had come back hoping to see him killed. He saw only for an instant that pale face framed in the window. Skryme was rushing him like a charging buffalo. Africa retreated warily; behind him he heard Skryme's men pushing aside the tables and benches, giving the fighters space.

Africa smiled faintly. He knew now that his bold play had succeeded. Skryme's men would not interfere; they would see the fight through. It remained only to make an end of Skryme.

The man was formidable. He was enormously powerful and, in spite of his bulk, extraordinarily light on his feet. But he had no real artistry of the sword, and already Africa had taken his measure. Still, in such narrow quarters, with an antagonist as strong and quick as this one, there was always danger of a mishap. To prolong the thing unduly would be unwise. Africa prolonged it enough to give, for the benefit of the spectators, an exhibition of his skill with the straight sword—an exhibition which these men, who would henceforward be his, would remember. Then he ran Skryme through the throat.

As the limp bulk of the black-bearded corsair slumped downward, Africa issued his first order to Skryme's crew.

"Four of you," he said, "take that dog down to the river and throw him in.

Of the rest, those who want to sign with me can sign now. The others can go to hell."

CAPTAIN AFRICA, pacing the poop deck of the Fancy at anchor in the harbor, watched with somber eyes a white spot on the flat red roof of Dom Antonio de Marialva's house.

It was the cool of the late afternoon. That white spot, he knew, was Dona Philippa. Always, when the heat of the day had passed, the roof was her favorite retreat. She had a cane sofa there upon which she could lie in comfort and enjoy the fresh breeze from the ocean.

He began again his restless pacing back and forth on the poop deck. Two days had passed since he had killed Skryme and added Skryme's crew to his own. He had expected to sail before this for Castle Gambia with his enlarged force, but the stripping of Skryme's ship, the transfer of her ammunition and supplies to the Fancy, had taken time.

Dom Antonio, too, had had business to discuss, certain secret enterprises from which both might profit. Now, however, these matters had been settled, and the Fancy would sail at the next sunrise. Africa's first lieutenant, Baldrack, and half a dozen seamen were stowing below decks the last kegs of powder brought from Skryme's brig. The rest of the crew were ashore, but all had orders to be aboard ship by daylight.

The late afternoon light was fading. Captain Africa could no longer see the white spot on the red roof on the hill. He remembered suddenly that he had not reminded Kennerworth, his quartermaster, to post the usual night lookout on the headland at the harbor mouth.

AFRICA found himself strangely indifferent about the matter; still, he decided, he had better hunt up Kennerworth ashore. He called to a native canoe-man, loitering near the ship in the hope of earning a few coins, and the grinning black brought his craft to the Fancy's rail. Captain Africa sat frowning, his eyes somber, while the canoe-man plied his paddle with quick strokes. On shore, the first thing that Africa saw was a black man approaching the landing place at a run. He recognized the man as one of the slaves of the De Marialva household; a messenger, probably, whom Dom Antonio was sending out to the Fancy believing Africa to be aboard his ship. The black fell on his face before Africa and handed him a letter, then rose immediately and departed. There was still light enough to read.

"To My Very Good Friend [the letter began]. There is the very devil to pay. My suspicions having been aroused, I have wrung from my niece a confession of her perfidy. 'Some you already know—why did you not inform me?—but you do not know all. The runner whom you captured was not the only one. She sent another two days later to the Arethusa at Whydos. The frigate may arrive at any moment. You must sail at once or you will be trapped. There is need of utmost haste; you must not delay an instant. Destroy this letter.

"ANTONIO DE MARIALVA."

In the dimness Captain Africa found it necessary to hold the paper close to his eyes. He was aware presently of a faint scent coming from the letter; a delicate scent which, if he had not been peculiarly susceptible to scents, would have passed unnoticed. He frowned,

(Continued on page 52)

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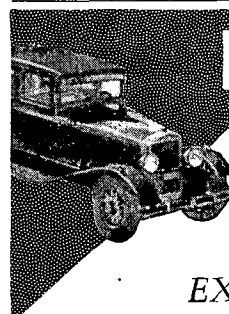
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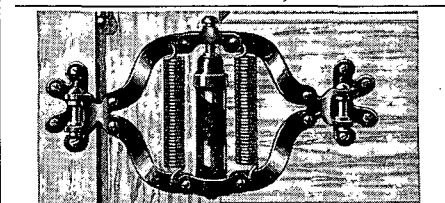
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(Continued from page 51)

sniffed at the paper, then studied the writing closely. He took from the inner pocket of his jacket another folded paper, opened it and held it beside the letter which he had just received.

His frown vanished; his eyes were no longer somber; there was an odd light in them, a gay, flickering, dancing light. He refolded both papers, replaced them in his jacket, and walked rapidly in the direction of Castro's tavern.

There he found ten men of his crew, five of whom were sober enough for the work he had in mind. He sent messengers to other rum shops of the town and gathered in six more of his men. This force, he judged, would be sufficient. He kept them at Castro's under his eye until near midnight. Then he led them by a circuitous way towards the hill upon which Dom Antonio de Marialva's house stood.

THE Portuguese soldiers who kept watch over the De Marialva house each night were always picked men from the garrison. Besides these, there was always a sentry on the roof whose duty it was, in case of attack, to light a signal-fire which would summon assistance from the fort, on another hill-top, at the seaward edge of the town.

A little past midnight, Dona Philippa de Marialva, finding herself unable to sleep, yielded at last to a desire against which her pride had been fighting a stern battle. She got out of bed, put on a light cloak over her nightgown and ascended the narrow stair to the roof. Though the night was cloudy, the trap-door at the head of the stair stood open. The sentry drowsed in his corner beside the great iron tub or brazier containing the materials for his signal fire, but she did not glance at him. Her eyes, immediately and with a strange intensity of interest, sought the harbor.

There she saw—and the sight wrung from her a gasp which sounded like despair—the lights of Captain Africa's ship, the Fancy, precisely where they had been for the past two weeks.

Her small hands clutched the bamboo railing enclosing the roof. "He has not gone," she whispered. "What can I do?"

Suddenly, in the blackness directly beneath her, a shout rang out, followed instantly by a shot. Immediately there were other shouts, more shots, and the clash of steel. The sentry snatched up his musket and darted down the narrow stair, leaving her alone on the roof. She ran to the head of the stairway and listened.

Below her was bedlam, battle. Once she heard in the mad tumult the frantic voice of her uncle, Dom Antonio, again and again she heard Captain Africa's deep-throated shout. How long this bedlam lasted she did not know. Suddenly she was aware that it had ceased and that a man was coming up the stairway to the roof.

She shrank back and ran to the rail at the roof's edge. The man who stepped out upon the roof and came toward her was Captain Africa. In the bright light from the blazing brazier his eyes were like fire. He carried his naked sword in his hand.

"Well, Senhora," he said quietly. "Why have you come here?" she panted.

"Because you love me."

For a moment her quick breathing seemed to choke her.

"I—I hate you!" she gasped.

He threw his head back and laughed. "You thought that you hated me," he said, "but later you found that you loved me. You loved me enough to send me tonight a letter warning me that the Arethusa was coming."

"You are mad," she whispered. "My uncle sent the warning. It was in his handwriting, signed with his name."

"You copied his handwriting and forged his name!"

"You are mad," she cried again. "I loathe you."

"You love me," he answered quickly. "You are coming with me."

He took her hand and would have raised it to his lips, but she snatched it away. Suddenly his smile faded. He was staring over her head toward the harbor. She turned, her eyes following the direction of his gaze.

At the entrance of the harbor, just within the headland where before all had been blackness, a horizontal line of lights now gleamed. Dona Philippa knew ships; she had watched them by the hour from this roof by day and by night. She knew at once what those lights were. They were the brightly illuminated gunports of a frigate.

Something clutched at her heart. The Arethusa had come!

She stood panting, her knees suddenly weak, her eyes fixed upon Africa's face. He was staring at the lights in the harbor as though he could not quite believe what he saw. This look of incredulity passed; his swarthy aquiline features were immobile, hard as a face carved in bronze.

"You have won after all, Senhora," he said slowly. "The frigate that you summoned has arrived. The trap you set for me has closed."

Dona Philippa stared up at him. Her black eyes were wide, they were lustrous, brilliant as black gems. She opened her lips to speak, but a man burst from the stairway opening upon the roof, and Africa whirled to face him. "Baldrack!" he exclaimed.

Baldrack staggered towards them. He was naked above the waist, his bare feet were bleeding, blood dripped from a cut on his forehead, his hair and body were wet.

"Our ship is taken . . ." he panted. "We had no chance. Norton and Mead are killed, the others taken. I swam ashore. The English are on the way—they should be here now."

Captain Africa moved quickly to the bamboo railing at the edge of the roof and stood there with bent head, listening. He straightened.

"They are here," he whispered. "I can hear them moving in the shrubbery. They are going to rush the house."

He pondered a moment. "Get the men up on the roof," he said to Baldrack. "There are ten with me. One was killed when we attacked the house." When his lieutenant had disappeared down the stairway, Africa turned to Dona Philippa.

"Senhora," he said, "you had best go down and shut yourself in your room until it is over. I shall die here. Since it turns out that, after all, you hate me, the dying will not be hard."

SHE had no time to answer. Below in the house there was a sudden tumult—a rush of feet, shouts, curses, one shot, then, almost at once, another. Africa ran to the stairway; she followed him, her hands outstretched as though she would seize and hold him. He halted at the top of the stair, listening. The hubbub below was diminishing. She heard a voice cry in English, "Fine work, men! A two-minute job. We rushed 'em off their feet. Now which one's Africa?"

Dona Philippa grasped Africa's arm. He turned and stared at her. "They managed it well," he muttered. "My men are taken. They had no warning and they were outnumbered."

Dona Philippa seemed not to hear him. She turned and ran to the corner of the roof beyond the burning brazier and began groping in a long, low wooden box which stood there. Africa followed her.

"There is a rope ladder," she said

breathlessly. "My uncle kept it here in case he had to get away suddenly. He also kept a boat in a cove beyond the headland. He was afraid that his double-dealing might be discovered and that he would have to flee. It is a ship's yawl with a sail and there are water and food aboard."

The words had been pouring from her in a torrent and meanwhile her hands were groping desperately in the box. She uttered a little cry of triumph. Africa knew that she had found the rope ladder, but his eyes remained fixed upon the exit of the stairway leading to the roof. He had already found two hooks set in the roof for the support of the ladder and he told her to fasten it to these. She did so in an instant and lowered the other end of the ladder to the ground.

"It is ready," she whispered. "Hurry! Hurry! I must not have your blood upon my hands."

SHE rose and grasped his arm, pulling him towards the edge of the roof where the ladder hung.

"It is too late," he said quietly, "I hear them on the stair. We should have closed the trapdoor."

The head and shoulders of a man appeared above the exit of the stairway—a British seaman stripped to the waist. He jumped out upon the roof; immediately behind him another man appeared. Both carried cutlasses. They did not at once see Africa and Dona Philippa standing beyond the flames of the signal fire leaping upward out of the great iron tub.

Africa bent his head. "When the chance comes," he whispered, "close the trapdoor and bolt it." He stepped out from behind the flaming brazier.

They charged him instantly. It was what he had hoped for—a headlong, impetuous rush. He gave way before them slowly and his weapon held both of theirs in play. To Dona Philippa, staring wide-eyed, his skill was magical, wholly beyond belief. His sword seemed a live thing—the darting, flickering tongue of some great serpent. His tall form, bareheaded and bare-armed, loomed gigantic in the lurid glare of the signal fire, yet moved with the lightness of a dancing girl.

Suddenly he cried out to her, "The trapdoor!" and in the same instant, he lunged. She saw one of the seamen throw up his arms and fall backward. She ran to the trapdoor at the exit of

the stairway, closed it and pushed the bolt into place.

In the moment before she closed it, she had heard heavy footfalls on the steps, voices shouting, "To the roof!" Now, as she stood upon it, she could feel the trapdoor shake beneath her as the seamen who had been dashing up the stair hammered on it with their cutlass hilts. She was scarcely conscious of this; her whole being was focused upon Africa.

He was driving his remaining antagonist before him. The seaman, defending himself as best he could from Africa's incessant thrusts, was almost running backward. He had no time to mark where he was going. Suddenly he crashed into the bamboo railing at the edge of the roof. It broke under his weight and he toppled over into the night.

Dona Philippa darted forward and seized Africa's arm. "They are coming," she cried. "They will break open the trapdoor. Hurry... the ladder... good-by."

They ran to where the ladder hung. Captain Africa stood breathing hard, looking down into her face. She raised her eyes to his; she lifted her hands uncertainly and placed them on his shoulders.

"I must go with you," she said slowly. "You could not find the way to the boat." Passionately she drew him down to her.

THREE days later, the Bristol merchantman, Phoenix, Captain Plumb, sighted a ship's yawl at sea some fifty miles off the Guinea coast. Captain Plumb made out with his glass that there were two persons on board, a man and a woman. Supposing that they were waifs from some wrecked ship, he ran close to windward of the yawl and backed his yards.

The man in the yawl—a tall bronzed fellow in a torn crimson coat with a sword at his side—declined somewhat arrogantly Captain Plumb's offer of assistance. The yawl, he said, was the pirate vessel Philippa and he and the lady with him were pirates. They were well content as they were.

Captain Plumb, being a quick-tempered man and having no love for jesters, immediately proceeded on his way. As the Phoenix gathered speed, the man in the yawl waved his sword to Captain Plumb with a gay flourish, while the lady threw him a kiss.

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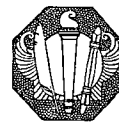


THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



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Managing Editor



Let your Conscience be your Guide

WE LEAVE the purely private violator to his own conscience and the forces of education."

These words of Colonel Amos W. W. Woodcock, Prohibition Commissioner, define the new prohibition policy of the United States. At the same time Colonel Woodcock promises an unrelenting campaign against bootleggers. So, after eleven years, we begin to use common sense in the administration of this ill-considered and hitherto stupidly and corruptly enforced national law.

The only possible guide to the question of drinking or of not drinking is the conscience of the individual. What that conscience dictates depends on the forces of education.

The conscience of the good Mohammedan tells him not to drink. Alcoholic beverages were evil in Mohammed's eyes. So the Koran tells the Mohammedan conscience not to drink.

Those educated in Christian and Jewish traditions have a different kind of conscience. The Bible denounces drunkenness as a sin, coupling it with gluttony, but even the New Testament has kindly words for wine. Consequently, the conscience of the Christian or the Jew has to be instructed by forces outside his Bible if he is to regard drinking as a sin.

As a matter of fact, the various Christian faiths have quite different and even contrary teachings concerning drinking. All condemn drunkenness. Some approve temperate drinking. Others wholly oppose any consumption of alcohol.

The practical teaching of the American conscience concerning drinking is thus highly confused. Millions think moderate drinking harmless and even desirable.

Other millions regard any use of alcohol as a heinous offense.

Consequently, conscience has told and will continue to tell different Americans very different things. A wise government will not interfere. If a man wants to drink and can find something potable his government will not molest him.

On the other hand, the government will do what it can to destroy his commercial sources of supply. An honest government cannot do less so long as the prohibition laws are on the books. The government has the very clear right to regulate commerce in alcohol and, so far as is practicable, it can make liquor difficult to get.

What has happened up until now is that some bootleggers have been punished but the supplies have not been seriously diminished. The way of the bootlegger is hard. If he is not sent to prison he may be killed by a competitor. If he is not killed in a trade war he will be milked of his money by corruptionists and racketeers, official and otherwise. His chances of attaining a comfortable and prosperous old age are slight.

But the bootlegger needs no sympathy. He is a lawbreaker, moved to defy the law by the prospect of large and quick profits. He takes his chances with the law and with the lawless. If he wants a safe life let him obey the law.

Human nature being the adventurous and profit-loving thing it is, we can expect the breed of bootleggers to continue to thrive, even though the mortality among them is high, so long as millions of thirsty people are told by their conscience that they are free to drink. Experience proves this beyond all doubt.

Consequently, the net result of eleven years' vain attempt at enforcing Federal

prohibition is to establish a national industry in which the buyers are legally innocent and safe while the sellers are outlaws and criminals.

This just does not make sense. If individual buyers and drinkers cannot be restrained by the government—and manifestly they cannot—it is absurd to compel them to rely upon outlaws to provide a commodity which their conscience tells them they have the right to enjoy.

Their conscience may, of course, be ill-informed. That is not the question. Right or wrong, the individual conscience is going to decide, and an honest administration says quite honestly that the government can do nothing about it.

The only rational course is to revise the Eighteenth Amendment and the prohibition acts so that those who intend to drink can buy their liquor lawfully. It is preposterous to tell millions of people that they won't be prosecuted if they buy liquor and then make criminals of those who venture to supply the demand.

Colonel Woodcock is intelligent enough to perceive this. He, however, is merely an enforcement officer, and not a law-maker. He has reported frankly on the practicable limits of enforcement.

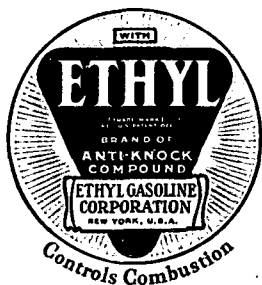
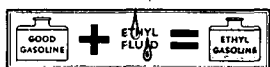
It is our responsibility as a people to retrieve the mistake made in the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Revise the law so that it may be enforced. Bring the outlaw traffic into the open. Regulate and tax it. Clean out the speakeasies. Wipe out the saloons whose existence we now hypocritically ignore.

Surely we have the ability to deal frankly and constructively with the facts which the government has so plainly put at our disposal.



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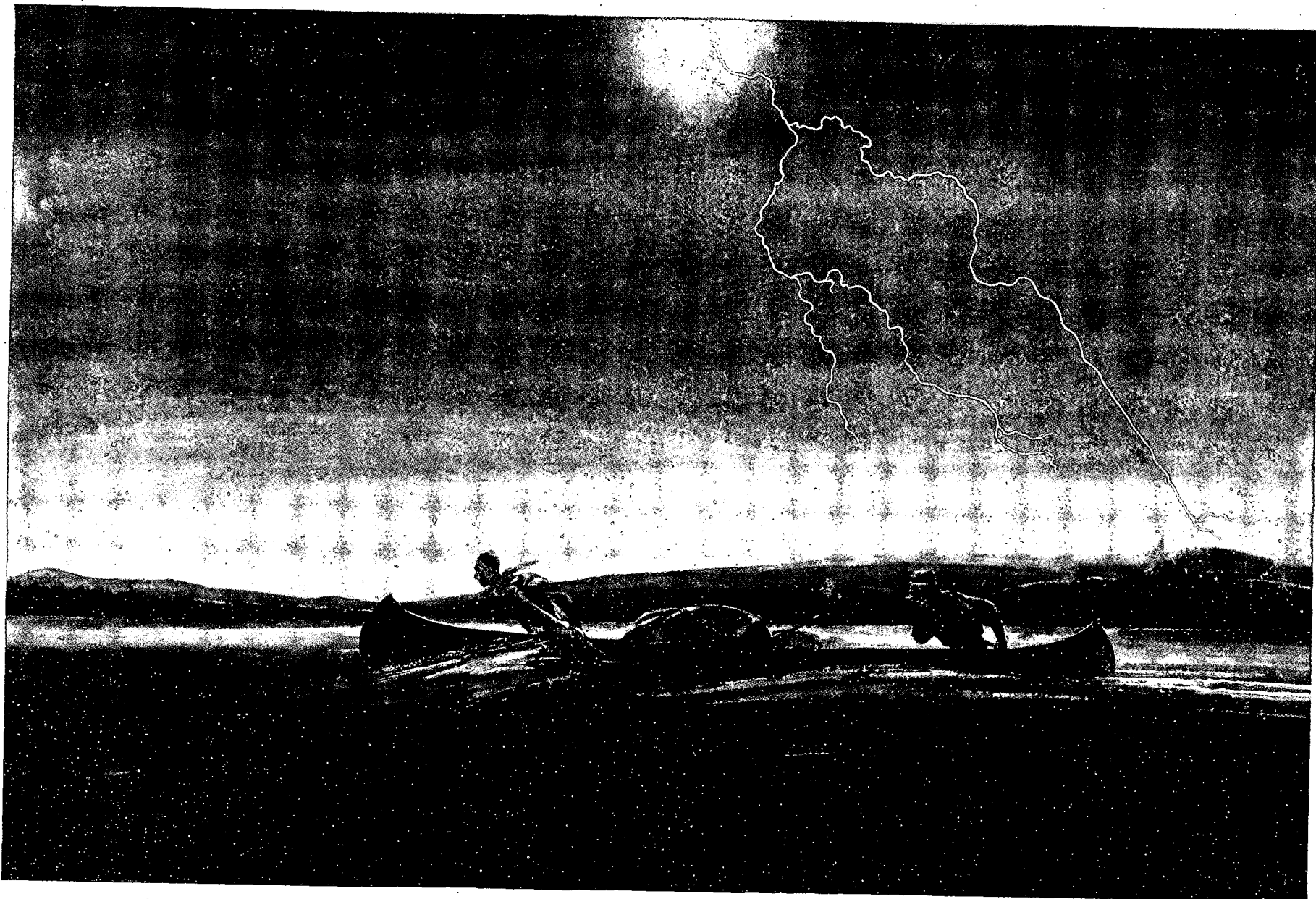
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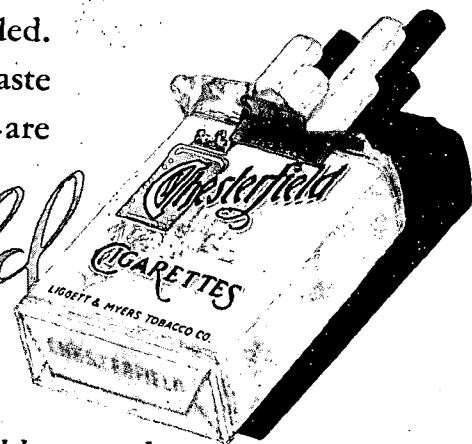
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